

RANK AND INTIMATE - NATALIE WOOD'S DIARY

PHOTOPLAY

First Report:

**ELVIS
PRESLEY**
in Hollywood
PLUS Pinups
in Full Color

**Men in
M
OVAK'S
vender
e"**



**Win a DATE
With
SAL MINEO**

See details in this issue

CHANCE
ENTER THE \$2,000
THE STARS"
NEST



NATALIE
WOOD



Your hair behaves
the right way
the first day



SHASTA
CREAM SHAMPOO

Shasta does not strip away nature's ingredients that give hair "body"! Shasta is different; a luscious cream that does *not* scour your hair. Because it cleans so gently . . . it actually guards your hair against fly-away dryness; leaves it soft, soft, soft. It's sparked with lanolin; lathers in any kind of water; gives your hair that romantic Shasta sheen!

Now you can shampoo, then comb or set and *you're* all set. No more first-day "wild" hair, drooping curls or flying wisps. With Shasta, your hair behaves the right way right away!



NEW MUM[®] CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery
that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream. Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



KIND TO YOUR SKIN AND CLOTHES



Even Mild Suds
"Attack" your hands
...chapping soon begins

Yes, even mild soaps and detergents leave an *alkaline film* on skin... a film that remains after hands come from dishwater. This alkali is a major *cause* of chapping.



New Hand Lotion
Stops chapping
...before it starts!

New-formula Angel Skin *neutralizes* irritating alkali... *before* it harms your hands! Angel Skin sinks in at once... never leaves hands sticky. Softens *deep* down.

Every time you
finish the dishes...
reach for



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

DECEMBER, 1956

VOL. 50, NO. 6

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Cover: Color portraits of Natalie Wood by Bert Six, cotton knit pants, striped shirt by Smartee, playshoes by Cobblers, pogo stick from Rudnick Sporting Goods. Natalie's starred in "The Girl He Left Behind."

Your January issue will be on sale at your newsstand on December 4



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All the fun of the hilarious stage hit!

MARLON BRANDO

as that rascal Sakini . . .

GLENN FORD

as eager beaver Capt. Fisby . . .

MACHIKO KYO

as geisha girl Lotus Blossom-m-m



M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

The Teahouse of the August Moon

co-starring

EDDIE ALBERT

with

PAUL FORD • JUN NEGAMI • NIJIKO KIYOKAWA • MITSUKO SAWAMURA

Screen play by JOHN PATRICK Based on a Book by VERN J. SNEIDER and the play by John Patrick

Directed by DANIEL MANN Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

INSIDE STUFF

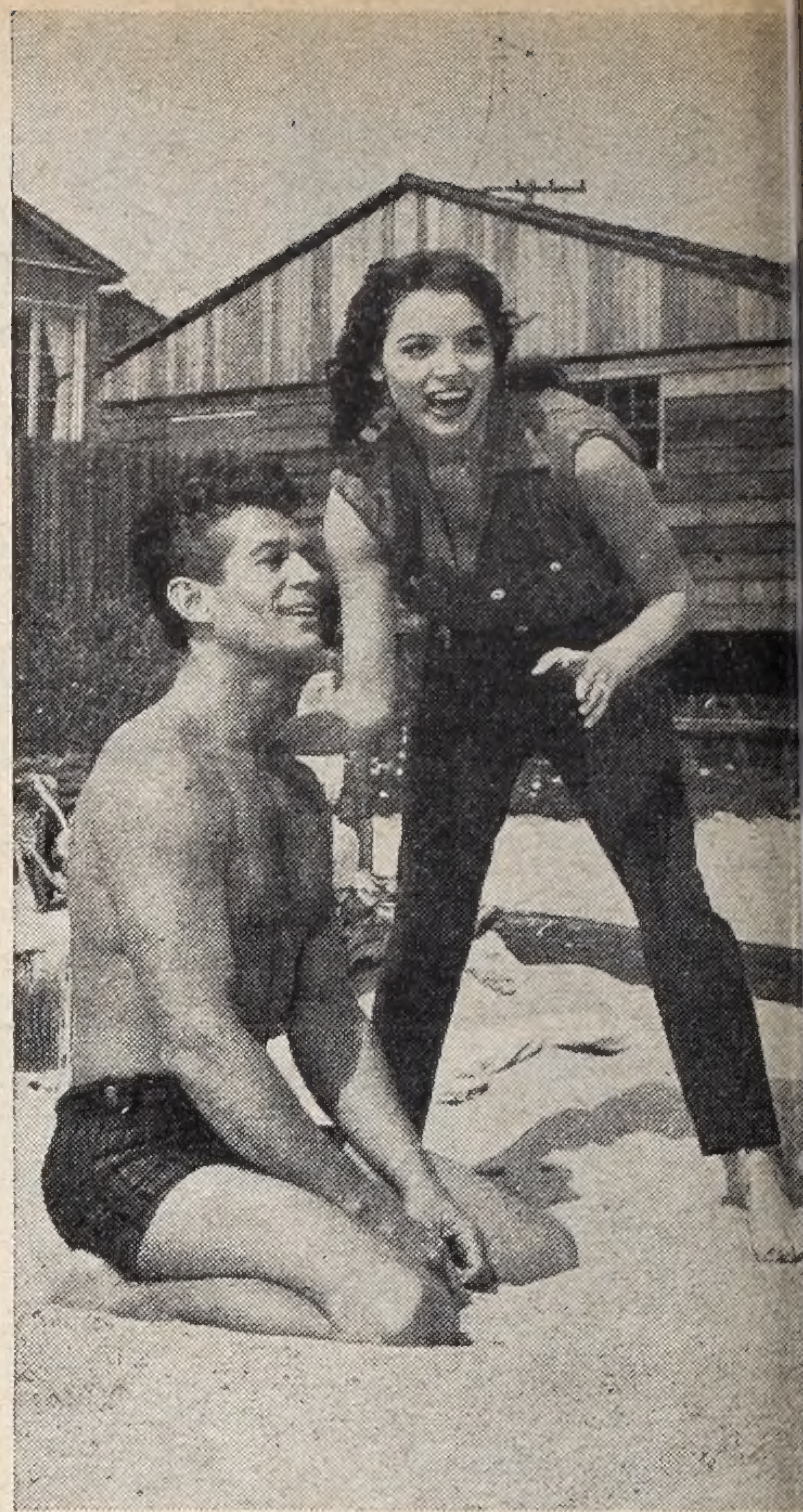
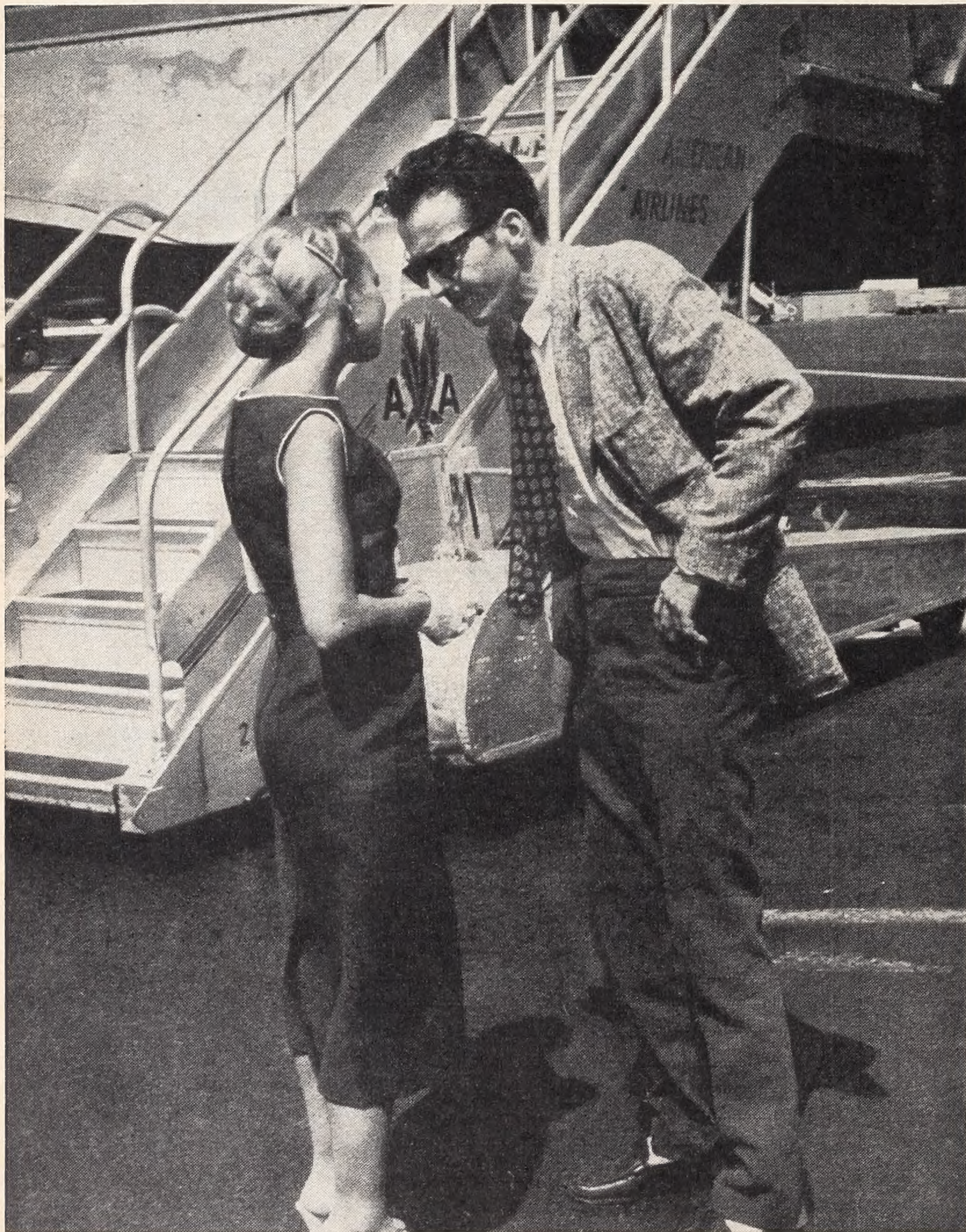
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

So Long Safari: Jane Powell is sick about the \$2,000 sunk in safari clothes and equipment that is now gathering mildew in Nairobi. Janie had shipped her clothes ahead, thinking she'd follow soon, then got the lead in "The Girl Most Likely." By the time the picture was finished, the African rainy season was in full downpour. But diminutive Janie is determined to hunt those wild animals, says she'll make it next year. Rock Hudson, on the other hand, has "had" Africa. He was glad to get an all-expenses-paid trip there for "Something of Value," but he doesn't care for anything wilder than the Hollywood hills after this.

An Even Hundred: The day we saw Ann Blyth on the set of "Slander" she was talking so excitedly about a hundred pounds, we thought she'd won the Irish sweepstakes.

But it turned out she meant American pounds. She'd just weighed herself and found she'd gained two of them, bringing her poundage to 100 for the first time in years. Her Irish eyes twinkled when she told us her formula—"spaghetti and pizza."

Band-Aid Anyone?: Doris Day's son Terry is more impressed with his famous mom these days than ever before—and all because of a blister on her big toe. Doris is kind of proud of it, too, and justifiably so, since she got it playing tennis with famous pro star Pancho Gonzales. At the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she takes lessons, they're calling Doris the six months' wonder; few people play the game she does in that length of time. But the wonder to us is how Pancho can keep his mind on the game across the net from the beautiful Dodo.



George Nader's pals now include a Joe a Matt and the lovely Elsa Martinelli

Pal Joey: When George Nader returned from his "Joe Butterfly" Japan junket, I found a squirming bundle on his doorstep. Friends who had noticed how George's dog, Matt, was moping about because the cat refused to play with him had presented George with a boxer puppy. It was love at first sight for Matt and the boxer. George named him Joey, since he's Matt's pal.

Secrets That Will Out: Friends of Marilyn Monroe returning from London glimpses of her insist that she's expecting. This could explain the stories published in England which mentioned that Our Girl was getting a little hefty about the middle. It could also explain the absences from the set of "The Sleeping Prince," although Sir Laurence Olivier insists that Marilyn was absent only once or twice and those times because of virus infection. Sir Laurence also insists that he thoroughly enjoys working with Marilyn and even hopes to work with her again sometime. Well, that, like Marilyn's suspected pregnancy, is a question that time will sooner or later resolve.

Barefoot Boy With Cheek: That about sums up our hottest young leading man, Tony Perkins, who, like the late Jimmy Dean, is getting himself quite a reputation for eccentricity. When asked whether or not it was true that he walked barefoot from his apartment to the nearby supermarket to do his weekly shopping, Tony said, "It's true all right," and added, "but what I don't understand is why people think it's strange. After all, I just happen to like going barefoot." And nobody really minds what Tony does because he's an altogether charming

Continued on page 8

Fleeing Hollywood's drudgery? Maybe, but Monty seems to enjoy friend's goodbye visit

DEAN's out to make merry!...
Anita's out to make JERRY!

Paramount
Presents

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS in

SONGS:

Hollywood Or Bust
Let's Be Friendly
A Day In The Country
It Looks Like Love
The Wild And Woolly West

THEY'RE OFF!

On a laugh-a-second, mile-a-minute cross-country joy ride! And when the boys hit Hollywood—the laughs are colossal and the songs are stupendous!

HOLLYWOOD or BUST

AL WALLIS

PRODUCTION CO-STARRING

AT CROWLEY

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM



GUEST STAR

ANITA EKBERG

DIRECTED BY FRANK TASHLIN

WRITTEN BY ERNA LAZARUS

NEW SONGS BY SAMMY FAIR AND PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER

TECHNICOLOR®

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY

A PICTURE OF PROUD PEOPLE, A LOVE STORY, A CAVALCADE--
A CONFLICT OF CREEDS--A PERSONAL DRAMA OF STRONG LONGINGS
--A BIG STORY OF BIG THINGS AND BIG FEELINGS--THIS IS "GIANT"!



GIANT

GEORGE
STEVENS' PRODUCTION

FROM THE
NOVEL BY
EDNA
FERBER

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. IN WARNERCOLOR STARRING

ELIZABETH TAYLOR · ROCK HUDSON

WITH DENNIS HOPPER · JUDITH EVELYN · PAUL FIX · SCREEN PLAY BY FRED GUIOL AND IVAN MOFFAT · MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF AUGUST PHOTOPLAY'S

MR. MAGOO CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

Bell & Howell 8 mm. movie camera
George Miladin, Santa Monica, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE

Westinghouse portable radio
Patricia C. Naglie, Malden, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE

Columbia record album, "Blue Rose"
Mary Davis, Dothan, Ala.
Mrs. Carmen Hnarakis, San Diego, Calif.
Patsy Maly, Sardinia, Ohio
Roderick J. Shadman, Emporium, Pa.

RUNNER-UP PRIZE

Original Mr. Magoo cartoon drawing
Gail Baker, Dallas, Tex.
Virginia Lee Barry, Hagerstown, Md.
Judy Bell, Southgate, Ky.
Joyce Berardi, Waterbury, Conn.
Mrs. Claire Bernier, Plainville, Conn.
Mary Borgen, Westby, Wis.
Mrs. Hugh A. Breeden, Jacksonville, Fla.
Jimmy Brooks, Atlanta, Ga.
Barbara Brosemer, Lombard, Ill.
Mrs. R.M. Burgess, Dallas, Tex.
Dolores Carey, Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Kieth Champine, Crandon, Wis.
Judy Chelle, Gary, Ind.

Rita Crosetti, Atlantic City, N. J.
Robin Ann Cypent, Bartlesville, Okla.
Bob Doyle, Hinton, W. Va.
Jackie Doyle, Wethersfield, Conn.
Carol Dramer, Bremerton, Wash.
Nancy Elliott, New Orleans, La.
Rosemary Ellis, Newark, Ohio
Jerri Anne Foster, Sarnia, Ont., Can.
Margaret Fuller, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Janice Gauger, Clear Lake, S. D.
Rita F. Gregory, Muleshoe, Tex.
Virginia Hair, Lecompte, La.
Helene Harris, Willow Creek, Calif.
Janet R. Hart, Baltimore, Md.
John Hukill, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mary Lou Hymen, Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. M. Helen Ingalls, Atlanta, Ga.
Helen Jamison, San Francisco, Calif.
Marie Johnson, Woburn, Mass.
Bertil Jonsson, Akarp, Sweden
Candy Juno, Auburn, N. Y.
Victoria Just, Wood Lake, Minn.
Gary Kallaus, Richmond, Iowa
Pvt. Frank R. Kappler, Fort Riley, Kans.
Margie Kent, Chicago, Ill.
Marjorie Rae Kewan, Eau Claire, Wis.
Mrs. Annette Kingsbury, Santa Ana, Calif.
Joann Kosut, Genesee, Mich.
Mrs. L. S. Llewellyn, Thornton, Colo.
Anne Mallory, Chicago, Ill.
Jo Ellen McCormick, Columbia, Mo.

SP3 Donald R. McGowan, Fort Knox, Ky.
Diane Mercier, Redding, Calif.
Mrs. C. D. Miller, Key West, Fla.
Ellen Morrison, Snohomish, Wash.
Jane Y. Nakamura, Puunene, Maui, T. H.
Frances Nichols, Harrodsburg, Ky.
Stanley Novak, Bound Brook, N. J.
Kathryn T. Noyer, Erie, Pa.
Patti O'Donnell, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Albert Olmstead, Grampian, Pa.
Pvt. Victor M. Padilla, New York, N. Y.
Lydia Pasquarielli, Bronx, N. Y.
Sgt. Worden M. Peters, New York, N. Y.
Patricia M. Petersen, Santa Monica, Calif.
Mark Peterson, Prescott, Ariz.
Theresa Pfannenstiel, Hays, Kans.
Denis Ryan, Portland, Ore.
R. G. Sandretto, Napa, Calif.
Mrs. George Schreck, Hollywood, Fla.
Elizabeth Sensoli, Melvindale, Mich.
June Stevenson, Vancouver, B. C., Can.
Mrs. Jay Sturtevant, Jefferson, S. D.
Agnes Suronen, Duluth, Minn.
Joanne Taylor, Oxnard, Calif.
Gregory Tomlinson, Slaton, Tex.
Donna Mae Uriu, Worland, Wyo.
Peggy Waletzky, Westwood, N. J.
Judy Whaite, Hop Bottom, Pa.
Darlene Whitfield, Monroe, Wash.
Merrilynn Woods, Granger, Utah
Frances Young, Lebanon, Ohio



BICK BENEDICT
was big enough to
stand up and take
what he wanted; and
biggest, one day,
when he crawled...

LESLIE LYNNTON
--whether you loved
her in the open, or
hid it inside you
--you hungered...

JETT RINK
was made of laughs
and lies and loving
looks; he was made to
get to the top--so he
could have the fun of
falling all the way down...

JAMES DEAN

AND PRESENTING CARROLL BAKER • ALSO STARRING JANE WITHERS

CHILL WILLS • MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE • SAL MINEO

PRODUCED BY GEORGE STEVENS AND HENRY GINSBERG • DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 4

young man more loaded with talent than anyone since Dean, although not at all like Jimmy in either manner or appearance. Even Tony's eccentricities, such as they are, are accompanied by a soft-spoken politeness and a shy, boyish smile that would melt the heart of even the meanest interviewer. Tony's up for five important pictures, biggest of which will be "Desire Under the Elms." And then, someday soon, we'll undoubtedly see this lean, lanky young man walking down the aisle to receive an Academy Award.

On Again, Off Again: So it goes with Kim Novak and Frank Sinatra. When George Scullin was interviewing Kim for her life story in *PHOTOPLAY* Kim insisted that she never, never saw Frankie except when they were working together, then she promptly appeared at a premiere with Sinatra by her side. No one can deny Frank's charm, but there are also a good many lassies about town with scorched hearts who can attest to the fact that this fire *burns*.

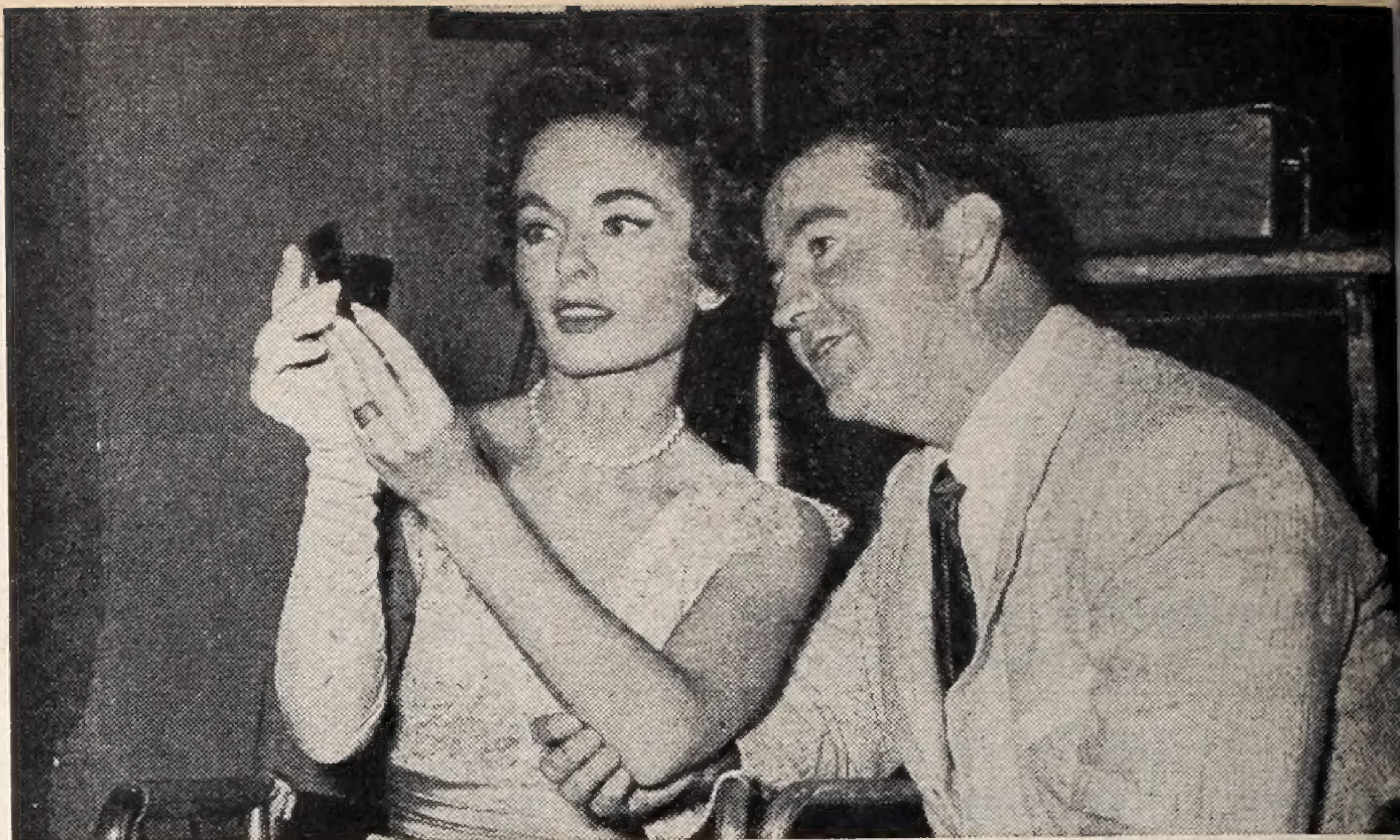
The Hollywood Story: Perhaps it's not fair to give the end of a story before you've had a chance to read it. But unfortunately this sad ending to Stephanie Griffin's own story of an unforgettable day in her life, beginning on page 52, occurred after the story was in print. It happens so often out here that it's almost a classic—the girl who becomes a star and then walks out on the man who helped to make her one. Sometimes the man is a husband, sometimes an agent, sometimes a good friend. In Stephanie Griffin's case, the man was both husband and agent. His name is David March and the one thing David wanted more than anything in the world was to find a girl he could build into a star. He met Stephanie Griffin in New York five years ago and he knew he'd found her. But her stardom came slowly. So slowly that again and again she gave up hoping. Meanwhile, she and David fell in love with

one another. They had just been married two years when Stephanie's big break came. All the months of making the rounds of the studio casting offices, with David hammering away at directors, trying to convince them that Stephanie was more than a beautiful girl, paid off. She got an important part in "The Last Wagon." And for David, it was to be a symbolic title. He went to New York on a business trip and when he came back, Stephanie told him they were through. "Nothing really means anything to me but my career," Stephanie said tearfully. "It isn't that I don't love you, David, it's that I can't love you. I have no love to give to anyone or anything but my work as an actress." Well, this is what David had always wanted—or thought he wanted. A girl who would work as hard for stardom as he would work for her. A girl who would fight for it, suffer for it, make any sacrifice.

The Girl With the Hand-Span Waist: That's what Jayne Mansfield insists she is—a girl with an eighteen-inch waist and a forty-inch bust. "And," she confides, "I'm firm all over since I've taken to weight-lifting." This girl's career is pretty firm, too, thanks to one of those ironies of what is usually referred to as Fate. When Jayne was under

contract to Warner Brothers two years ago she spent her time posing for cheesecake and fashion art. Then she took a part in a Broadway play that lampooned Hollywood, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" At first, Hollywood was indignant. But when the play was a success, Hollywood decided to make a movie of it. They did not, of course, put Jayne Mansfield in the role she had made famous on Broadway. Instead, 20th Century-Fox cast her opposite Tom Ewell in "The Girl Can't Help It." And she's getting the star treatment, proving again that Hollywood always wants what somebody else wants first.

Over the Hurdles: When Director Ed Dmytryk issued orders for Monty Clift and Lee Marvin to study hurdle racing, in preparation for a "Raintree County" scene, Lee breezily announced he was already a hurdle champ. They gave him the horse laugh until he produced papers to show he still holds the Florida collegiate high hurdle record. Nevertheless, in the film, Monty wins the race. Monty needs more than that to make him completely happy, though; talk is that he feels strongly the desire for a rest from Hollywood, and will take off from our town for a long break soon.



Ann Blyth gained where other girls yearn to lose, pleasing husband Joe McNulty as well as herself. And she had so much more to begin with!



Beautiful clothes gathering mildew in a far jungle! Jane Powell and her husband Pat Nerney have a problem strange and rare



Jayne Mansfield and constant escort Mickey Hargitay are something to see even in blasé Hollywood. He taught her weight-lifting

Revlon's 'clean AND clear'™

uncovers a
purer, finer
brighter skin!



© REVLON, INC., 1956

This *new kind* of facial cleanser **lifts out dirt**
that greasy creams leave behind!



Greasy creams leave a dirt-catching oily film... and they're old-fashioned today because they *can't* reach DEEP dirt.

Almost any cleanser will take off surface dirt. But *creams, even soaps, reach only the top cell-layer of your skin.* They can't get down deep enough to clean out embedded dirt—the kind that enlarges nose and chin pores.

Here, at last, is a new kind of facial cleanser. Using CAT-I-ON-IC attraction, it *lifts out dirt and makeup from 5-cell-layers of your skin...* gets out dirt that soaps and creams leave behind. Result: a finer, purer skin!

'Clean and Clear' puts all other cleansing methods out of date! It's **MILDER** than cream, leaves skin toned but not dry; dewy but not greasy. Start now! Build life-long skin beauty with 'Clean and Clear.' 1.25 PLUS TAX





1. How much protection can you expect of a deodorant ?



2. Do you know how to "keep cool" in a crisis ?



3. Can perspiration stains be removed from clothes ?



4. When is one bath a day more effective than two ?

Girls: When in doubt use Arrid—to be sure!

You're a smart young miss if you know all the answers. Even smarter if you realize that they add up to the daily use of Arrid—the most effective deodorant you can buy!

Arrid now is fortified with the magic new ingredient, Perstop.* That's why Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested, and the most popular deodorant, too!

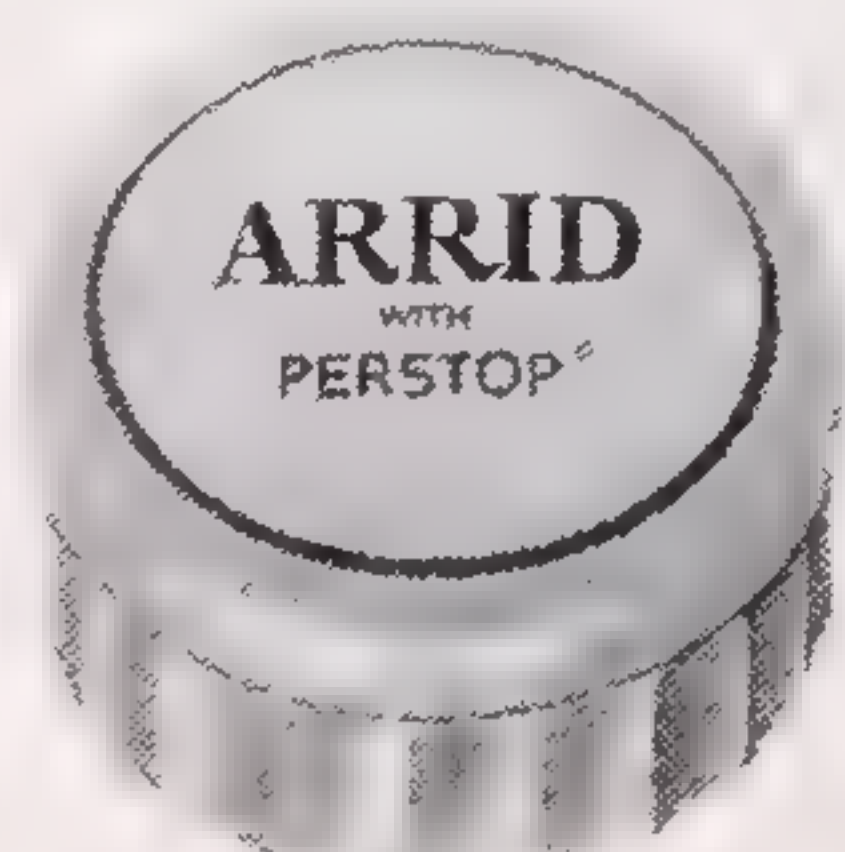
1. Be sweet and approachable any hour, day or night. Just rub Arrid in—you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes, you're safe.

2. It's never too hot for comfort with Arrid. It protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. Keeps you dry and comfortable even in

a crisis when your glands tend to gush perspiration.

3. Protect your clothes with Arrid. Perspiration *rots* fabric, *bleaches* color out. Even expert dry-cleaners can't remove these stains. Arrid controls moisture so effectively that your dresses stay sweet as new.

4. A second bath isn't necessary with Arrid. One a day will do. Just towel yourself dry, rub in Arrid, and you'll stay soap-and-water fragrant up to 24 hours. You can count on it!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.



Your letters answered by
Spring Byington

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q I'm a registered nurse. Three years ago I went to work at one of our local hospitals. I took the night shift, as new employees must do, with the result that I sacrificed sleep, a situation that often causes me to become highstrung and nervous. Result: I talk too much. I gabble, I'm afraid.

I don't believe I have ever lied about another person, but I know that I gossip and chatter. I simply don't seem to be able to stop myself.

One night recently, when I was leaving the hospital, after spending fourteen hours with a dying patient, I happened to overhear the head nurse talking to another nurse. "She is conscientious and kind-hearted," the head nurse said, "but her tongue is hung in the middle."

I am very fond of the head nurse and always considered her a friend, so hearing myself criticized in that way was really a blow.

Since then I've striven to speak only when spoken to, while maintaining a pleasant manner, but now and then I have to bite my tongue and leave the room to keep from speaking.

Tell me, Miss Byington, are there other "constant conversationalists" in the world? If there are, what causes the trouble? I'd really like to know.

ROBERTA S.
Continued

Spring Byington stars in *December Bride*, as seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EST.



"SAY 'MERRY CHRISTMAS' AS THE FRENCH DO"

suggests Claude Dauphin, distinguished French actor.

Give the fragrance more French women wear than any other...

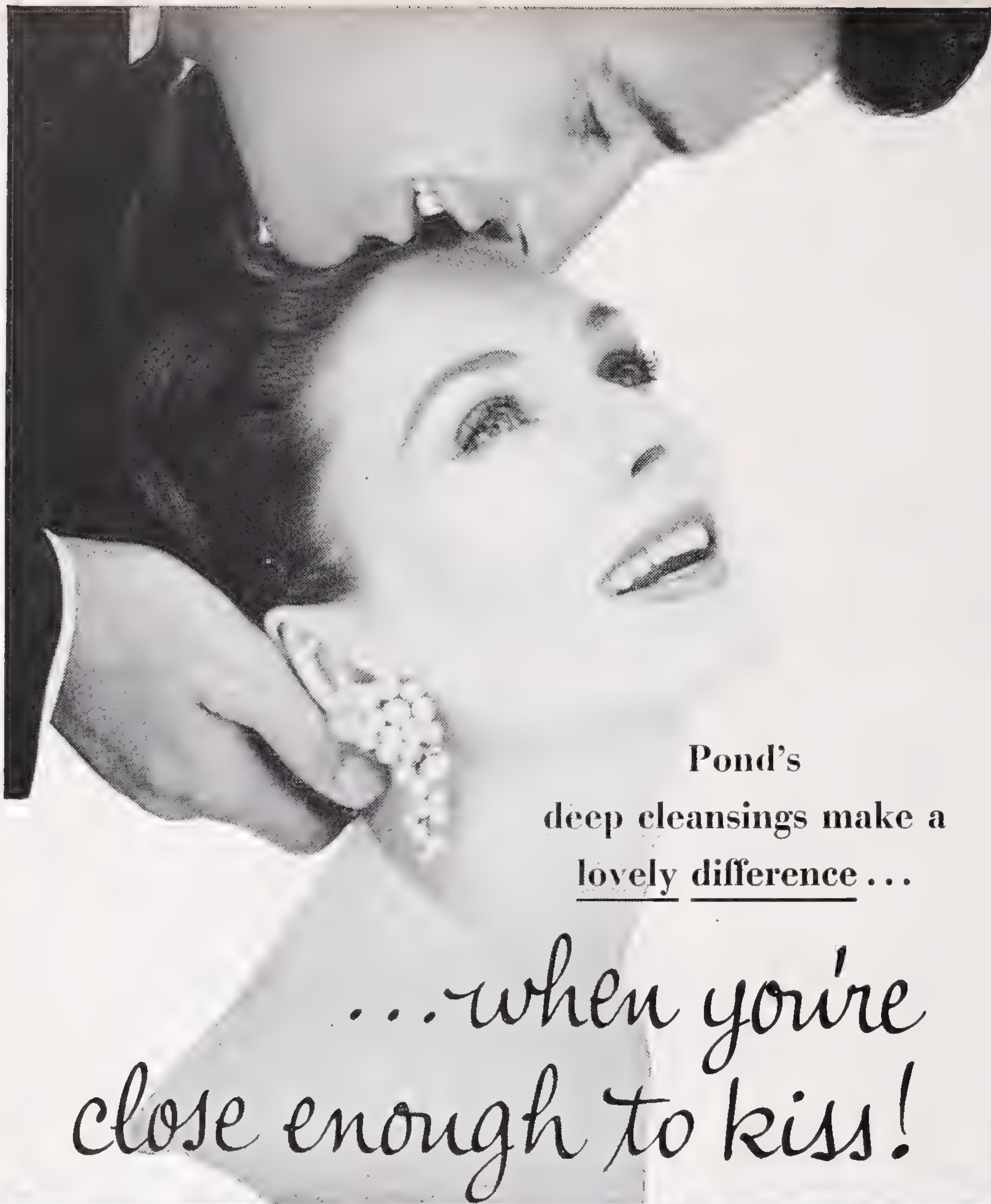
Evening in Paris



GALA GIFTS FROM \$1 TO \$21

1. Music Box plays a love serenade. Six glamour accessories 10.00
2. Dresser Box: perfume, toilet water, cologne, talcum, purse perfume 5.00
3. Trio: cologne, talcum, purse perfume 2.50
4. Duo-door Vanity Box, six fragrant accessories 7.50

CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.



Pond's
deep cleansings make a
lovely difference ...

...when you're
close enough to kiss!

New ultraviolet
photographs prove
Pond's Cold Cream
removes dirt that other cleansing
only "skims over"



1. A test patch of dirt and make-up is applied. In photo taken in ultraviolet light, patch shows up *white*.



2. Then patch is vigorously washed. She *thinks* her skin is clean, but ...



3. Even after brisk washing, ultraviolet light shows stubborn dirt *still there!*



4. Proof Pond's cleanses *deep*. Right through imbedded dirt, Pond's cleanses a clear path!



Sheer, non-greasy powder base
—Pond's Vanishing Cream

No other cleanser
removes make-up and dirt
more completely,
leaves your skin so fresh!

POND'S Cold Cream

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Continued

A Well, now, Roberta, let's not grieve too much about your gift of gab. Don't forget that we get to know and understand one another through communication, and that the chief means of human communication is conversation.

Also, I want you to know that I understand your specific problem. A nurse is dedicated to the welfare of others and must handle a thousand and one details. A nurse's work gives her little opportunity for self-expression because her concentration must be applied to others. Naturally this builds up a frustration which can be relieved by conversation.

If you really feel that you talk too much, under certain pressures, why wouldn't it be possible to make use of your interest in words in ways other than speech? Why not try writing verses for your friends and family when birthdays or other holidays are to be celebrated? Why not cultivate a group of pen pals, and relieve your pent-up conversational urge by telling on paper what you feel and see and believe? Make a study of words so that it is possible to make the best use of them, employing them as skillfully as the hospital's best surgeon uses his instruments.

Remember, too: There are far worse things in this world than an agile tongue!

Q Although I am only forty-two, I have been a grandmother for nearly four years. I have three children, a daughter twenty-three (the mother of my grandson), a son seventeen who is going into the Air Force next month, and a daughter fourteen.

I was left a widow when my younger daughter was not yet two. I went to work and loved it. Other women seem to resent being breadwinners, but I enjoyed every second of it. I was able to employ a capable woman to take care of the household and help with the children, and I must confess that I had a good life.

Against my wishes, my older daughter married when she was eighteen, and her son was born a year later. Shortly after the birth of the baby, my daughter's husband "took off," and we've never seen him since. My daughter was trained, fortunately, to earn her own way, but she has insisted that I give up my work and take care of the baby. Please understand that she does it in a sweet and affectionate way—"Mother, you've worked long enough; you stay at home and take care of Jimmy and I'll earn our keep."—but the result is that I am tied down twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. My daughter is popular, so her evenings and weekends are always taken up.

The worst of it is that, while I was working, I felt alive and stimulated, but now I feel—well, old. Am I being a selfish, resentful old lady, or do I still have the right to a life of my own? Or is there a way out that hasn't occurred to me?

ANNA-LOUISE T.

A Apparently you are such a sweet-natured woman, Mrs. T., it hasn't occurred to you that, by giving in to your daughter's "affectionate" insistence that you assume her responsibility, you are abetting her selfishness.

The adult obligation to teach younger people the ways of life does not end always when a member of the younger generation marries. As you have said, your daughter married against your wishes. Obviously, she made a mistake. Now she should be made to face the exact consequences of her youthful stubbornness. I don't mean to be cruel

Continued

It's early bird Christmas shopping time with Samsonite *Streamlite* Luggage



Give the case that holds 52 travel needs!
Samsonite Train Case \$17⁵⁰



Hat Box—practical off-round shape, contour-molded wrist strap, balloon pocket. **\$15.**



Personal O'Nite—richly lined, full deep pockets...divider for easy packing. **\$17.50.**

Samsonite lets you get a head-start on Christmas with the most useful case a woman can own! Give her the famous Samsonite Train Case that actually holds 52 travel needs, has a waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry! Or the Hat Box and Personal O'Nite. All have special tongue-in-groove closures that seal out dust and moisture...bright non-tarnishing drawbolts that won't jam closed or fly open accidentally... "better-than-leather" finishes that wipe clean with a damp cloth! In Admiral Blue, Saddle Tan, Bermuda Green, Rawhide finish (featured), London Grey and Colorado Brown.





Why break dates when your face breaks out?

Hide broken-out skin instantly with Tussy Medicare...it helps heal as it conceals! No single cream, salve, or lotion can even begin to cover up (and help clear up) problem skin like Tussy Medicare.

Hide and heal this easy way! First, super-cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It delves deeper than soap; floats out irritating grime. Next, use skin-colored Tussy Medicated Lotion as your make-up base. While it conceals—it helps *heal* blemishes, because it contains germ-fighting hexachlorophene! Complete Medicare Set, \$2.00 and \$1.10. No tax.

For handy touch-ups—Tussy Medicare Stick! To look “spotless” all day long, always carry a skin-colored Tussy Medicare Stick. And use it faithfully every two hours to guard your skin from infection. \$1. No tax.



TUSSY Medicare

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Continued

about this; I only want to point out to you that you should not be the victim of the youngster's waywardness.

Wouldn't it be possible for you to seek employment and then set aside a generous sum to be paid as a salary to your daughter for keeping house and taking care of the youngster? And wouldn't it be fair to set aside two evenings per week during which you could take care of the youngster, so that your daughter might enjoy some recreation? Also, it seems to me that you should have one weekend free, and your daughter might have the alternate weekend. Certainly a fifty-fifty split of week-end time should be fair, as your present “carceration” is not.

Essentially, you are responsible for your own welfare, and I would say that your welfare demands freedom from a burden which is in no way a result of your action.

Q I am twenty-four, a high school graduate, and single. I live with my parents, whom I adore. There are six children in addition to myself, in our family, and all are married except my brother who's in service and myself.

My problem is that I am mixed up emotionally. As a child I was exceptionally shy, although I've outgrown that. When I was twelve, my teacher had a conference with my parents. She told them I was too old for my years and that I should make many friends with people my own age. But I really wasn't interested. I liked to spend my time reading or listening to the radio. I suppose I've had four or five dates in my life, but men don't interest me and I have no desire to get married.

And there is the trouble. My mother is sixty-three and my father is seventy, and they have pointed out, I can't count on them forever for a home and companionship. Another problem is that I start on a job with enormous zest, and then gradually lose interest as I master the work. I am undecided—one day I am interested in one thing, the next day in something else.

I am not unhappy, although I feel there is something I am searching for. What, I don't know. I don't daydream about love or fame or success, and I do get annoyed with myself when I lose interest in a job.

I don't want pity, just an honest opinion. Am I a hopeless misfit, or just what am I?

CAPRICE

A In my opinion, Caprice, your letter is fascinating because it reveals, in its tone of candid but unconscious modesty, that you have never been faced by a school problem or a job requirement that challenged your abilities.

You have so much more to offer than has ever been asked of you that much of your time appears to have been spent in a good humored withdrawal from boredom.

I think I have thought of the perfect profession for you—one that needs you desperately and one that would demand from you your greatest capabilities. Furthermore, your calm emotional nature represents an added advantage in the field I have in mind.

You should become a surgical nurse. In an operating room (once you had completed a rigorous and difficult course of study) you would be exerting yourself in a challenging and demanding profession. Your emotional coolness and your intellectual zest would be engaged to the fullest.

Certainly I do not think you are a misfit, I believe, with you, that you have been searching for a battle worthy of your mettle. In surgical nursing you would find it.

'Love-Pat' your skin to radiant perfection!



Look lovely all day long with 'Love-Pat'
...never cakes, never turns orange-y!

With 'Love-Pat' you're *radiantly* beautiful...*always*. It's pressed powder, *plus* foundation, with Revlon's own skin-softening Lanolite. Other compact makeups and loose powders change color. *Only* 'Love-Pat' does not. It contains up to 3 times as much beautifying oil! Never messy, like spilly loose powder—and its lovely natural-looking bloom *lasts*...for hours! You'll love 'Love-Pat'! Get some!



New Jeweler's Compact... gold and tortoise-shell tone! It's truly beautiful! Nine skin-matching shades. Just 1.35 *plus tax*.

Revlon 'LOVE-PAT'
Compact Makeup with Lanolite

Hair with the
fresh young HALO look
is softer, brighter

**Whistle
Clean**

—for clear, liquid Halo

... unlike most shampoos ... contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.

Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter ... whistle clean!



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BAD SEED, THE—Warners. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: Christine, Nancy Kelly; Rhoda, Patty McCormack; LeRoy, Henry Jones; Mrs. Daigle, Eileen Heckart; Monica, Evelyn Varden; Kenneth, William Hopper; Bravo, Paul Fix; Emory, Jesse White.

CHA-CHA-CHA-BOOM!—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: Perez Prado, Mary Kaye Trio, Helen Grayco, Luis Arcaraz, Manny Lopez, Themselves; Bill Haven, Steve Dunne; Debbie Farmer, Alix Talton; Pablo, Jose Gonzales Gonzales; Nita Manay, Sylvia Lewis; Alvarez, Dante De Paulo.

DEATH OF A SCOUNDREL—RKO. Directed by Charles Martin: Clementi Sabourin, George Sanders; Bridget Kelly, Yvonne DeCarlo; Mrs. Ryan, Zsa Zsa Gabor; Leonard Wilson, Victor Jory; Stephanie North, Nancy Gates; Mrs. Van Renassalear, Coleen Gray; Mr. O'Hara, John Hoyt; Zina Monte, Lisa Ferraday; Gerry Monte, Tom Conway; Mrs. Sabourin, Celia Lovsky; Herbert, Werner Klemperer; Butler, Justice Watson; The Actor, John Sutton.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION—A.A. Directed by William Wyler: Jess Birdwell, Gary Cooper; Eliza Birdwell, Dorothy McGuire; Widow Hudspeth, Marjorie Main; Josh Birdwell, Anthony Perkins; Little Jess, Richard Eyer; Mattie Birdwell, Phyllis Love; Sam Jordan, Robert Middleton; Gard Jordan, Mark Richman; Professor Quigley, Walter Catlett; Elder, Richard Hale; Enoch, Joel Fluellen; Army Major, Theodore Newton; Caleb, John Smith.

JULIE—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew L. Stone: Julie Benton, Doris Day; Lyle Benton, Louis Jourdan; Cliff Henderson, Barry Sullivan; Detective Capt. Pringle, Frank Lovejoy; Detective Cole, John Gallaudet; Detective Pope, Harlan Warde; Detective Mace, Jack Kruschen; Ellis, Hank Patterson; Denise Martin, Aline Towne; Valerie, Ann Robinson; Pilot, Ed Hinton; Co-pilot, Jack Kelly.

OPPOSITE SEX, THE—M-G-M. Directed by David Miller: Kay, June Allyson; Crystal, Joan Collins; Sylvia, Dolores Gray; Amanda, Ann Sheridan; Gloria, Ann Miller; Steve Hilliard, Leslie Nielsen; Buck Winston, Jeff Richards; Countess, Agnes Moorehead; Lucy, Charlotte Greenwood; Edith, Joan Blondell; Mike Pearl, Sam Levene; Howard Fowler, Bill Goodwin; Olga, Alice Pearce; Dolly, Barbara Jo Allen; Debbie, Sandy Descher; Pat, Carolyn Jones.

POWER AND THE PRIZE, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Henry Koster: Cliff Barton, Robert Taylor; Miriam Linka, Elisabeth Mueller; George Salt, Burl Ives; Guy Eliot, Charles Coburn; Mr. Carew, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mrs. George Salt, Mary Astor; Joan Salt, Nicola Michaels; Rev. John Barton, Cameron Prud'Homme; Lester Everett, Richard Erdman; Mr. Chutwell, Ben Wright.

SECRETS OF LIFE—Disney. Documentary.

SHARKFIGHTERS, THE—U.A. Directed by Jerry Hopper: Lt. Com. Ben Staves, Victor Mature; Martha Staves, Karen Steele; Ensign Harold Duncan, James Olson; Lt. Com. Leonard Evans, Philip Coolidge; Chief Gordon, Claude Akins; Carlos, Rafael Campos.

SILENT WORLD, THE—Columbia. Documentary.

TOWARD THE UNKNOWN—Warners. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: Maj. Lincoln Bond, William Holden; Brig. Gen. Banner, Lloyd Nolan; Connie Mitchell, Virginia Leith; Col. Mickey McKee, Charles McGraw; Maj. Bromo Lee, Murray Hamilton; Lt. Gen. Bryan Shelby, Paul Fix; Maj. Joe Craven, James Garner; Lt. Sweeney, L. Q. Jones; Polly Craven, Karen Steele.

UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: Lois Conway, Esther Williams; Harry Graham, George Nader; Leonard Bennett, John Saxon; Mr. Bennett, Edward Andrews; Mr. Pendleton, Les Tremayne; Prof., Jack Albertson; Josie Warren, Dani Crayne; Sandy, John Wilder.

VAGABOND KING, THE—Paramount. Directed by Michael Curtiz: Catherine De Vaulcelles, Kathryn Grayson; Francois Villon, Oreste; Huguette, Rita Moreno; Tristan, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; King Louis XI, Walter Hampden; Thibault, Leslie Nielsen; Rene, William Prince; Ferrebouc, Jack Lord; Gen. Antoine De Chabannes, Gregory Morton.

WEE GEORDIE—George K. Arthur. Directed by Frank Launder: Geordie, Bill Travers; The Laird, Alastair Sim; Jean Donaldson, Norah Gorsen; Geordie's Mother, Molly Urquhart; Henry Samson, Francis de Wolff; Geordie's Father, Jameson Radcliffe; Harley, Brian Reece; Rawlins, Raymond Huntley; Helga, Doris Goddard.

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—Columbia. Directed by Dick Powell: Ellie Andrews, June Allyson; Peter Warne, Jack Lemmon; A. A. Andrews, Charles Bickford; George Shapely, Paul Gilbert; Danker, Jim Backus; Fred Toten, Stubby Kaye; 1st Driver, Henny Youngman; Gordon, Allyn Joslyn; Ballarino, Jacques Scott; #1 Proprietor, Walter Baldwin; Billings, Byron Foulger; Hotel Manager, Richard Cutting; #2 Proprietor, Howard McNear; #2 Proprietor's Wife, Elvia Allman.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓ FAIR

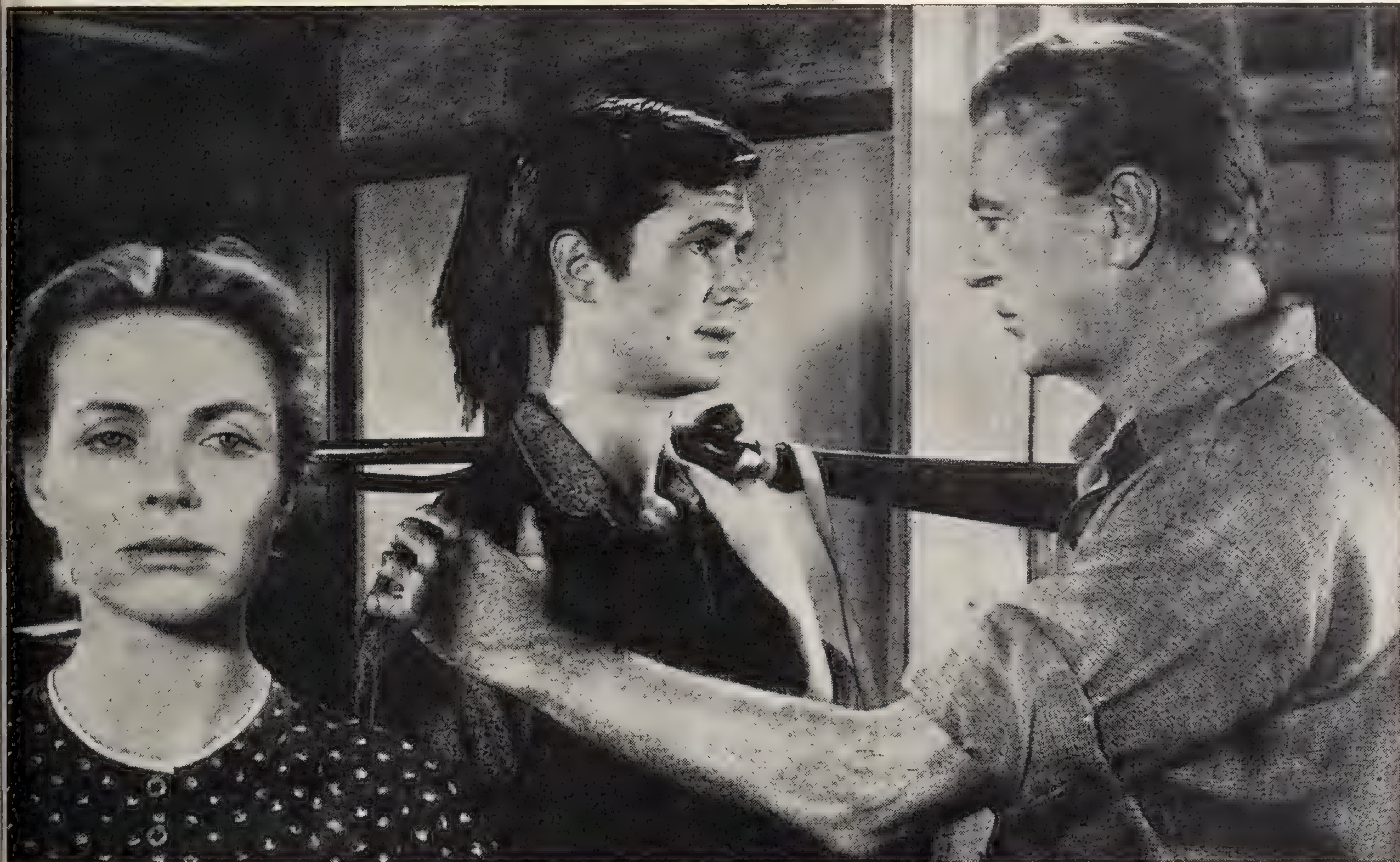
BEST ACTING: DOROTHY MCGUIRE, GARY COOPER

Friendly Persuasion

A.A., DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ With warmth and gentle humor, Dorothy McGuire and Gary Cooper paint a portrait of a happy marriage. Anthony Perkins, a highly attractive young man and a forceful actor, gets his career into high gear as their son. This Quaker family on an Indiana farm in Civil War times also includes newcomer Phyllis Love and Richard Eyer, first-rate child player. All have their problems, amusing or touching. Gary and his preacher wife are at odds over his fondness for music and for racing his buggy. Phyllis waits for a soldier lover's return. Tony wrestles with his pacifist beliefs as others go to war. Richard has a feud with his mother's pet goose, a terribly bad-tempered bird. Though the family speaks in the quaint "plain language," they're real and lovable people.

FAMILY



The brutal reality of war invades a Quaker family, as Dorothy and Gary ponder son Tony Perkins' decision to go and fight



A tactful "Wall of Jericho" keeps June and Jack apart when they have to share a cabin

You Can't Run Away from It

COLUMBIA;
CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Off we go again on that famous bus ride, with June Allyson and Jack Lemmon doing the Colbert and Gable roles in a spanking new version of "It Happened One Night." Sparkling with music, this lighthearted comedy casts June as an heiress trying to join her fortune-hunter bridegroom. She travels incognito, but Jack, an unemployed reporter, recognizes her and latches onto the juicy exclusive story. As June's loving, overbearing father, Charles Bickford's on her trail. There's nice supporting work by Stubby Kaye, as a cheerful fellow passenger, Allyn Joslyn, as Jack's ex-boss, and Jim Backus, as a driver who picks up the hitchhiking pair. Producer-director Dick Powell dexterously juggles the laughs, the sentimental moments and the lively songs.

FAMILY

Continued

One in a series of ads on
"WRITTEN ON THE WIND"



ROBERT STACK

...as Kyle,

who hid his
secret behind
a bottle and
a hundred
million dollars!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS

**Written on
the WIND**

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

MOVIES *Continued*

Wee Geordie

GO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ A delightful British comedy, filmed mostly in the magnificent Scottish Highlands, gives an endearing role to Bill Travers (seen as Ava Gardner's Anglo-Indian suitor in "Bhowani Junction"). *Wee Geordie* is introduced to us as a small boy, sensitive because he's so under-sized for his age. Hopefully, he takes a correspondence course in muscle-building, and because of this (he thinks) he proceeds to grow up into the strapping, husky Travers. Bill's a modest, gentle soul, with no competitive spirit at all; but his pen pal, the muscle-builder, persuades him to take up the hammer throw. With the encouragement of his eccentric boss (Alastair Sim), Bill finally goes off to the 1956 Olympics in Australia. His romance with the comely girl-he-left-behind (Norah Gersen) is complicated when he meets up with an aggressive lady on Denmark's team. **FAMILY**

The Silent World

COLUMBIA,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In an exciting documentary, filled with a fine sense of adventure, Jacques-Yves Cousteau takes us deep into the mysterious world of the ocean. Co-inventor of the Aqua-lung and a pioneer in its use, Cousteau leads a group of modern mermen, swimming freely among marine animals and plants of incredibly brilliant color. They explore a sunken, coral-covered ship; they find they've acquired a pet, an ugly but amiable fish. Taking their ship, the *Calypso*, on a scientific expedition, these young men look instead as if they're simply having a rousing good time. **FAMILY**

The Sharkfighters

U.A.; CINEMA-
SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Here's a brisk, commendably direct action film, shot in eye-soothing Caribbean locales. World War II is on, and Navy officer Victor Mature has been assigned to head a group conducting dangerous experiments on an island off Cuba. They're trying to concoct a shark-repellent, which downed flyers may release in the water around their rafts. But the formulas they devise must actually be tried out in the shark-infested bay. Vic goes about his work with bitter determination, for in the Pacific he has seen some of his men killed by sharks. Karen Steele is his pretty wife; tall young James Olson, a likable newcomer, is a chemist eager for combat duty; Rafael Campos is a jaunty Cuban lad who loses his life during a test. **FAMILY**

Julie

M-G-M

✓✓✓ A taut, hard-driving suspense movie sets Doris Day to exploring the emotion of fear in all its degrees. Married to Louis Jourdan, a gifted concert pianist, she discovers that he is jealous literally to the point of insanity. He even admits that he murdered her first husband, supposedly a suicide, and he promises to kill her if she should leave him. The law can't help



With ardent kisses, Louis soothes Doris' fears, after the two have escaped death.

her, because she has no proof of his guilt or the sincerity of his threats. With the help of Barry Sullivan, a loyal friend, she escapes Jourdan and goes back to her old job as an airlines stewardess. But her husband does not give up so easily. Frank Lovejoy plays a sympathetic police detective, and Jack Kelly's co-pilot of the plane on which the breath-stopping climax takes place. Some plot twists seem pretty wild—but similar events can be found in the newspapers. **FAMILY**

The Power and the Prize

M-G-M;
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Though star Robert Taylor performs capably, this drama of big business is notable chiefly as Swiss actress Elisabeth Mueller's first American film. Combining blonde Nordic-style beauty with Latin fire of temperament, she gives a sense of urgency to all her scenes. She and Bob meet in London, where he has come on business trip. Boss Burl Ives, a powerful and unprincipled executive, has sent her to put through a devious deal that will take control of a British firm away from Cedric Hardwicke, its founder. But when Bob falls in love with Elisabeth, a DP and a concentration-camp graduate, her stubborn integrity and utter honesty lead him to examine his own standards critically. Mary Astor, as Ives' wife, and Richard Erdman, as Taylor's associate on the trip, contribute understanding portrayals. Bob Nicola Michaels, lovely in the Grace Kelly manner, seems ill at ease as Taylor's socialite fiancée. **ADULT**

The Opposite Sex

M-G-M; CINEMA-
SCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Glittering and witty, though lacking the elegant cattiness of the original, "The Women" in musical dress provides a generous helping of entertainment. The most

(Continued on page 2)

DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing takes out.

Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, why don't you face up to the facts?

Every shampoo you try makes your hair too dry, doesn't it?

So what happens? After you shampoo, you have to wait two or three days for the natural beauty oils to come back. Then, just when your hair begins to look and act alive, *it's time for a shampoo again.*

Now isn't that silly!

Half the time your hair is so dry you can't do a thing with it. Simply because modern shampoos wash all the beauty oils out of your hair and scalp!

But you aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair for exactly this same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE Hair-dressing. And look what it does!

The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair . . . *and look at the amazing difference!*

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!

Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

And it *stays* wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!

That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—*greaseless lanolin*—now in new SUAVE . . . a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you

"No matter if you are 16 or 60, don't ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will be so beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"

Start using SUAVE today! Choose the liquid or new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.



HELENE CURTIS
Suave*
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid
or new Creme
59¢ and \$1
(plus tax)





SEE IT!
SEW IT!

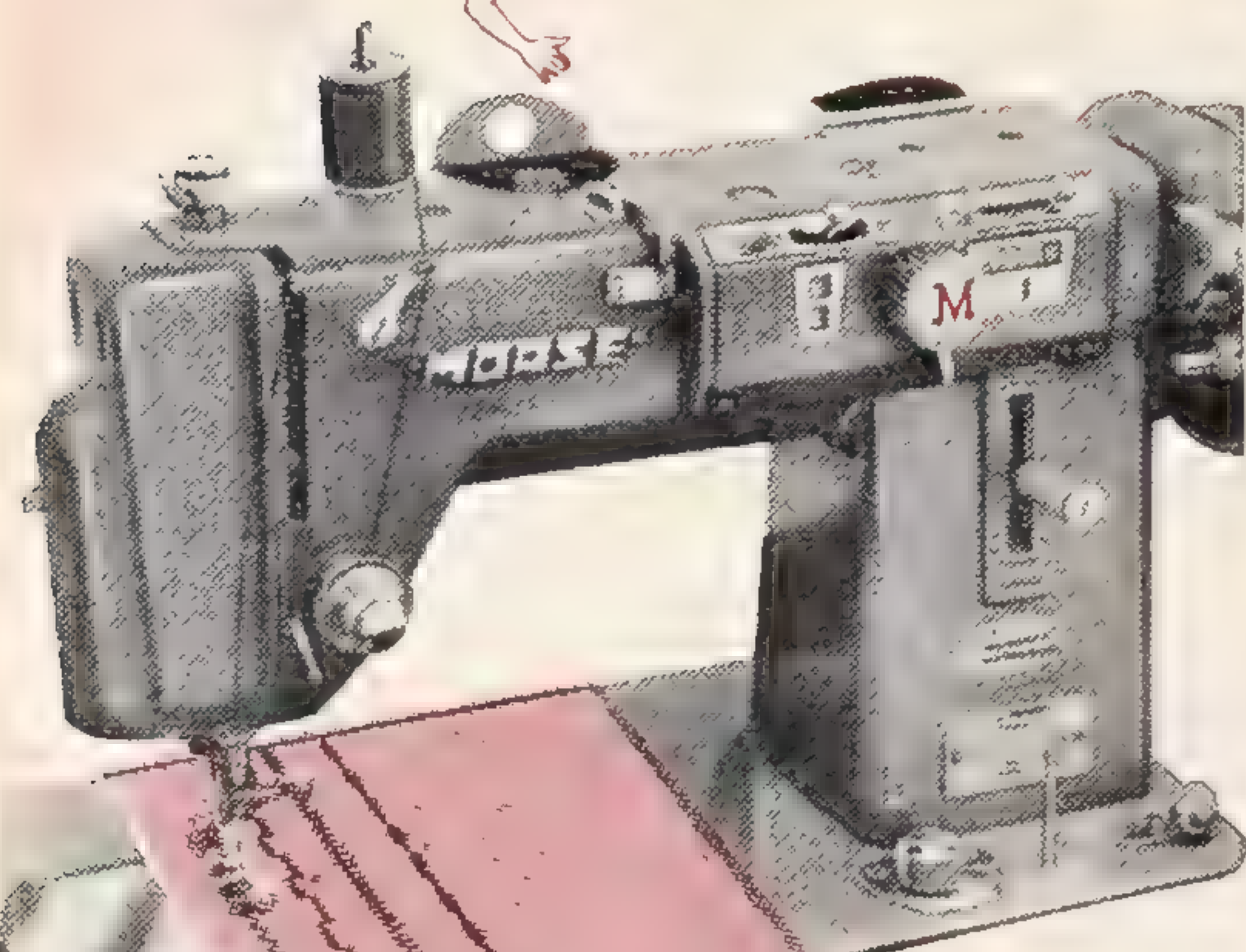
Zig-Zag
Automatically

on a

MORSE

Super Fotomatic

with Magic Rainbow Discs



IT APPLIQUES

IT EMBROIDERS

IT BUTTONHOLES

IT DARNs

IT BLIND STITCHES

**COMPLETELY
AUTOMATIC**

COMMENDED
BY THE
CONSUMER
SERVICE BUREAU
MAGAZINE

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

UL

FREE 40 MORSE
Super FOTOMATICS

Win one of TEN Morse Super Fotomatic Sewing Machines to be GIVEN AWAY FREE EACH MONTH in this Morse Contest!

HOW TO WIN: Get entry blank from your nearest Morse Dealer, or fill in coupon below in a few words. Paste on postcard and mail to:



MORSE Sewing Machine & Supply Corp.

122 West 26th St., New York 1, N. Y.
OR 2615 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 48, Calif.

"I'd love to own a completely automatic Morse Super Fotomatic Zig Zag Sewing Machine because:

Name

Address

City State

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4 Monthly Contests, starting October 1, 1956.
This Month's Contest Closes December 31, 1956.

MORSE SEWING MACHINE
and SUPPLY CORP.

over the Editor's shoulder...

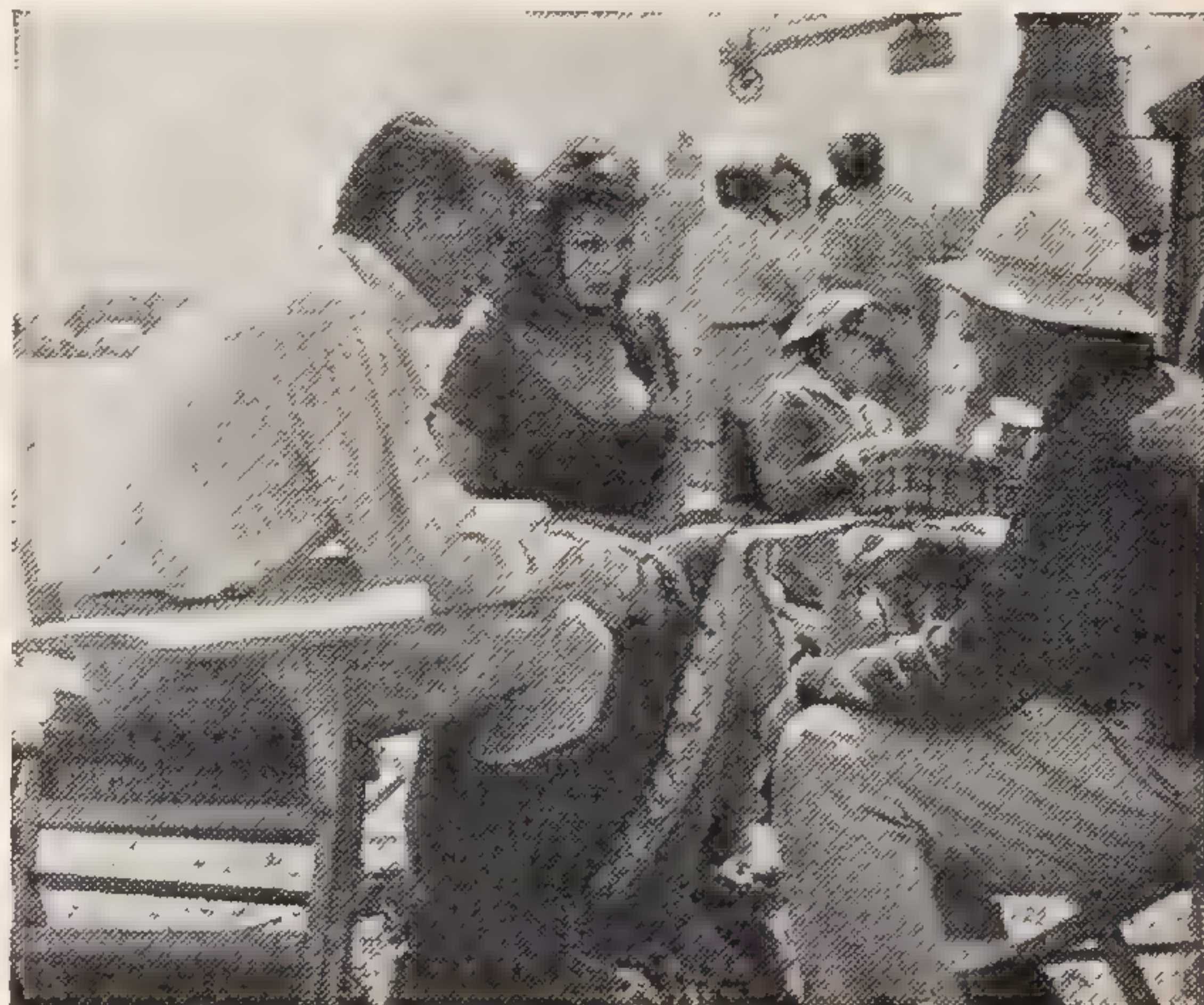
Meet the secret source of our scoops—the "Question Man"

"I Read About It in Photoplay"

It gladdened our hearts recently to read of a poll conducted by a gentleman named Sindlinger who is expert at such things. Among other things, Mr. Sindlinger asked his poll-takers to find out where moviegoers had heard about the movies they wanted to see. Quick-like-a-mouse came the answer: "I read about it in PHOTOPLAY." How many of your favorite movies did you hear about through an article or review in PHOTOPLAY? We'd love to know, so don't hesitate to write us. Your letters are always read and always welcome. . . . For instance, it is thanks to the many letters you have sent enthusiastically endorsing our new policy of condensed book-length features on the stars that we have decided to continue it—with more bonus stories, more reading time for your money. Rock Hudson, Doris Day, Natalie Wood, Elvis Presley—they're just a few of the complete stories by top writers scheduled for coming issues. Watch for them!

The Exciting Questions

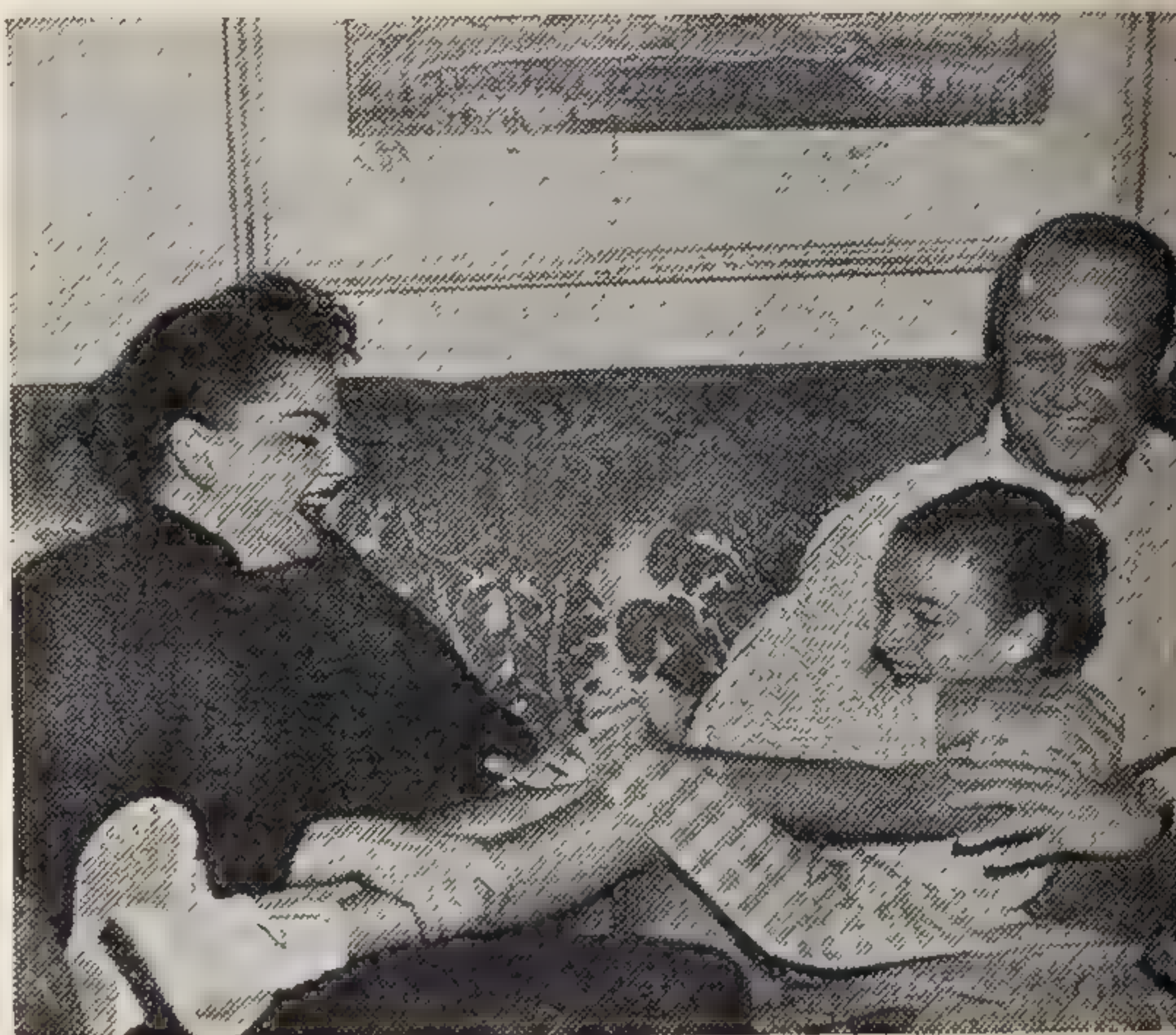
When you were very young, and asked questions which the grownups couldn't answer, were you ever told to ask "the answer man"? Well, we've got a question man here at PHOTOPLAY, and his job is to anticipate the questions our readers are going to ask about the stars, so that we can find the answers. This month, our question man really had us stopped with questions like: "Who will be Elizabeth Taylor's next husband?" "Is religion in Hollywood real or phony?" "How could Judy Garland have gone broke on a hundred thousand a year?" Somewhat doubtfully, we set writers and researchers on the trail. And sure enough they came up with the answers, which you will read *exclusively* in January PHOTOPLAY.



Cary Grant left Sophia Loren in Spain to hurry home to a certain hotel in New York

Another Elvis Presley Exclusive

We gave you the first report on Presley in Hollywood and the first Presley pinup in color. Now, we've cornered the market on an Elvis Presley charm bracelet that perfect for teen-age gift-giving: An autographed picture of Elvis, a miniature of his famous guitar, a little hound dog and a heart-shaped dangle, all on a gold-plate link chain. To find out how to get one



Liza, Sid frolic because Judy again triumphed at the Palace; yet she's broke

more of these attractive bracelets, see "Living with Young Ideas" in the January PHOTOPLAY. And you'll find a full-length story on Elvis written by famous columnist Earl Wilson, *plus* exclusive color picture

Incidentally, those wonderful pictures of Presley on pages 60 and 61 of the November issue were taken by Stan Wayman

Seeing Stars

New York is Hollywood's second home and with the theatre season in full swing we're finding more stars in New York than in Hollywood. Undoubtedly, the favorite hotel of the stars is the Plaza, of which Cary Grant once remarked, a little sadly, "This is one of the few places left with any real old New York atmosphere. Every time I come to New York I think I'll find it gone, with some huge apartment building standing in its place."

Well, the Plaza is still there, and among its recent guests we found Natalie Wood, Tab Hunter, Cary, en route from Europe to California, and a favorite of ours, Tony Perkins. We are happy to report that being hailed as Hollywood's most important young star has made only one change in Tony—he's thinner than ever. He's been rushed into one picture after another, and after you see him in "The Lonely Man," you'll know why. Look for another story on Tony next month. See you then.—I.M.



*I dreamed
I played chess in my maidenform bra*

I'm the darling of the chess-set. Pawns, knights, even kings watch my every move. For whether I'm the White Queen or the Black, I rule the board in my Maidenform bra. The dream of a bra: *new* Concerto* Wunderwire, the bra with the deep, deep dress-up plunge. Wired beneath the cups in a wonderful "W"-shape that never pinches or presses, just caresses. Purest white or blackest black in delicate nylon lace. A, B, C and D sizes... 5.95. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



Diana Dors let Doris Day and Sidney in on a secret only husband Dennis should know

I like Natalie Wood but I believe she'd do anything for publicity. . . . Leslie Caron has become difficult about making movies in Hollywood, and they don't have to coax her for me. . . . Joan Crawford continues to amaze me. New faces vanish after a few movies, but Miss C. goes on and on. . . . I wouldn't be too surprised if Elvis Presley's big career turned out to be acting, which is one way to get him to stop singing. . . . Mona Freeman's comment on Presley: "The first time I ever saw him on TV, I thought something was wrong with my set." . . . Barbara Rush should be doing more. . . . It seems that to be a movie star (actress) you've got to have a large bosom or talent. "Why must I be the biggest this or the biggest that?" Dana Wynter asked me. "Talent can't be measured by a tape measure." . . . I'm confessing that "War and Peace" is not on my list of favorite movies. As Jerry Lewis said: "Too long. It runs for three hours and nine days."

Kim Novak is shedding her inhibitions. . . . Bob Wagner sleeps in the raw in a king-size bed. "I need plenty of space to roll around in," says Bob, "and I don't mean rock 'n' roll." . . . Ava Gardner when asked "What is glamour?" offered Lilly Daché's definition: "All women know what it is, but many do not know that they know."

^P I read that Tony Perkins is considered a new Jimmy Stewart. And only a few years ago Stewart was called a new Gary



Don Murray told Sidney the remarkable circumstances under which he proposed to Hope Lange

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Cooper. Coop had to do it alone; he wasn't called a new anybody. . . . Janet Leigh is sexier than she is given credit for, or than the roles she plays on the screen. . . . I'd say that Sheree North actually started her picture career in "The Best Things in Life Are Free." Don't goof, fellows, keep it going. . . . I'll give big odds that Cleo Moore is never elected Governor of Louisiana. . . . Get Frank Sinatra in the right mood and he'll go all out for you. . . . Keep watching Lita Milan. She's so sexy, stacked and shapely that she could be a blonde. . . . At a cocktail party, Doris Day looks as if she wants to leave. . . . Don Murray told me that, although he had been going steady with Hope Lange, he only decided to marry her while playing a love scene with Marilyn Monroe. . . . Our Marilyn had quite a Q. and A. session with the English newspapermen. Q.: "Are you being completely yourself in this press conference or acting a part?" Our Marilyn: "I find I can be surprisingly myself. Sometimes I wonder if it is me."

Shelley Winters hasn't allowed success to change her. She was just as noisy, boisterous and honest when she was trying to make it. . . . "If a movie is not about boy meets girl, there are a group of critics who tag it Art," William Holden told me. . . . When you mention the name of Garbo, Susan Strasberg acts like a movie fan eager for an autograph. . . . I have looked at all size screens and read many articles telling what's wrong with the movies. Believe me, there's nothing wrong with the movies that couldn't be fixed by doing away with television. . . . Sal Mineo claims that most starlets are proof



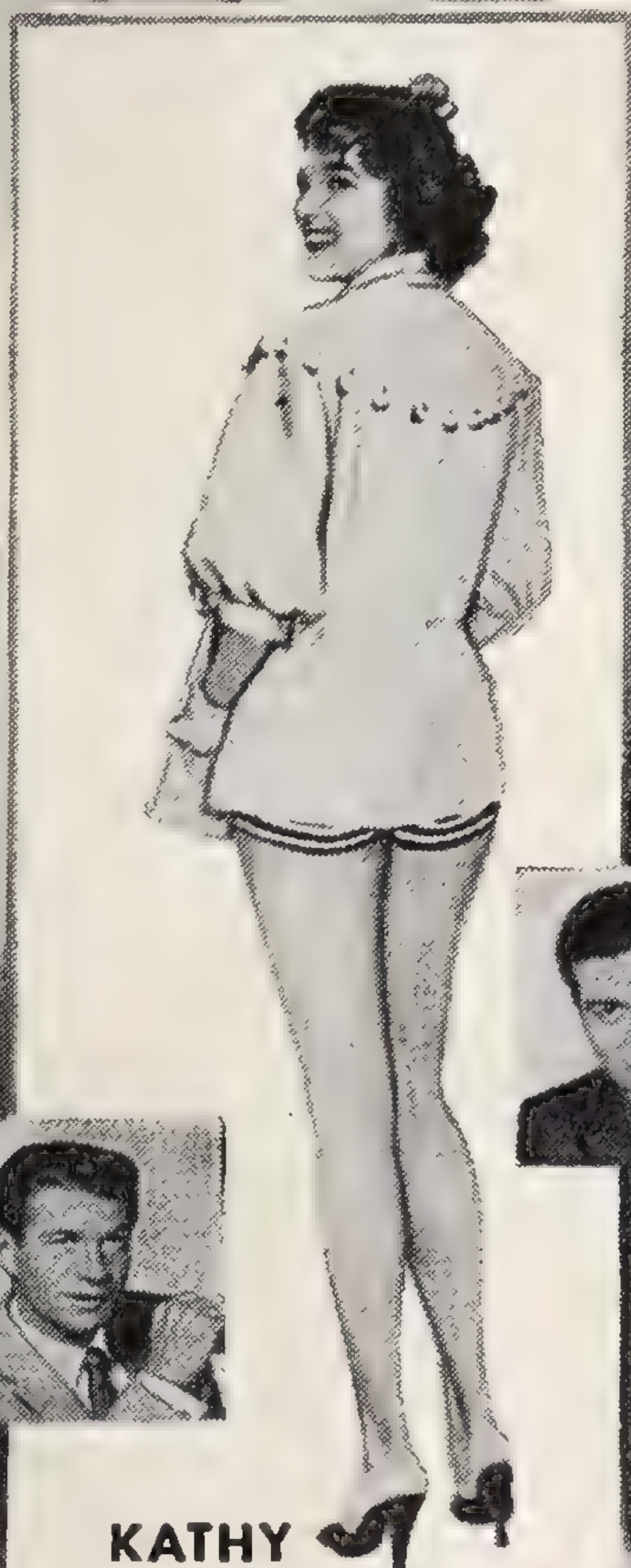
Newlyweds Greg Bautzer and Dana Wynter agree on an important item: tape measure

that you can fill out a form and still leave it blank.

I don't give the Liz Taylor-Mike Todd romance eighty days, providing they're each other's company continuously for that length of time. . . . They dubbed in voice for Anita Ekberg in "War and Peace," but that's all they put in. Everything else is her own. . . . Mercedes McCambridge said it: "I think every woman should take one day off a week and pretend she's not married at all." Dangerously thought. . . . Diana Dors changes her sleeping position in bed weekly because she doesn't want to get into a rut even in bed. . . . I didn't believe Jayne Mansfield was for real even while we were chatting. "My apologies to Dior," said Jayne, "but my philosophy, which I read in a book, that when it comes to wine, women and song, not one of them is good flat." That's Hollywood for you.

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 with a career in their grasp...men on their
 minds...and the excitement every woman wants!



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 to guide her...
 and a conscience
 to hold her back!



VICKI
 THE GIRL FROM
 GAY PAREE
 Walked out on
 the one man
 she couldn't
 live without!



MARIA
 THE GIRL FROM
 ROMANTIC ROME
 Men had made
 her notorious...
 money made them
 interesting!



INA
 THE GIRL FROM
 OLD VIENNA
 Locked a secret
 in her heart...
 only one man
 had the key!

Four Girls in Town



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STARRING

GEORGE NADER • JULIE ADAMS • MARIANNE COOK • ELSA MARTINELLI
GIA SCALA • SYDNEY CHAPLIN • GRANT WILLIAMS • JOHN GAVIN

Written and Directed by JACK SHER • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

feminine cast is rich in personality and eye-appeal. June Allyson is the loving wife who loses husband Leslie Nielsen to conniving Joan Collins. Good-looking as ever, Ann Sheridan is June's wise friend. Dolores Gray is the gossipy, selfish idler who deserves to lose husband Bill Goodwin to the more amiable Ann Miller. Contented wife Joan Blondell keeps busy producing babies; titled Agnes Moorehead does the same acquiring husbands. Brief as Jeff Richards' role is, he registers strongly as a lady-killing cowboy, scoring with his "Rock 'n' Roll Tumbleweed."

FAMILY

Tension at Table Rock

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The ballad which is now a fixture in Westerns here takes a terribly uncomplimentary turn, unjustly accusing hero Richard Egan of cold-blooded murder. Pursued by the taunting song, fleeing the wreck of his reputation, Dick finally assumes an alias. With orphaned little Billy Chapin in tow, he comes to a frontier town to turn the boy over to Billy's aunt and uncle, Dorothy Malone and sheriff Cameron Mitchell. Cameron's situation is bitter: He has lost his courage, and a gang of trail-weary cowhands is about to hit the town and go on a smashing spree. Slowly, Egan becomes involved, to play a decisive role in the tense finale.

FAMILY

Toward the Unknown

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ The imposing sweep of jets across the sky and the solid acting talents of William Holden and Lloyd Nolan give this Air Force epic both visual and emotional interest. Since Holden broke under brainwashing in North Korea, commanding officer Nolan is reluctant to reinstate him as a test pilot at his California base. At times, even Holden himself fears that he may again crack under tension. Gradually, he wins back his self-respect and the respect of others as he meets increasing risks. Nolan has an unacknowledged problem of his own: He refuses to admit that he's grown too old to continue making test flights. There's a quiet rivalry between Holden and Nolan for the affections of Virginia Leith, the older man's secretary. But romance is subordinate to the



Rivals in romance, Lloyd and Bill become firm allies whenever take-off time nears

thrills in the air, culminating in the launching of a rocket-powered plane from a bomber.

FAMILY

The Unguarded Moment

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ No swimming, no singing this time for Esther Williams. She does a creditable job as a schoolteacher whose reputation and life are at stake. John Saxon, an extremely handsome newcomer, ably plays a high-school student warped by the woman-hating attitude of his father (Edward Andrews). After writing Esther a series of anonymous, obscene letters, John tries to attack her. Frightened as she is, she wants to help the boy, though police detective George Nader favors a get-tough approach. When Esther makes her accusations, John blandly denies them and



It's a moment of tragedy, but Esther and George know it means hope for John Saxon

puts across the idea that she's a frustrated spinster, shamelessly chasing him. The story goes a little overboard toward the end, but in general it's a serious study, with some fresh angles.

ADULT

Secrets of Life

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The latest of Disney's nature documentaries includes many fascinating shots, though the picture as a whole seems slung together in grab-bag style. It's the story of birth and the fight for survival among plants, insects and water creatures. There's a crawly over-emphasis on the insect world, but early sequences concerning plants are amazing. Through stop-motion photography done with incredible patience, you see not only buds opening into flowers before your eyes, but vines twisting and thrusting and groping for support like the living things they really are.

FAMILY

Cha-Cha-Cha-Boom!

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Whipped up in the same carefree manner as the popular "Rock Around the

Clock," this unpretentious musical concentrates on Latin rhythms. For the purposes of the plot, it's imagined that Per Prado and his men are discovered on Cuban plantation by Steve Dunne, di impresario. Sylvia Lewis, who joins Dan De Paulo in some sensuous dance shrewdly helps to promote the deal. The hit scored in the U. S. by the new musicians confounds (and secretly pleases) Alix Talton, Steve's sweetheart and business competitor. For variety in vocal styles, there are the Mary Kaye Trio and Helen Grayco.

FAMILY

Death of a Scoundrel

R

✓✓ Paralleling a real-life murder mystery (still unsolved), this melodrama neatly casts George Sanders as a suave rogue, European who builds a fast fortune in America by tricky means. He also attracts an assortment of women: Zsa Zsa Gabor, wealthy but money-minded widow; Yvonne DeCarlo, shady lady who becomes George's business associate; Coleen Gray, millionaire's wife; Nancy Gates, a secretary. As Sanders' downfall nears, the movie switches from the light to the dramatic approach, and its hero-villain is never fully explained.

ADULT

The Vagabond King

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Here are the beloved songs, with some lively additions, as the story of François Villon is retold. The lusty-voiced Oreste plays the poet-vagabond who leads the rabble of Paris. Kathryn Grayson is the princess promised to him—temporarily—by the king (the late Walter Hampden, who furnishes the picture's most enjoyable moments). Rita Moreno is Oreste's gutter sweetheart, and menace is ably supplied by Leslie Nielsen and Gregor Morton.

FAMILY

The Bad Seed

WARNER

✓✓ Some thrills are generated by the deliberate shocker, with Patty McCormack as a small girl who has inherited homicidal tendencies from her grandmother, and Nancy Kelly as the child's distraught mother. Both are talented players; so are Henry Jones, as a dim-witted hired man who rouses Patty's wrath, and Eileen Heckart, as a woman whose little boy was murdered. But the story remains unconvincing, directed and acted in a theatrical style unsuited to movies.

ADULT

The Search for Bridey Murphy

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓ The movie version of the controversial best-seller comes along belatedly, though it's persuasively acted and presented with simplicity. Playing the amateur hypnotist Louis Hayward also serves as narrator. Teresa Wright is the housewife who, under hypnosis, apparently goes back to an earlier life as an Irish girl of the early 19th Century. Kenneth Tobey is Teresa's worried husband; Nancy Gates, Hayward's wife; Richard Anderson, the doctor who checks on the experiments.

FAMILY



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Dorothy Gray

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regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

It is said that little things mean a lot. I'd like to illustrate this fact by mentioning a rising star in Hollywood and the courtesy he has shown me. His name is Jeff Morrow.

Most people enjoy it when a star sends them a photograph, but when one takes valuable minutes to write a letter to an interested fan, that really is worth raving about. Of course, it must be remembered that fans are directly responsible for the success or failure of a star, but how many actors and actresses really give that personal touch to their devoted admirers!

In my opinion, Jeff has characteristics which will keep his name uppermost in the minds of motion picture fans. He has a deep sense of humility, a gentle warmth, and real acting ability.

To some girls, a letter from a movie star wouldn't mean too much, but to me such a letter is a symbol of character. I believe that Jeff Morrow is destined for big things, if given half a chance. Remember, movie fans—watch for the name Jeff Morrow. With your support, he will make good!

CAROL ANN BOSTROM
Auburn, Massachusetts

I want to thank you for your articles, "There Was a Boy" (James Dean), in the September, October and November issues. Thanks also for the beautiful pictures of the greatest actor Hollywood has ever had. Bill Bast must have loved Jimmy just as we do to give such a beautiful story.

I would like to tell you about the magic of Jimmy Dean. My husband, daughter and I took a trip out West in July, and before leaving I bought a notebook and put Jimmy's picture in it. Then, at each place we stopped, I asked all the people I talked to to sign my book if they would like a Special Award from the Academy to be given to Jimmy. We were gone three weeks, and I came home with 334 signatures.

I sent the signatures to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. They read them and sent them back. In some small way, we hope that this will help convince the Academy to nominate Jimmy for an Oscar for his role in "Giant," and that he will win. I would also like to thank all the people who signed my Jimmy Dean book in the hopes that he will receive a Special Award from the Academy.

MRS. BEATRICE JOHNSON
West Toledo, Ohio

I am a seventeen-year-old girl and I feel I am fairly intelligent. I would like to say that I am fed up with all the unfair and derogatory remarks about Elvis Presley, such as, that he is "corrupting the morals of teenagers," that he is "distasteful, obscene, a menace to society." I'm under the impression that the people who say these things would also like to say (but don't quite dare) that he is a strong contributing factor to today's juvenile delinquency, if not a delinquent himself!

Well, this prime example of a "corrupter of teen-age morals" is one who neither smokes nor drinks, who loves and is de-

voted to his parents, who unselfishly bought them a new home, who is deeply religious, who is polite, genuinely sincere and loved by all who know him personally, and who, by a great gift of nature, possesses a very rare and wonderful sense of music and rhythm which enables him to disregard convention and express himself so freely, uniquely and without inhibitions.

I am afraid Mr. Presley's way of expressing his natural emotions hits a little too close to home. And there are those narrow, brittle, frustrated minds who recognize this and feel it, but are too ashamed to admit



Argument settled: Cliff Robertson was in "Picnic"



Jeff Morrow takes extra time out to write a fan

that they, too, have this (so-called) disgraceful, wild, restless desire within them.

If what I have said about Elvis Presley indicates that he is an example to teenagers of delinquency, then I'm afraid I'm all for being a delinquent!

PAT CAMPBELL
Van Nuys, California

I don't usually write letters to movie magazines, but in this case I feel I must! You had the most beautiful story in your September issue, and I couldn't pass up a chance to tell you how much I enjoyed it. It was "All the Things Marriage Is Made Of," about the wonderful family of the Alan Ladds. I sincerely say, "God Bless them and their happiness. May it last forever."

PAT ADAMS
Antioch, California

This is not just a letter! It is an appeal directed to everyone with an ounce of compassion in his body. It is written with love and understanding in behalf of a great artist and a great lady for whom my heart grieves. Time cannot dim the memory of her superlative talents any more than scandal could mar her wonderful image which for years was my inspiration. When I close my eyes and concentrate, I can see that sweet, eager young face whose refreshing classic beauty I shall remember always. I long again to feel the warmth of her personality that captured a thousand hearts. For a long time they were devoted hearts, but where are those hearts now?

Ingrid Bergman is no longer the gay, carefree, young Swedish girl who thrilled me in "Intermezzo." Time and anguish have taken their tolls. Because she dared to be human, she is rejected. But I cannot reject her, and I am not alone. In my eyes, she is the "inimitable Ingrid," an actress comparable to Sarah Bernhardt, who deserves the support of her own country, as well as that of her adopted country, America.

I wish Ingrid could know how many of us in America still remember her artistry, her sensitivity, her incomparable portrayals in "Casablanca," "Bells of St. Mary," "Gaslight," and many others.

Can't we forgive and forget? The Bible speaks of brotherly love, but where is it? As a woman, as a human being, I ask you to open the doors you have closed. Let Ingrid Bergman come back!

S. ORLOB
San Francisco, California

What a foolish man John Derek is! His wife was a good mother, a thrifty person, and worked hard at marriage—just what every man wants. So she didn't spend much on clothes and the things that make a woman attractive to a man. Well, around here, a man's wife is attractive to him in feed-sack dresses because he loves *her*. John doesn't know what love is, and that's putting it mildly. I think Pati is really very lucky to be rid of him. Now she can get a real *man* instead of a shallow *boy*.

MRS. JACK OHL
Westgate, Iowa

QUESTION BOX:

My sister and I were wondering if Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster did all their own stunts, including the "triple," in "Trapeze." Could you tell us, please?

BETTY FIELDS
Napa, California

Professional, well-known aerialists did the stunts in "Trapeze," although Tony and Burt did go up on the trapeze in some scenes.—ED.

Could you please settle an argument? My sister says that Cliff Robertson played in "Picnic." I say he did not. Who is right?

LORRAINE KUSNIER
Los Angeles, California

Your sister is right. Cliff Robertson played the part of Alan in "Picnic."—ED.

Continued

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READERS INC.

Continued

Did Deborah Kerr do her own singing in "The King and I"?

CAROL ARCELLA
Brooklyn, N. Y.

No, Marni Nixon did the singing.—Ed.

I recently saw "Away All Boats." Will you please give me some information on William Reynolds who played *Ensign Kruger*? Also, what is his next picture?

JEANNETTE MACLOUD
Los Angeles, California

William Reynolds was born in Los Angeles December 9, 1931. He was bitten by the acting bug when he was four years old, and drew applause with a recital of "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat." In 1949 he made his first attempt at crashing the movies, and took any work he could get while biding his time. An agent finally noticed him, and got him some movie roles which resulted in Universal-International signing him to a term contract.

Bill married Molly Sinclair in Las Vegas, in June, 1950. He is an avid reader, and likes classical and modern music. Swimming is his favorite form of recreation. He will appear next in "Mister Cory."—Ed.

Would you please settle an argument? My friend says Pier Angeli is younger than her twin sister, Marisa Pavan, and I say just the opposite. Who is right?

LYNN J. FITZGERALD
St. Louis, Missouri

You are. Pier was born about ten minutes before Marisa on June 19, 1932.—Ed.

I saw "The King and I" with my girlfriend, and she says the Crown Prince was played by Sal Mineo. I say the part was played by someone else. Am I right, or is she?

PAULA MELCHER
Dorchester, Massachusetts

You are. The part of Prince Chulalongkorn was played by Patrick Adiarte.—Ed.

CASTING:

Although I have read *The Red Pony*, by John Steinbeck, many times, I just realized what a terrific movie it would make, with the right people in the wonderful parts. For the part of Jody, the horse-loving boy, I elect Tim Considine, plus Gregory Peck as the stern father, John Wayne as *Billy Buck*, and Betty Garrett as the hard-working mother.

CHRIS LONG
Wilmette, Illinois

After reading *Darling Rebel* by Florence Sweet, I couldn't get it out of my mind how much I would like to see it as a movie, with the following cast: Kim Novak as *Marilyn Boss*; Rock Hudson as *Carl Floyd*; John Ericson as *Don Allen*; Natalie Wood as *Polly Dawson*; and Jo Van Fleet as *Mrs. Dawson*.

ANONYMOUS
Plainfield, New Jersey

With bigger and better Westerns being filmed today, I can't imagine why there aren't more of Zane Grey's novels being made into movies. His novels are a potential gold mine, and I'm sure someday they'll be recognized as such. I think his *Forlorn River* and *Nevada* would be very good with the following cast in both movies: *Nevada*, Clint Walker; *Ben Ide*, Tab Hunter; *Hettie Ide*, Pat Crowley; *Ina Blaine*, Natalie Wood.

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BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 7

✓✓✓✓ AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delicious romantic comedy, shot in Paris. GI John Forsythe is in love with Olivia de Havilland. She's daughter of the U. S. ambassador; he thinks she's a French model. (F) October

✓✓✓ ATTACK!—U.A.: Slashing, often horrifying drama of war in Europe. Strong all-male cast is led by Jack Palance, as a fighting man, and Eddie Albert, as an officer whose cowardice endangers the G.I's. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ AWAY ALL BOATS—U-I; VistaVision, Technicolor: Imposing action movie of World War II. Jeff Chandler's the lonely skipper of a Pacific attack transport, with George Nader and Keenan Jones as officers. (F) September

✓✓✓ BACK FROM ETERNITY—RKO: New suspense film finds pilot Robert Ryan's plane forced down in the South American jungle, with a passenger list including shady lady Anita Ekberg and assassin Rod Steiger. (F) November

✓✓✓ BANDIDO—U.A.; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Vigorous adventure yarn about Mexican 1916 revolution. Soldier of fortune Bob Mitchum sides with rebel leader Gilbert Roland; so does Ursula Thiess. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Musical success saga of the 1920's. Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Dailey are a comedy team; Sheree North is Gordon's girl. (F) November

✓✓✓ BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Bob Wagner drama a juicy role as a spoiled Southerner who's an Army misfit in the Pacific. Terry Moore's seen briefly as his wife; Buddy Ebsen's an Army pilot who changes Bob's outlook. (F) November

✓✓ BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT—RKO: Ingenious but too mechanical thriller. Writer Dana Andrews frames himself for murdering fiancée Joan Fontaine in the dark. His plan goes awry. (F) November

✓✓✓ BURNING HILLS, THE—Warners, Warnercolor: Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood team a peelingly in a suspenseful Western, as victims of land-hungry cattle baron. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ BUS STOP—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a touching comedy of love, Marilyn Monroe does her finest work as a honky-tonk girl boisterously pursued by innocent cowboy Don Murray, a welcome new face. (A) November

✓✓✓ FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY, THE—RKO, Technicolor: Featherweight farce, set at the turn of the century. With Carol Channing, Ginger Rogers tries to sell barbed wire in Texas. Ginger is courted by auto pioneer Barry Nelson and rancher James Arness. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ HIGH SOCIETY—M-G-M; VistaVision, Technicolor: Sparkling musical re-make of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly as the perfection-demanding society babe, Bing Crosby as her ex, Frank Sinatra as a reporter. (F) September

✓✓✓ JOHNNY CONCHO—U.A.: Unusual Western, with Frank Sinatra as a no-good type getting by on his outlaw brother's reputation. Phyllis Kirk urges him toward reform. (F) November

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ **LAST WAGON, THE**—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a cracking good frontier drama, killer Richard Widmark shepherds a group of orphaned teenagers (including Felicia Farr, Nick Adams, Stephanie Griffin) through an Apache-haunted wilderness. (F) October

✓✓✓ **LISBON**—Republic; Naturama, Trucolor: Gay tongue-in-cheek melodrama, with picturesque Portuguese backgrounds. Ray Milland's hired by mystery man Claude Rains to rescue Maureen O'Hara's rich husband. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ **LUST FOR LIFE**—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Beautiful film about the painter Van Gogh's turbulent life. Kirk Douglas gives an impassioned performance in the lead; Tony Quinn's excellent as Gauguin. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ **MOUNTAIN, THE**—Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor: Splendidly forthright duel of character between brothers Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, as they climb to reach a wrecked plane in the French Alps. (F) November

✓✓✓ **PARDNERS** — Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis give horse operas a ribbing as they battle outlaws together. Dean is a cowboy; Jerry, a rich boy; Lori Nelson and Jackie Loughery are their gals. (F) September

✓✓ **PILLARS OF THE SKY**—U-I, Technicolor: Brisk Indian-fighting yarn. Cavalryman Jeff Chandler favors peace, but winds up under siege. With Dorothy Malone. (F) November

✓✓✓ **PORT AFRIQUE**—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful whodunit, shot in French Morocco. Aided by refugee Pier Angeli, Phil Carey investigates his wife's murder. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ **SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE**—Columbia: Laugh-loaded spoof of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday snoops into the directors' dealings (they're crooked), pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-boss. (F) October

✓✓✓ **STORM CENTER**—Columbia: Well-acted but too obviously rigged topical drama. Librarian Bette Davis upsets her town by refusing to throw out a pro-Red book. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ **STRADA, LA** ("The Road")—Trans-Lux: Beautiful Italian film (titles in English), with Anthony Quinn as a traveling strong man; Giulietta Masina, his gentle partner; Richard Basehart, a wise clown. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ **TEA AND SYMPATHY**—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Sensitively and subtly done, this drama casts John Kerr as a college boy accused of being a sissy. For understanding, he turns to the older Deborah Kerr, wife of instructor Leif Erickson. (A) November

✓✓✓ **TEENAGE REBEL**—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

✓✓✓ **WALK THE PROUD LAND**—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleasant, fact-based Western. Indian agent Audie Murphy tries to treat Apaches fairly. Pat Crowley's his Eastern bride; Anne Bancroft, an Apache. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ **WAR AND PEACE**—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Impressive version of Tolstoy's novel. Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Mel Ferrer are Russian aristocrats vitally affected by Napoleon's invasion. (F) November

Start enjoying this new safe way to feminine daintiness

Only the *Lady Sunbeam*® has the "compact" shape and the exclusive MICRO-TWIN Head



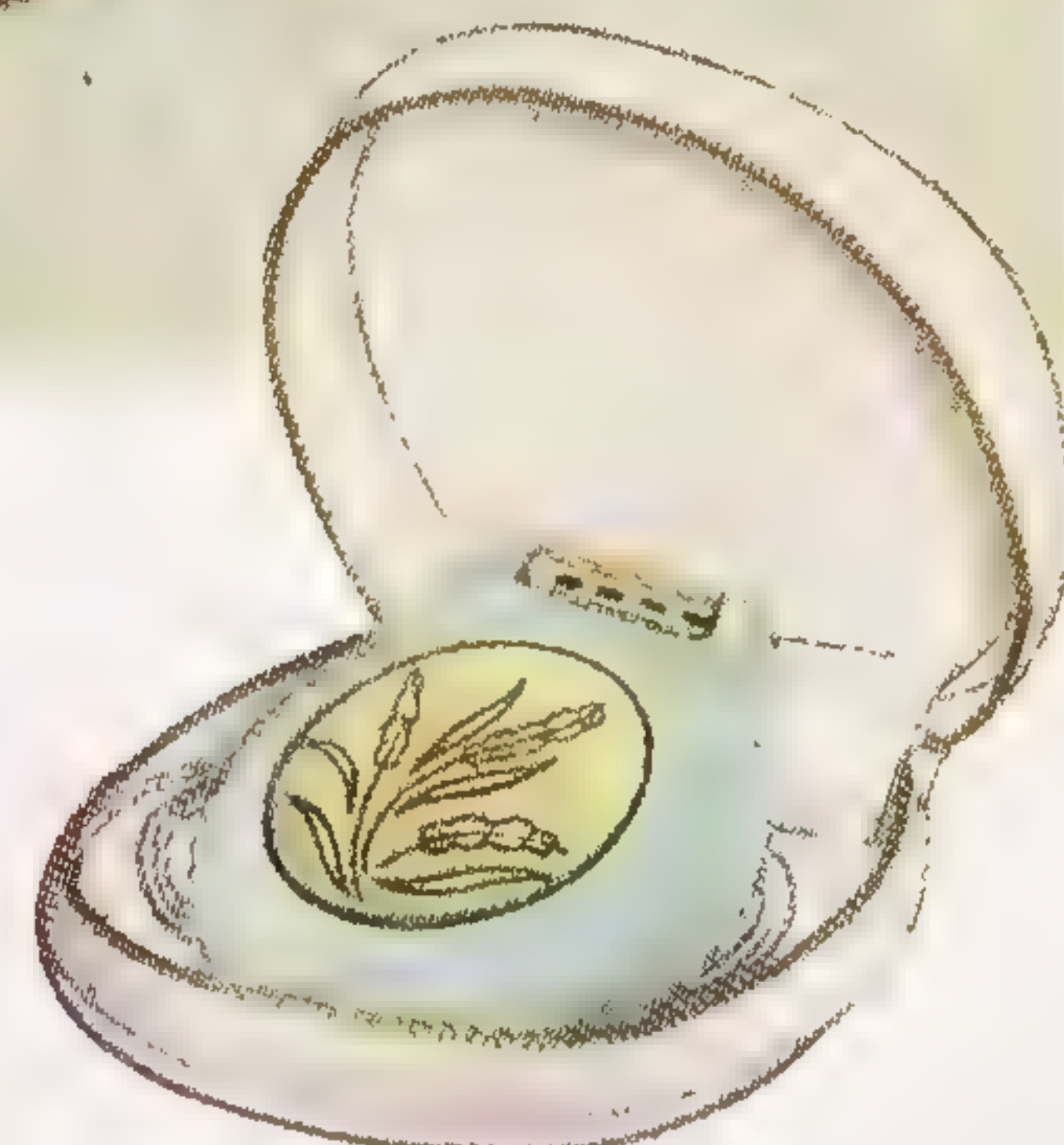
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from nicks and cuts this safe,
gentle, quick way

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the shaving head with one edge especially honed to shave the legs, and the other edge especially honed for underarm use. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance eliminates underarm irritation caused by blade shaving and gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh, dainty. Your choice of 6 lovely colors.

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fast, sure, convenient.

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ELECTRIC

Only \$14⁹⁵



Also available in Deluxe
white leather zipper
case—slightly higher.

See Peg Murdoch demonstrate Sunbeam Products on the
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Look for the
MARK OF QUALITY *Sunbeam* Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, etc.

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...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



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**YOU
CAN BE
THE GIRL
SAL MINEO
CALLS
FOR A DATE**

*all **YOU** have to have is a good idea
all **YOU** have to do is write a letter
all **YOU** have to read are a few rules*

**AND
THEN...**



Photo Play Magazine
March 1955
New York, New York





SUDDENLY IT'S YOU

DRIVING *with Sal to your home*



FLIRTING *over a soda for two*



DANCING *the hours away*



WOWING *the home town when
you're his date for the
premiere of his latest
movie*

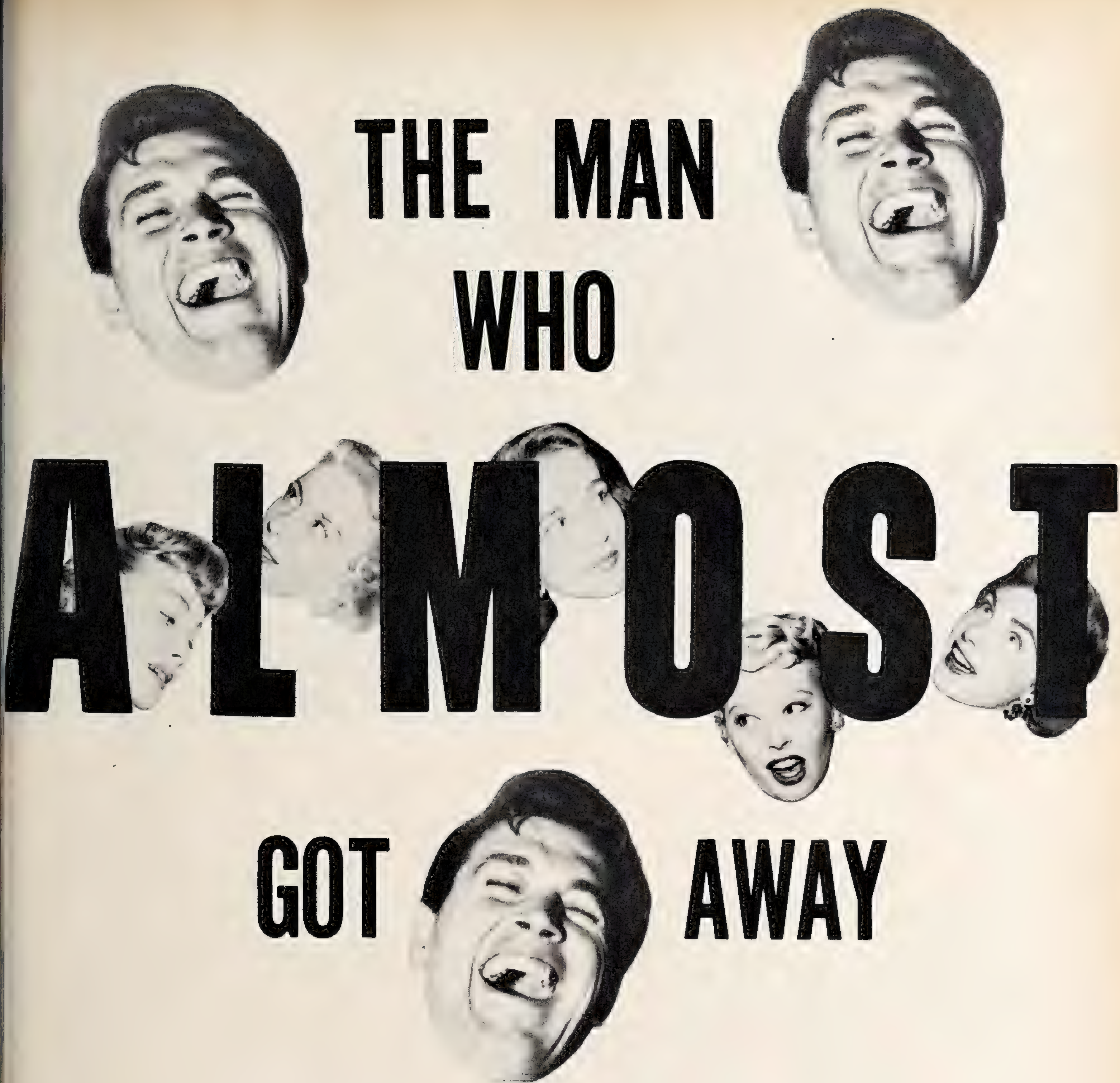


*Now find out how you can
“win” Sal Mineo for a day.
The rules are simple—the contest
is terrific*

details on page 73



THE MAN WHO ALMOST GOT AWAY



Rock has news for any girl in love with a "born bachelor" • **BY BEVERLY OTT**

● When Phyllis Gates captured Rock Hudson she was capturing the man who was admittedly Hollywood's Number One bachelor. She was, furthermore, capturing a man who had managed to elude some of the loveliest young women in that or any other city. And not only lovely—clever, too. Clever in the art of handling men, clever in the art of conversation, clever in the matter of knowing exactly how to dress for any given occasion, drawing neatly and correctly that invisible line between underdressing and overdressing.

How did it come about that they lost him while Phyllis caught him? The obvious thing, and the easy thing, is to say that those other charmers didn't (*Continued on page 102*)



They wondered what Phyl had—besides Hudson!

In which a girl who liked boys better than studies learns to like fame best of all

The Girl with the Lavender Life

BY GEORGE SCULLIN



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In Part I of this stranger-than-fiction story, George Scullin described Kim Novak's early days in Hollywood and how she was catapulted to stardom. He also told how, throughout the fantastic dream she has been living, Kim has perpetually had to fight uncertainty and bewilderment—which, in itself, is a prelude to learning what makes this amazing girl tick.

One of the nicer rewards of fame for Kim Novak: being able to make life easy for her parents. One problem of fame: making her own life happy



PART II

● Last summer, the dazzling Kim Novak returned from her triumphant tour of Europe to find herself confronted with two of the choicest roles in Hollywood. One would co-star her with no less than Rita Hayworth and Frank Sinatra in a lavish musical production, "Pal Joey." The other would give her the title role in the highly dramatic film version of "The Jeanne Eagels Story." The latter assignment left Kim excited, but more than a little bewildered.

"Just who," she asked, "was Jeanne Eagels?"

That is the kind of question that might stamp any other actress as a "dumb blonde," but not Kim Novak. This exceptionally forthright young woman, disdaining to pretend a knowledge she does not possess, is a firm believer in asking honest questions and getting honest answers. It is one of her most valuable assets, and her questions about a picture usually end with her being the best informed member of the cast.

So swiftly has Miss Novak skyrocketed to fame, and so alluring and regal is she in all her glamorous photographs, that a myth has been created to the effect that she is too beautiful to have to work. Quite the opposite is true. Within two months after getting the Jeanne Eagels assignment, Kim not only knew all about the tempestuous actress as she would appear in the picture, but she was an authority on every phase of Miss Eagels' life. How does she do it?

"I've read everything I (Continued on page 82)

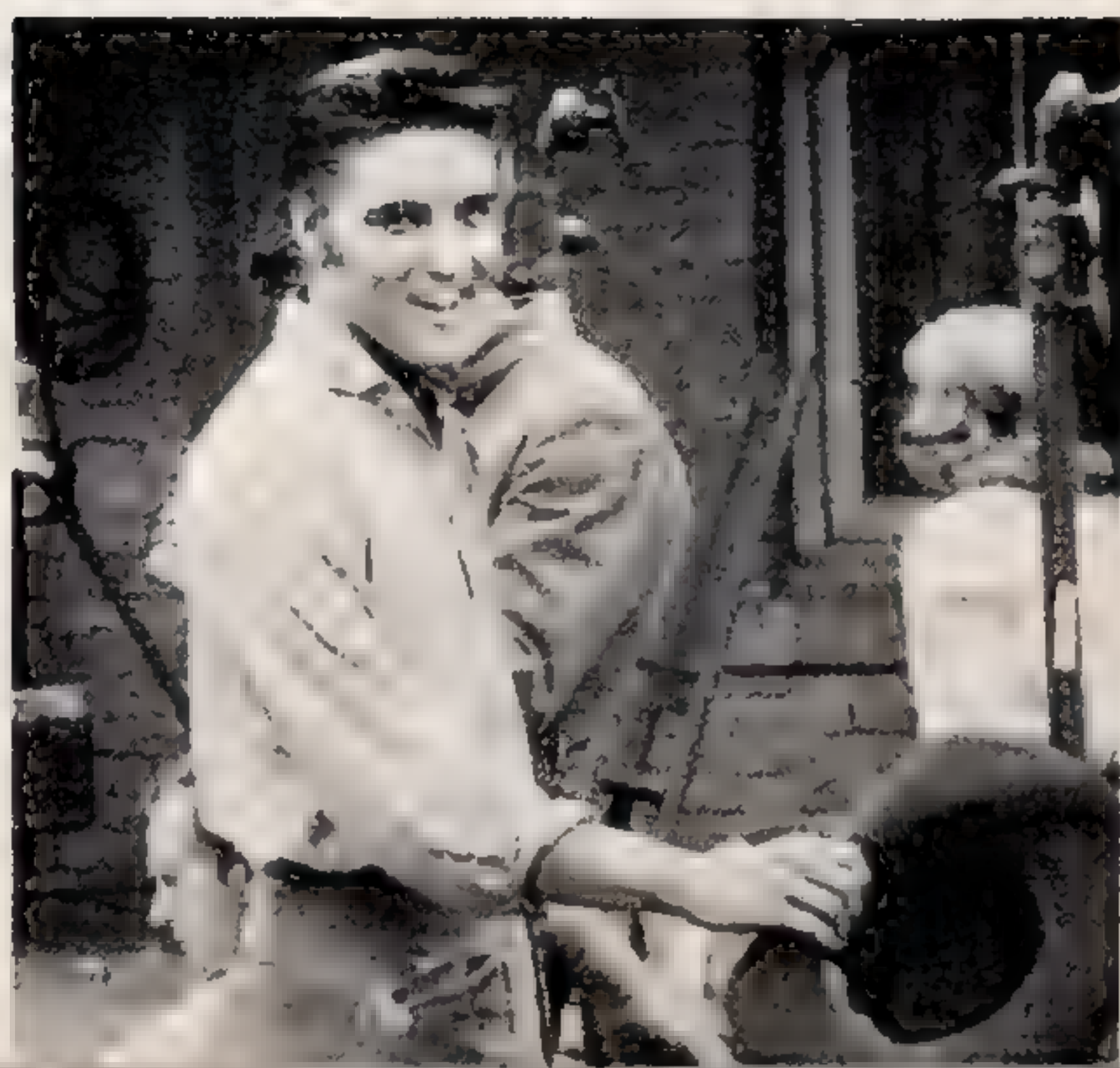




HERE ARE YOUR

Elvis Presley

PINUPS



For first report on
Presley in Hollywood
turn the page





ARMY ARCHERD'S
REPORT:

PRESLEY takes Hollywood

They're calling him the greatest threat to established stars since Tyrone Power. They were all set to hate him, but they loved him.

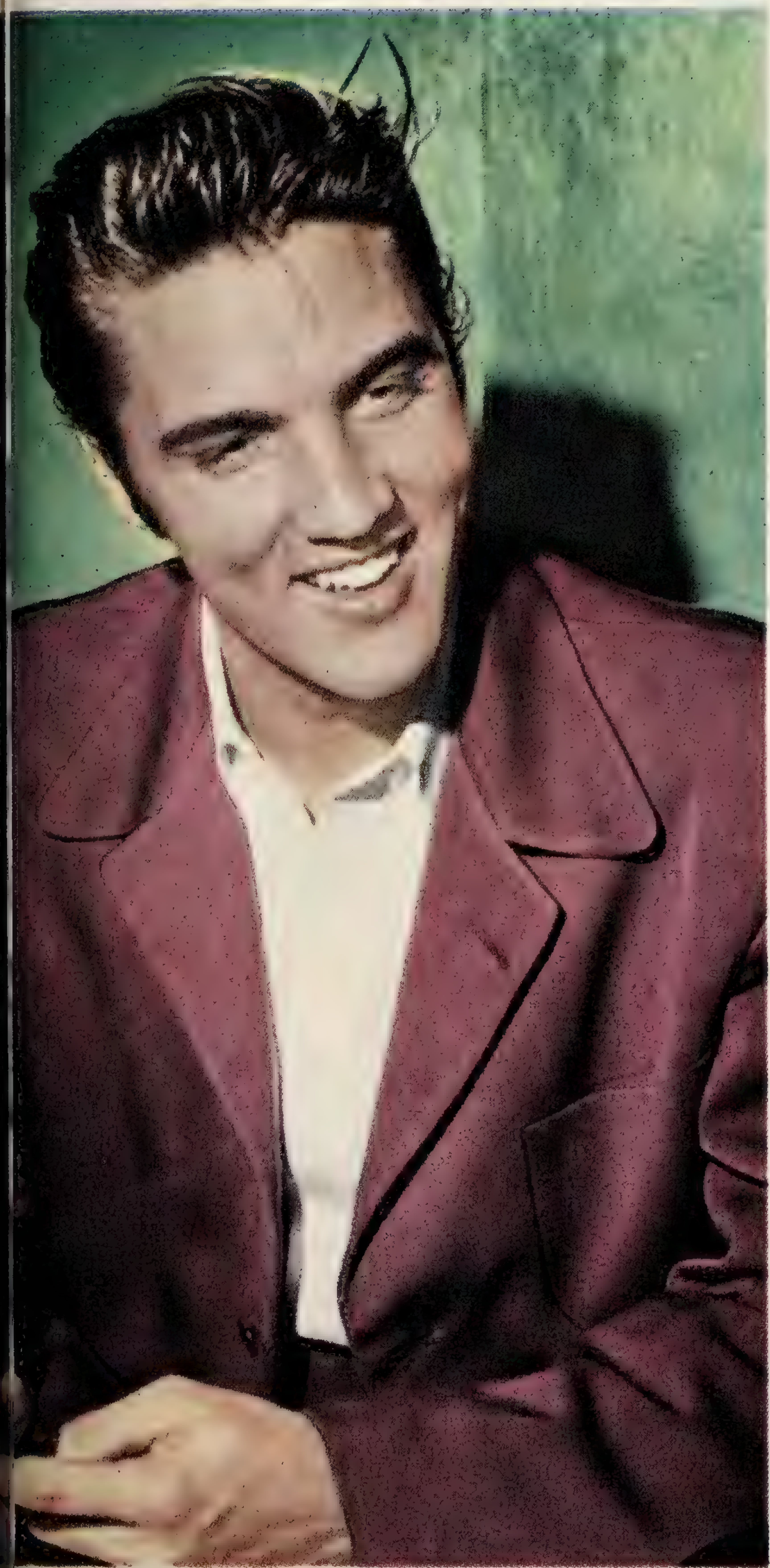
Here's the inside story

● "I'd sure like to take a crack at it," Elvis Presley was saying. "I know I could do it easy."

The thing Elvis thought he could do "easy" was portray the life of the late James Dean on the screen. Elvis sat back on his haunches as he was kneeling in front of us on 20th Century-Fox's huge recording stage, confiding his latest ambition to me and Dave Weisbart, producer of Presley's first picture, "Love Me Tender." Weisbart was also the producer of "Rebel Without a Cause," which starred Jimmy Dean, and he had come to know Elvis better than anyone in Hollywood. He agreed with Presley's optimistic (*Continued on page 93*)

Elvis' conquests: left above, Army Archerd; second from top right, Nick Adams and Natalie Wood; below that, Richard Egan and Debra Paget; plus hosts of fans





This is my story...

BY
BETTY HUTTON

This is not a pretty story. But then, there are times when life isn't pretty. This is a story of the darkest years in one woman's life, when the only light was her faith in a tomorrow that she made come true. . . .

● In my newest picture, "Spring Reunion," I portray a dutiful daughter named Maggie. She is a young woman who never gave herself the chance to really live. Maggie was the flower of her home town, the girl voted the most likely to succeed by her high school class, but she didn't have the guts to try. She just couldn't cut the silver cord—nor would her father's possessive love let her. My friends will surely think this role is the most off-beat casting of all time—as would anyone who knows the life I've led. My father deserted me when I was two years old. I went to work when I was three, singing and dancing in a saloon while my mother tended the bar. And the class-mates in my neighborhood never voted me to succeed at anything but scoring a bull's-eye with a ripe tomato thrown (Continued on page 95)



*Lonely companions—
a little girl with
broken shoes, a mother
with a broken heart*



*With husband Alan Livingston,
children Candy, Pete, Laurie and
Lindsay, Betty is learning
to be proud of her past*







"For If Ye Believe..."



As deeply stirring as the excitement of a man who feels himself touched by faith is this story of Charlton Heston's strange experience as Moses

BY HYATT DOWNING

● Jesus said of Moses: "For if ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me."

Can any man play the role of such a figure and not be changed by it? That was the question Charlton Heston asked of himself when he was first approached, by Cecil B. De Mille, to portray the Biblical character in "The Ten Commandments." Heston now has an answer. It is a definite "No."

"Moses was the greatest man who ever lived," says Heston. "Jesus cannot be placed in the same category because He was divine. Moses was the only man who ever talked, face to face, with God. No one can study the tremendous drama of the Exodus which Moses led and not be profoundly moved. No one can live it—as I did in the making of 'The Ten Commandments'—and not come out a different person. The effect was—unexplainable. The greatness of the man emerges gradually, like dawn, until in the end he towers above any other who ever lived."

Charlton Heston never pretended to be a profound thinker or to have powerful convictions about his relations with his Maker.

"Chuck was never an extremely religious person, in the generally accepted sense," his wife Lydia said after seeing him through the experience of making the picture. "He was reared in a conventional Episcopalian background, but this had no outward manifestations. Now, however, I think he feels that Moses and 'The Ten Commandments' have given him a profound insight. Entirely apart from any convictions that he himself may have, I believe his study of the Ten Commandments has given him a greater feeling about many things, including deep respect for the beliefs of others."

And there was more to the experience that only Charlton himself could tell. No individual can live through a great emotional adventure and emerge in all respects the same man he was before entering upon it.

It began with another man who is remarkable in many ways—Cecil B. De Mille. This shrewd and thoughtful artist had one of the greatest casting problems in Hollywood history. He needed a young yet experienced actor—which Heston, with his list of excellent but far from earth-shaking pictures behind him, (*Continued on page 78*)

NATALIE
WOOD'S



Diary

Thursday
called
flowers
father
loved

Friday
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called
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in

A LADY
ON THE LOOSE

FRIDAY

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5
OCT. 1933



● **Hollywood, Friday:** For weeks now, I've been pestering my studio, Warner Brothers, to send me to New York, and they've finally given in. I'm going there on a public appearance tour to promote "The Burning Hills" and,

star in "Burning Hills," but Tab's been to New York a lot more than I have and I don't think he's nearly as excited as I am. Besides, I'm looking forward to seeing a lot of New York shows while Tab is really sorry to be saying good-

serious about any girl. But enough of that. Tomorrow I start to pack, and Tab and I and my tigers will get on a plane and set out for what I think is probably

SUNDAY

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7

OCT. 1933



TUESDAY

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OCT. 1933



SATURDAY

OCTOBER 1933						
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6

OCT. 1933



bye to his horse, Swizzlestick, for so long. I certainly hope people don't try to blow this up into a romance. Golly, I don't know any girl who hasn't been practically married to Tab, and yet, as far as I know, he's never been really

the most excitingly, breathtaking city in the world.

● **New York, Monday morning:** I promised PHOTOPLAY I'd give them my diary of everything that happens to me on this trip, so here goes. The truth and nothing but the truth and no cheating! No saying I got flowers when I didn't, for instance, and right now the room is as bare as a desert in wintertime. (I

MONDAY

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OCT. 1933

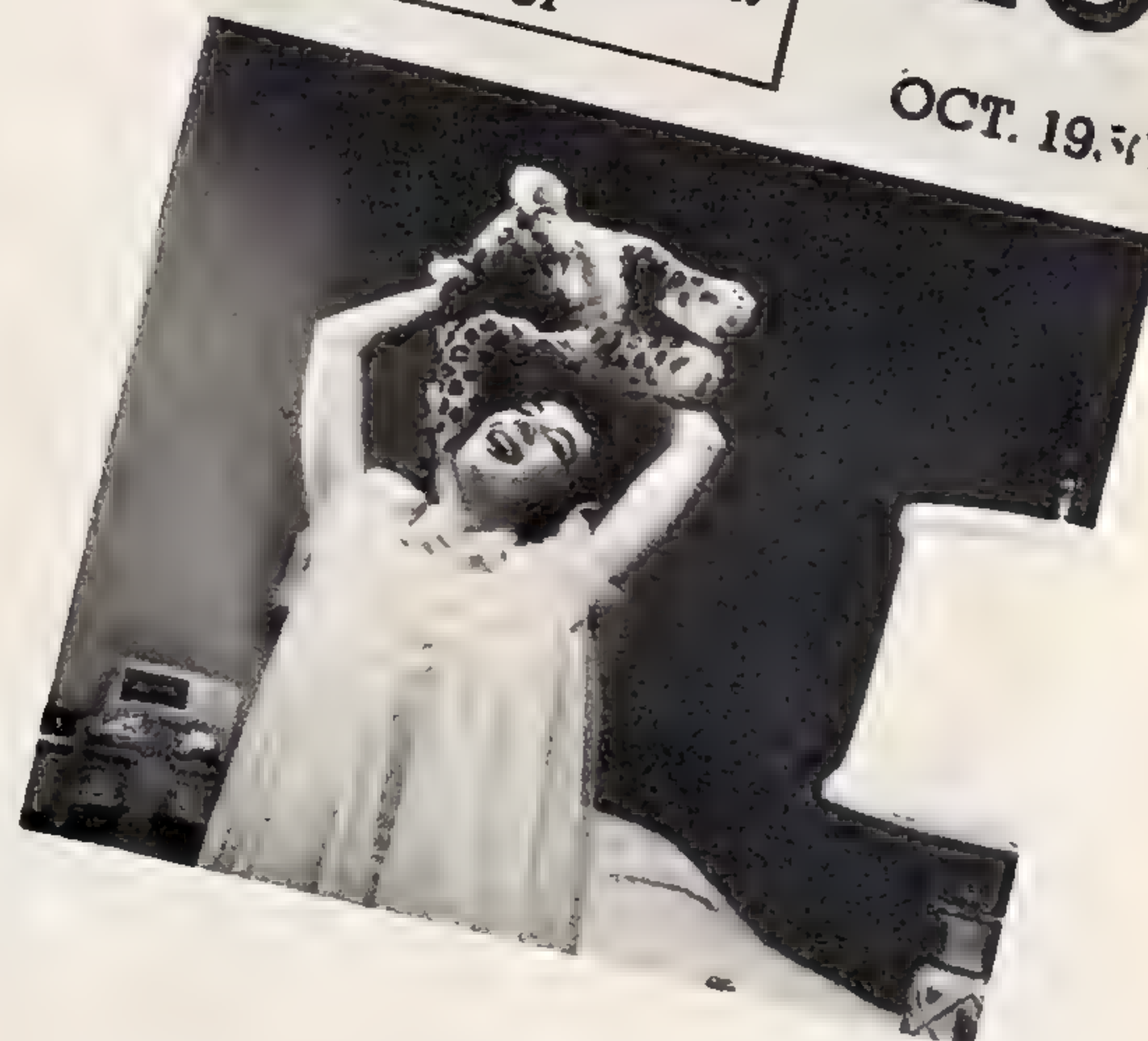


WEDNESDAY

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10

OCT. 1933



as told to LAURA LANE

Kicking up her heels, having herself a fling, Nat whirled across the country and kept her diary for us—and you

hope Nick Adams and Scott Marlowe read this and feel guilty.) But New York is so exciting that not having flowers waiting for me doesn't really matter. The two most beautiful sights in the world, I (Continued on page 97)



Glamour Gab

Applause for MM and frowns for Sir Laurence . . . Memories



A serious Tony Perkins, no longer swell-headed, dates Norma Moore



"Poor" Marilyn

I feel sorry for Marilyn Monroe every time I think of her acting opposite so accomplished a pro as Sir Laurence Olivier. In spite of all her fantastic success, Marilyn has never before been in a picture with a *top* male star. Dick Widmark was the nearest she came in this category. But for all his fierceness on-camera, Dick is a gentle soul. When Marilyn gets a boy like Don Murray in his first screen role, as happened with "Bus Stop," it is, of course, a walk-through for her.

Laurence Olivier is a smoothie who knows every



Gleo has talent, brains and looks; John Smith is just a friend. Both her career and romances are limping

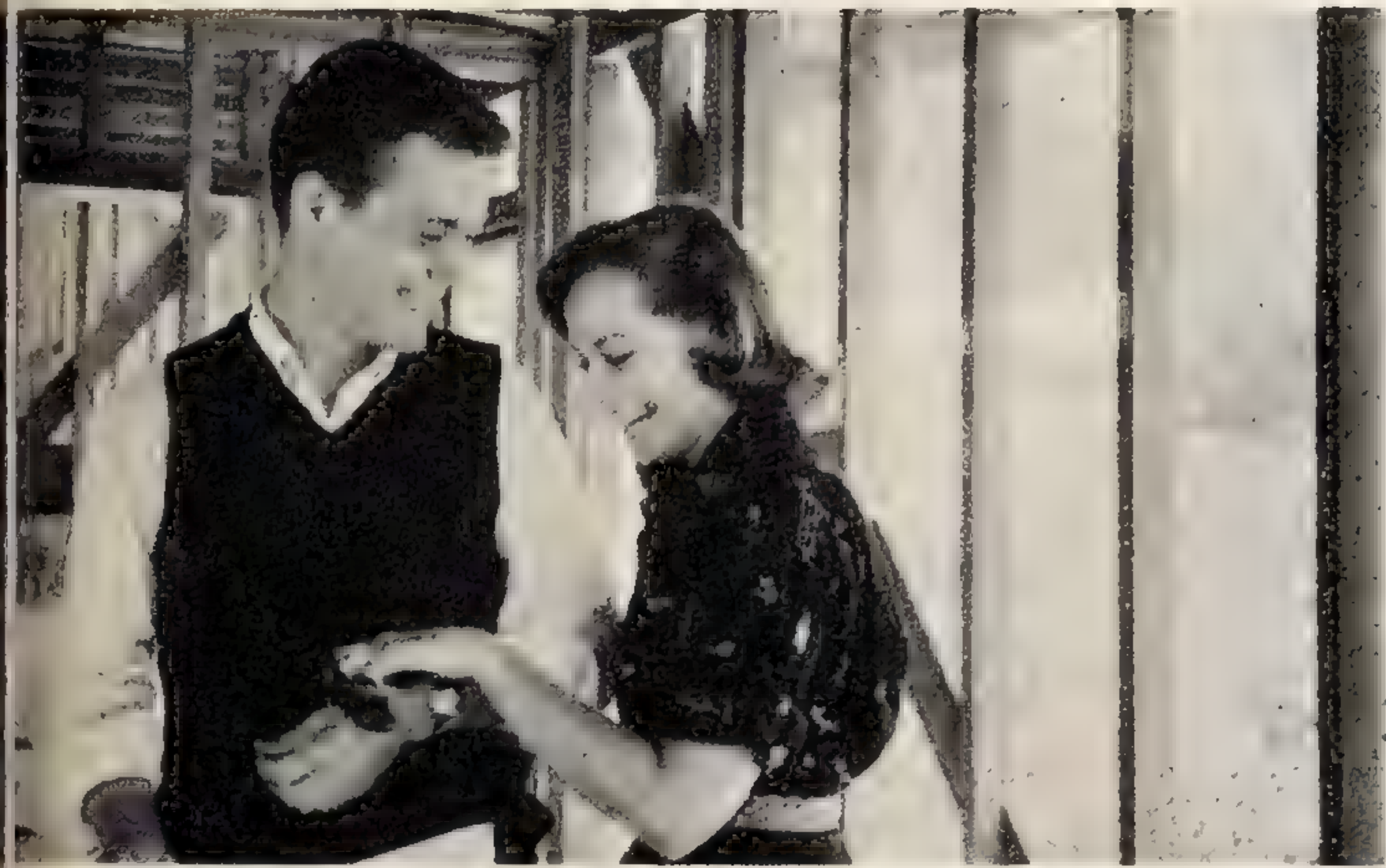
acting trick in the book, and he is married to an actress who knows any other tricks he might possibly have forgotten—the subtle-minded Vivien Leigh. On-screen, Larry usually plays heavy roles, but off-screen he is a witty, wily man. And, for all his apparent dignity—which is really an act—he is not the least bit averse to publicity. He knew exactly what he was doing when he agreed to make "The Sleeping Prince" with Marilyn. With his almost-wicked sense of humor, backed up by Vivien's equally laughter-given reactions, I am sure it tickled him to stand in the background during

Bogey's been a different man since his recent illness, which seems to please Lauren and daughter Leslie

of Hollywood

by
RUTH WATERBURY

for Ava Gardner and happiness for Victoria Shaw . . . Sweet talk from a new Tony Perkins



Newlyweds Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith have a unique rule for their new home: No cooking allowed

the taking of all the news pictures, while Marilyn and Arthur Miller took the important positions.

Larry's last picture was a heavy piece of Shakespearean drama, "Richard III." A comedy is exactly what his career needs—and he knows it.

Poor Marilyn. During the shooting of her pictures, she always suffers spasms of nerves—she "ails" in the old-fashioned meaning of that word. So, on the days when she couldn't appear on the set of "The Sleeping Prince," Sir Laurence worked "around" Marilyn, rather than hold up production. It's enough to get a girl well in a hurry. Enough, too, to make one speculate whether or not Marilyn has at last met her master.

A Word to the Wise

Tony Perkins, one of the fastest-rising young stars, recently was quite ill. A high-keyed, too-thin fellow, Tony has had only a half-day off since he landed in Hollywood more than a year ago. And

with so many more pictures lined up, he probably won't have a full week off for another year or so. Which, to me, makes the following story about Tony all the more appealing.

Not so long ago, Tony heard that someone had said that his head had swelled over all his triumph. So he went to a particular pal at Paramount and asked if this was the general impression. The pal said yes, it was.

Instead of being hurt or taking offense, Tony sought out the person who was supposed to have been most offended by his uppityness, and apologized. After that he sat down and wrote to all his friends of the press who had written nice words about him. Then he called a dozen old friends and



An experienced father, George Gobel offers Debbie and Eddie some advice on parenthood



Ava, still stand-offish with Frankie, is friends with actor Walter Chiari and Frank Silvestri

got them all together for a party. I predict that Tony's head won't swell again. Getting over the first rush of adulation is like being vaccinated—you're protected against future threats of the disease.

Learning the Hard Way

In the bliss of their honeymoon rapture, Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith decided they would never eat dinner out, even though neither of them knew anything about cooking. Excitedly and hungrily they dreamed of eating rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, made according to the old English recipes, and all sorts of other delectable dishes.

This, however, was (Continued on page 99)



Socially, the Arthur Millers received a royal welcome in England. At work, Marilyn was up to her old tricks

BY STEPHANIE GRIFFIN

● I couldn't sleep, and suddenly I gave up trying. I leaned over to the night table, switched on the light and lit a cigarette. People are always saying things like, "The hours crawled," or, "I thought the time would never pass." For the first time in my life, I knew what they meant. As a model, as a hardworking young actress, and as a temporary mother with two young sisters to raise I'd never found any day that held enough hours. But then, I'd never known fear before, either. Now I was afraid. Now I was asking questions that no one could answer. Questions like, "What would happen to me if I didn't get the part of *Valinda* in 'The Last Wagon'? Would 'they' give me another chance? Or would the word go around that Stephanie Griffin had muffed her test—muffed the biggest chance of her career—that she simply didn't have it?"

I remembered the old Hollywood saying that, if you don't get it right away in this town, the chances are you won't get it at all. And I'd been in Hollywood for five years. For five years I'd waited and hoped and (Continued on page 88)



THE DAY A STAR WAS BORN



Here is how stardom came to

BY NICK ADAMS

● The day a star was born I had more troubles than a Ubangi with chapped lips. The wolf wasn't at the door only because a few days prior Dennis Hopper and I had let him in and he starved to death. Dennis was sharing my mountainside home with me when I first heard about "The Last Wagon." We had to siphon the gas out of our neighbor's truck in order to have enough for me to get to the interview at the 20th Century-Fox studio. It's about twenty-five miles from my mountain house in La Crescenta.

Things had been very bad at the studios and, with the exception of a half-day making a razor commercial, I hadn't worked for four months. This was hard to take. I had just made seven pictures in a row since being discharged from the service in January, 1955. Three of them had been Academy Award nominees ("Mr. Roberts," "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Picnic") and the other four were all done at major studios. I had received good reviews on all of them and had built up a fair reputation as an actor. Yet over a period of four (Continued on page 90)



3 A.M. and Stephanie is wide awake. "If I don't get this part, I'm through . . ."



4 A.M. Her first quarrel with her husband, and "Is fame worth it? Yes!"



9 A.M. Sweating out the telephone, wishing she wasn't so haggard—and afraid



4 P.M. Thirteen hours later Stephanie is shouting to her family, "I GOT it!"

two young players. Not as you might think, because life, sad to say, is not like the movies



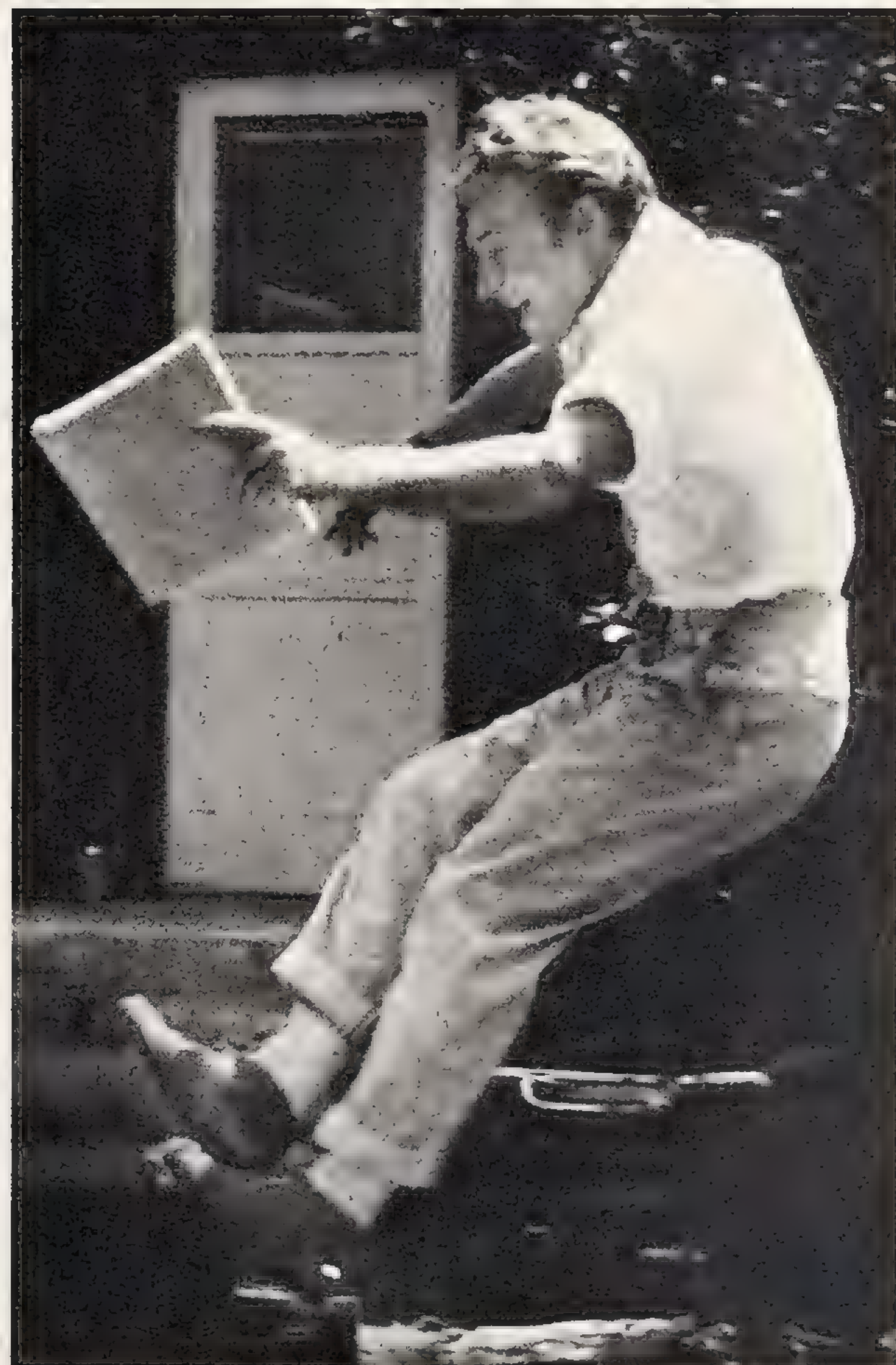
3 A.M. Nick smokes his first cigarette, sharing only warm room with Dennis



6 A.M. How many times can you use the same coffee grounds?



9 A.M. Phone is taken out, but Nick had it put back for one last call



3:30 P.M. And Nick, too, is shouting, "I GOT it!"



A mother who was an actress too, June Walker could not give to her son all the time and attention he so needed

THE SEARCHING



The love of an older woman transformed him in "Tea and Sympathy," but in real life it was a girl named Priscilla



BY PATTY DE ROULF

The boy asked the questions, the man-to-be tried to answer them. "Why am I lonely? Why can't I be as happy as other kids? Why? Why?" For John Kerr, the answers came slowly, and the years of searching inevitably left their mark

He saw her and thought, terrified, "I'm going to marry her!"

YEARS

● Afraid?

"Scared stiff is a better description," John Kerr corrected. "When I stop to think how far I've gone and how fast, I'm petrified!"

We were talking at the bar of the Hotel Aioli in the little French town, St. Tropez, where John, Pier Angeli and Mel Ferrer had arrived last summer to film "Harvest Thunder." John ordered another Compari-and-soda and sipped it slowly. "Yes, it's frightening," he repeated. And when he looks at you with those large, sorrowful eyes, you know he is frightened.

"I try not to think about it," he explained. "When you think, you worry. You wonder where it's all leading, how soon the bubble will burst. Thinking too much is my worst fault."

Going to a table to order dinner, John walked cautiously, as though he were uncertain of the very boards he tread. He phrased his sentences carefully, as he continued the conversation, weighing each word. He's constantly searching for a cigarette, constantly glancing about, constantly moving. It's all part of a deep-rooted sense of his inability to understand what is happening today in terms of his past.

"Five years ago, I was still a student at Harvard," he said. "I thought I wanted to be a doctor, then I switched to studying literature and finally wound up majoring in the Russian language." Those were the days when John Kerr had no idea which profession he would follow or where he would find peace and happiness. Painfully shy, sensitive, he was groping for something. He didn't know what.

Suddenly the fates tossed him into an acting career. He had three Broadway plays, "Bernardine," "Tea and Sympathy," and "All Summer Long," in quick succession. Then three movies, "The Cobweb," "Gaby," and "Tea and Sympathy." And now, "Harvest Thunder." But acting was the last thing he'd thought about back in college.

Born in New York City twenty-five years ago, John is the only son of actress June Walker and actor-playwright Geoffrey Kerr. "Our apartment was constantly filled with professionals, who talked of nothing but the theatre, movies and radio," John recalled. "I didn't understand them, so I ignored them. I retreated to my room to read a book."

Early in life, John says, he became withdrawn and pensive. And alone. He was a little boy living in an adult world. For companionship, he sought out the heroes in the pages of famous novels. When he was ten, the situation grew blacker. His parents were divorced. His father returned to his native England and June Walker (Continued on page 100)



Win A Grand Prize of \$2,000

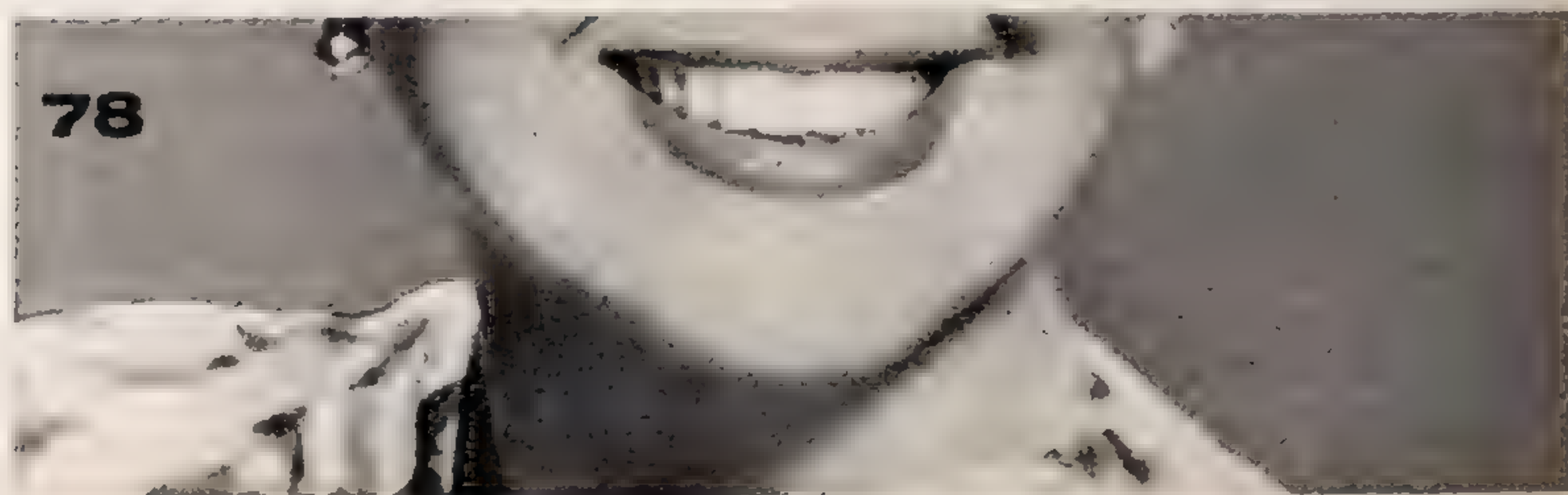
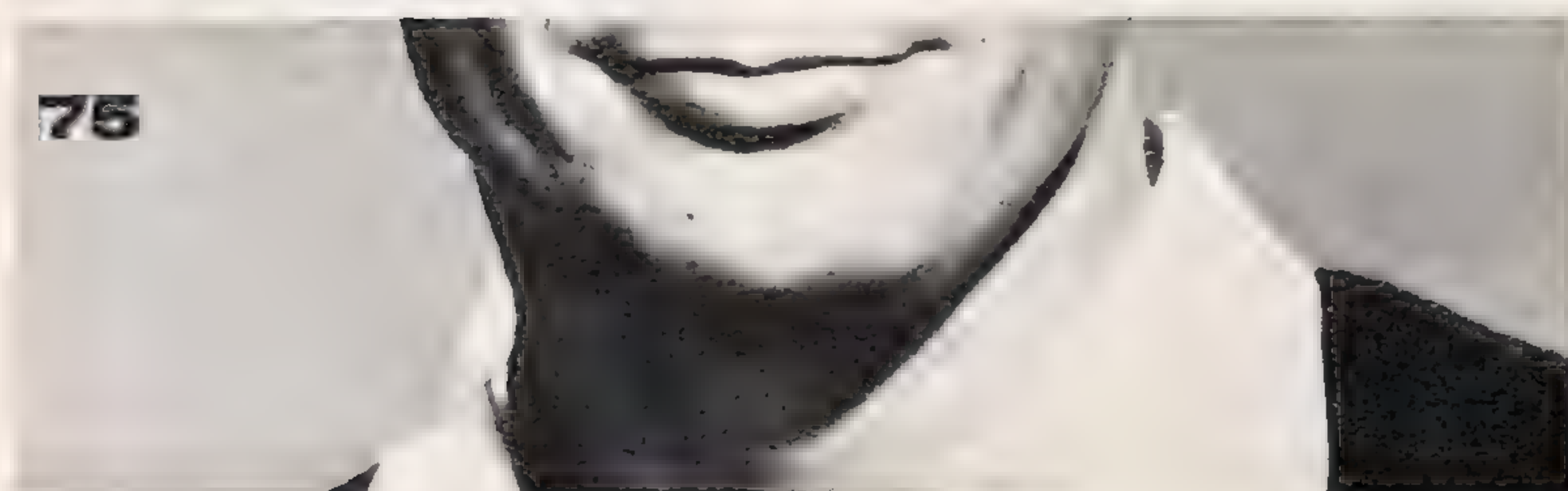
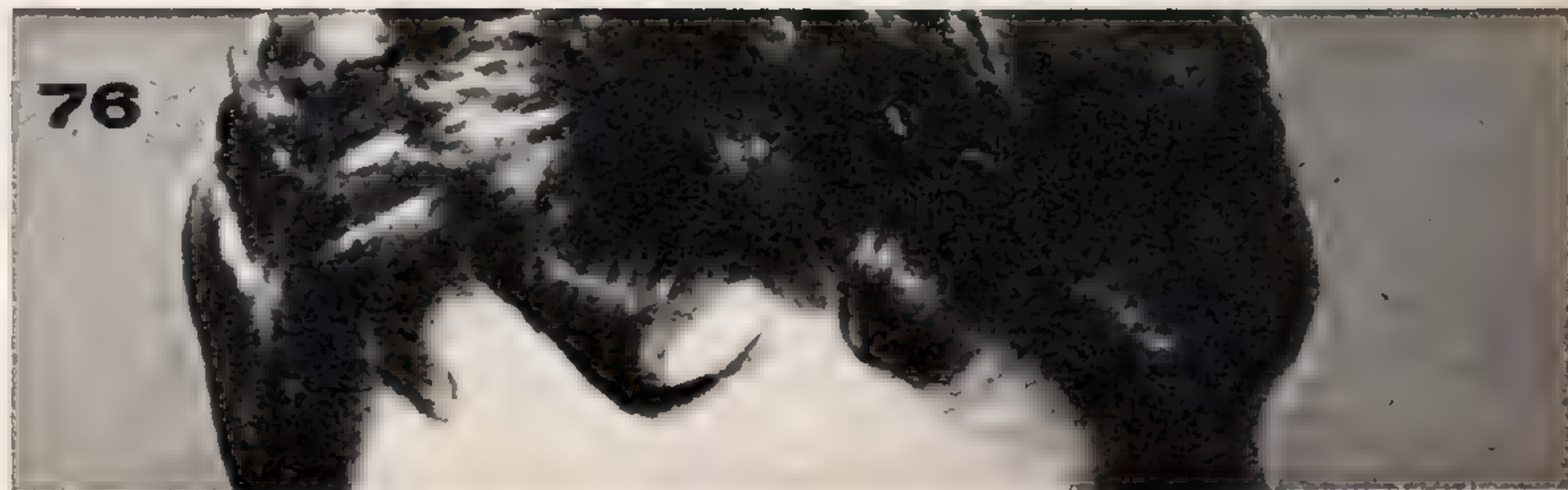
PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

Fourth and Final Set of PHOTOPLAY'S Cut-Out Picture Puzzle 'Contest

This is your last chance to enter this exciting contest. NOW is the time to send in your entry! But first, read all the rules and instructions carefully!

REMEMBER:

- You must send in all four sets of puzzle pictures—32 in all—from the September, October, November and December issues of PHOTOPLAY.
- All pictures must be properly assembled with the name of each player clearly indicated.
- Originality of presentation in submitting your entry is important. The more clever your presentation, the greater your chances will be for winning.
- Final deadline for entries is midnight, December 15, 1956.



Clues

- 73 The hair is a nephew of the late Jean Hersholt
74 The eyes belong to the Screen Father of the Year
75 The mouth is a newcomer and yet to be married

- 76 The hair became a star while still in her teens
77 The eyes loved and lost a well-known dancer
78 The mouth is noted for its sunny smile

Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—PHOTOPLAY has published cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures have appeared in each issue. Each picture consists of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits from each issue, making a total of thirty-two portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players have been given at the bottom of each picture page. These have been numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each picture page has its own set of clues, which are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, and pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. **YOU MUST SEND IN THE ENTIRE SET OF THIRTY-TWO PICTURES FROM ALL FOUR ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY.** Partial entries will not be accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. All complete entries received on or before that date will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will be assumed by PHOTOPLAY.

5. Entries should be mailed to: **CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.** You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, Inc., its subsidiaries or its advertising agencies. Winners' names will be published in the April, 1957, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

PICTURE PUZZLE PRIZES

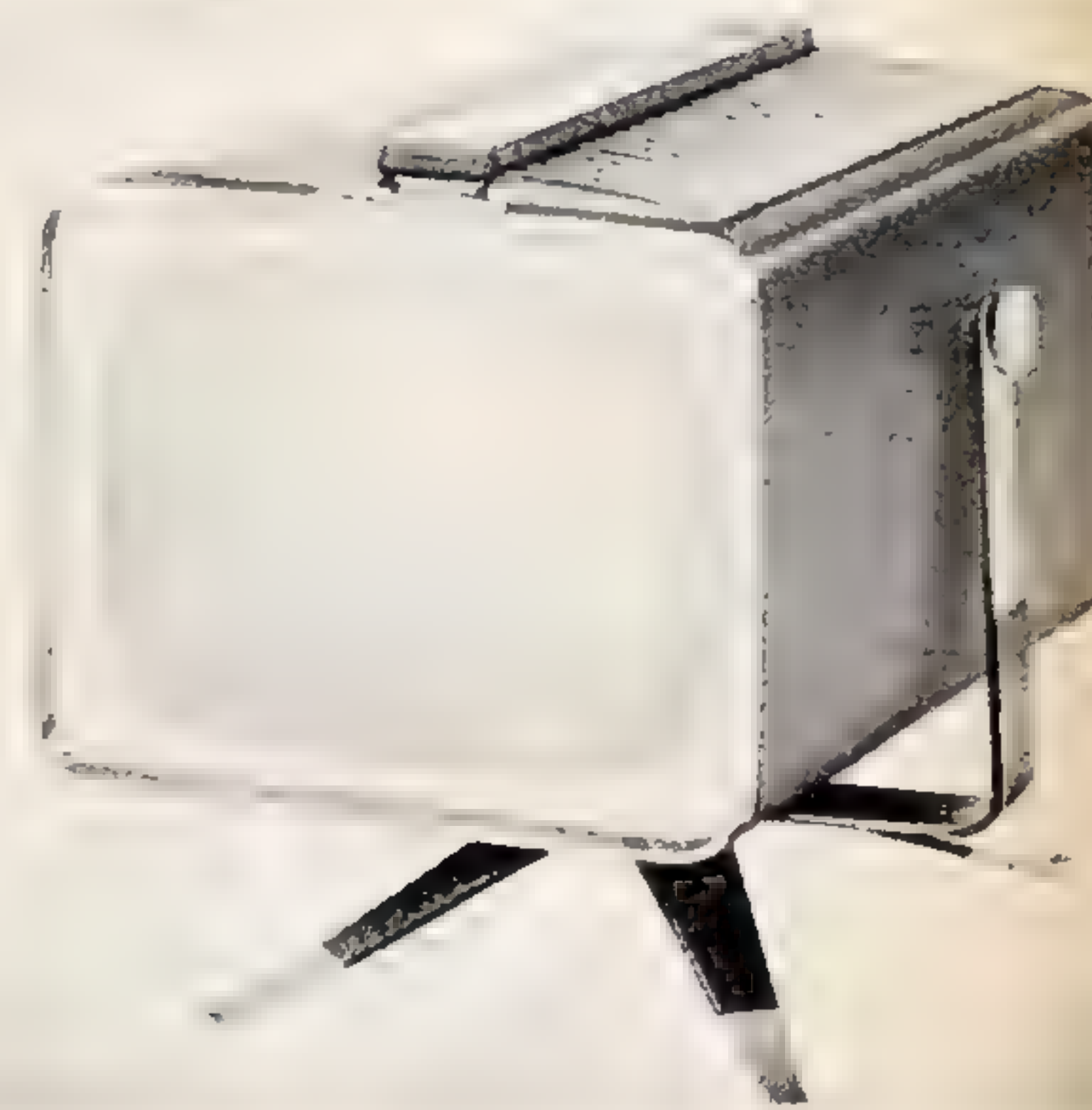
G-E Portable Electric Radio

A prize to pride—this handsome, 3-way radio is precision-built in the latest style. Light in weight, with excellent tone and powerful reception, it's guaranteed to provide years of listening enjoyment, indoors and out



Helene Curtis Gift Assortment

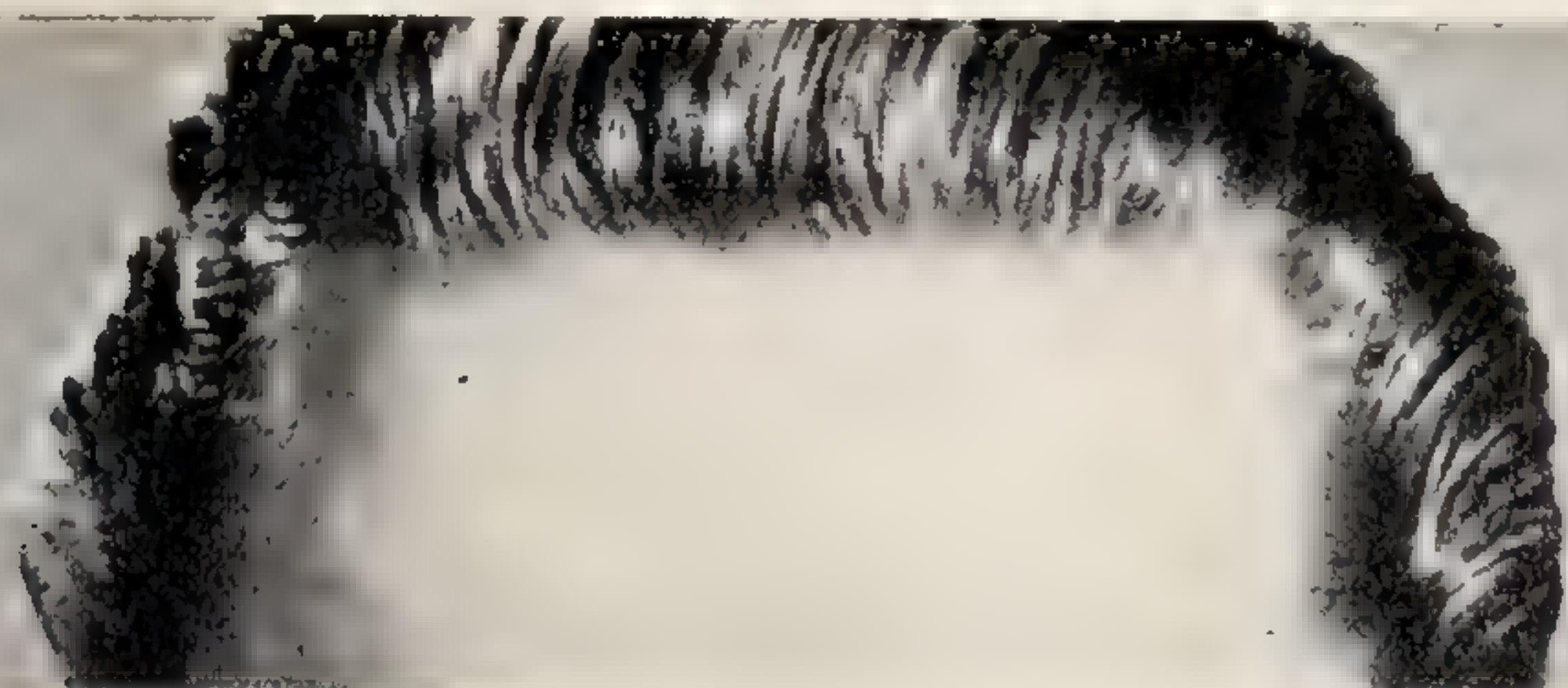
A special prize that includes a complete assortment of Helene Curtis' famous hair care products, Kings Men Toiletries, and Stopette. Practical and pleasant—there's something for everybody!



RCA Victor "Personal" TV

With built-in antenna, removable stand; you can carry it anywhere

79



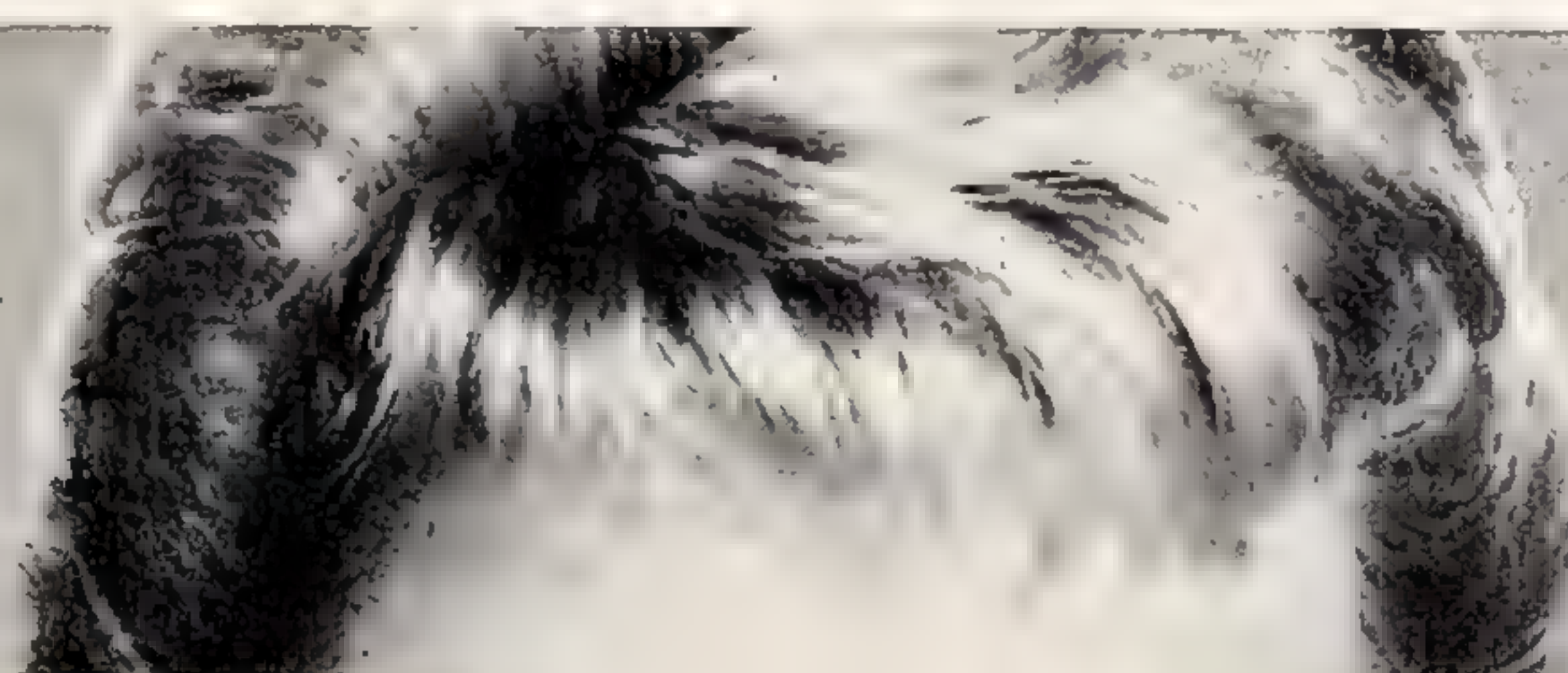
80



81



82



83



84



79 The hair's big break came as a champion

80 The eyes' career has been furthered by Joan Crawford

81 The mouth, though married, is all set for a bachelor party

82 The hair was married on her birthday

83 The eyes recently became an American citizen

84 The mouth's leading men have all been dark-haired





THE RICHEST BUM IN TOWN

A marriage that has lasted sixteen years, three children, success beyond his wildest dreams—and the people he envies are the homeless wanderers, the “knights of the road”

Looking out from a world of wealth which he earned himself, Bob Mitchum says gloomily, “I’m a bum.” This is a story of what happens, sometimes, when dreams come too true

BY ED MEYERSON





● "I've been married sixteen years," Robert Mitchum announced on his last wedding anniversary. Then he smiled, wearily as always, for he was smiling at himself. "That's quite a record for a bum."

A glance at the complete record, however, is even more amazing—for a self-styled bum. Here is a man who has not only been married sixteen years,

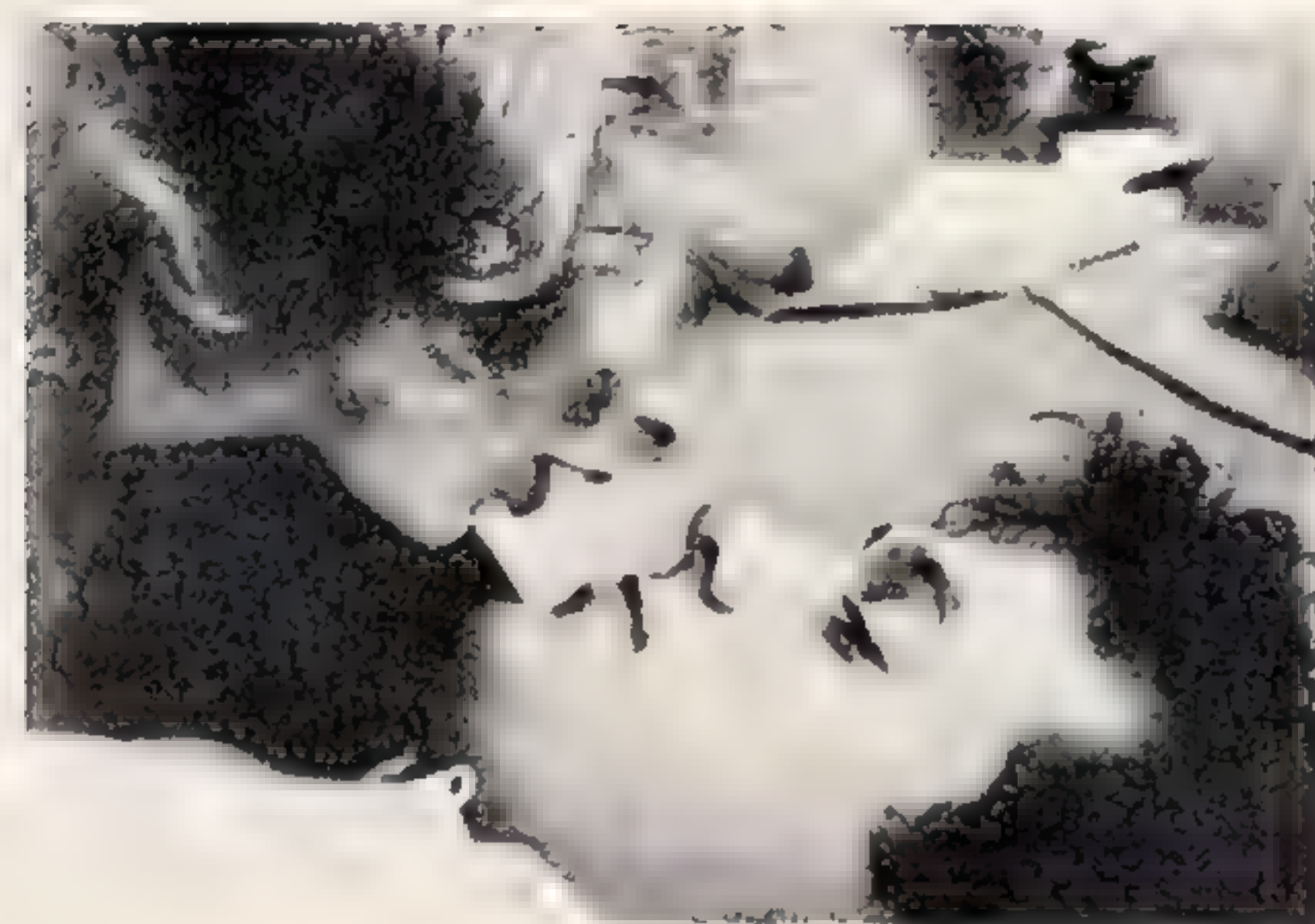
but to the same woman. Bob has three children, four cars, and one home complete with swimming pool. What's more, he's a steady man, having been gainfully employed in the same business for thirteen consecutive years. And although he claims he has no drive, Bob started at the bottom of that business and worked his way up until he is now his own boss.

He also claims he's lazy, and he says it as lackadaisically as any dyed-in-the-wool bum. The record, however, shows that in one typical year Bob made three pictures, then spent seventy-six straight days shooting "Not as a Stranger." Since then, although he announced that he was about to take a year off, he has starred in one film after another: "Man with the Gun." (Continued on page 86)



Once Upon a Time...

there were two people who loved
each other very much . . .



or so they thought . . .

until someone named Kelly
came along . . . to teach them what
love was all about



BY ALJEAN MELTSIR

● At two o'clock on a quiet Sunday afternoon late last June, Janet Leigh—wrapped in a white hospital jacket, her wedding ring stripped from her finger—lay beneath the harsh surgical light of a hospital delivery room.

A rubber heel squeaked across the floor. The room seemed full of pent-up breath. The nurses, whispering together, threw strange shadows across the ceiling.

Janet closed her eyes. It's like waiting for Christmas, she thought. Like waiting nine months for Christmas. Drifting through time, she remembered how, when she was a little girl, the presents were set

under the tree one week before Christmas, and how unbearable it was to look at them and have to wait and wait and. . . Then, with a dull pain rolling up like thunder from the distance and crashing against her, she forgot everything but the present.

At 2:14 P.M., Kelly Lee Curtis was born.

"Janet," the doctor said, bending over her. "Janet, you have a girl."

Her first feeling was relief. Her next was a joy which far surpassed any Christmas she had ever known. Then they placed the baby beside her and she felt its warmth and its weight. (Continued on page 74)



Dennis O'Keefe and Mona Freeman,
starred in "Dragoon Wells Massacre,"
an Allied Artists release.

Be a Meeker Peeker like

DENNIS O'KEEFE

Just what you're looking for! Perfect gifts of
luxurious leather! The fine workmanship in a
Meeker is by craftsmen who work only with
genuine leathers. Meeker Handbags and
Billfolds are gifts of lasting beauty.

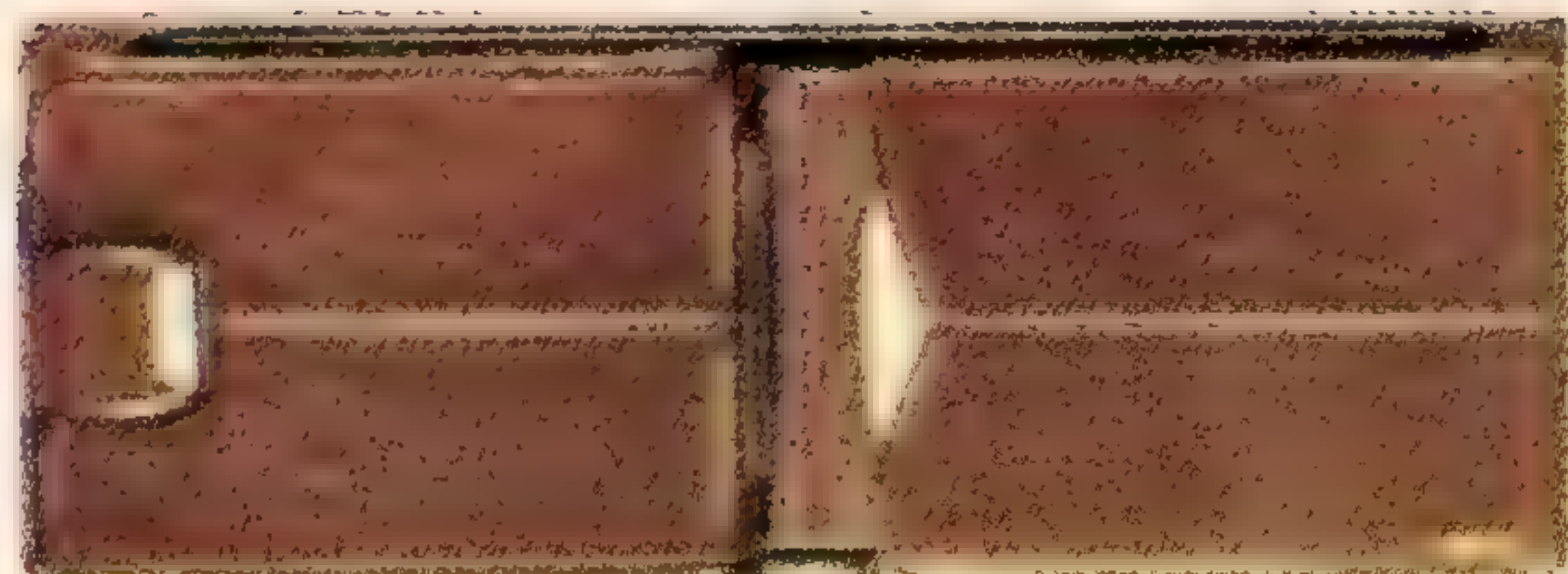


To make a BIG impression: A big, roomy Handbag. Two
pockets under flap hold make-up and matching Billfold.
Kip Calf in Black, Brown, Navy and Red. #5085 \$24.00*

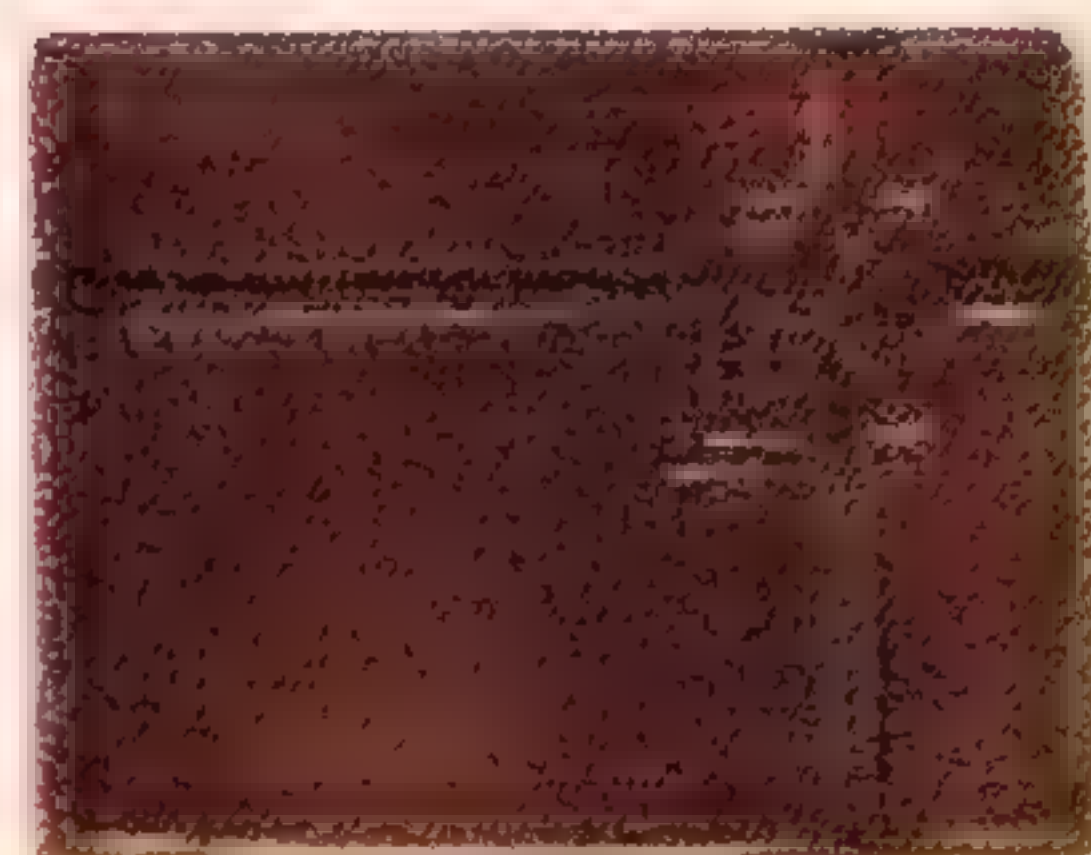
See the Fine Gifts of Leather by

meeker

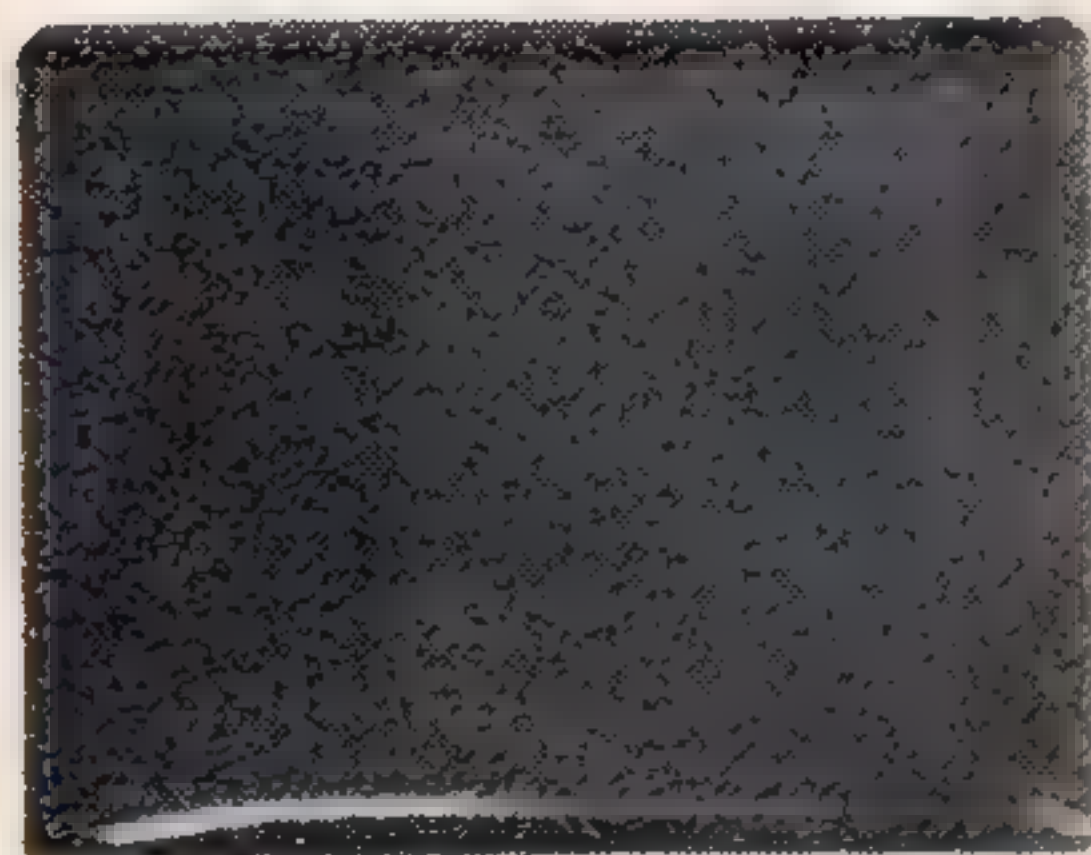
that MONA FREEMAN is wrapping



Handsome gift fashioned of one piece of
leather for longer wear. Removable pass
case. Shrunk Steerhide in Brown and Tan.
#66-71 \$7.50*



In Handboarded Calf
with tooled design.
Patented expansion,
folds flat even when
full. In Brown.
#340-25 \$10.00*



A deluxe Billfold with
exclusive expansion
construction, two
pass cases. Cowhide:
Mahogany, Grey, Tan,
Ginger. #88-47 \$5.00*



The COMBO. It's
a Billfold, a Make-
up Kit and a Clutch
Purse...all-in-one!
In 16 delicious
colors. #510
\$5.00*

THE MEEKER CO., JOPLIN, MO., NEW YORK OFFICE:

*Plus 10% Fed. Tax

347 FIFTH AVENUE

LIVING WITH

YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

HAVE A CHRISTMAS BALL

A.



B.



C.



On these pages, holiday glamour fashions and gifts for you, and every lucky lady on your list. Right, darling Pat Crowley wears party plaid insuring a brilliant entrance. In crisp, rustling taffeta with shiny black satin bodice accents. Sizes 5-15. Red, turquoise, blue plaids. By Natlynn Juniors. About \$23. Satin-toed pumps, by Capezio

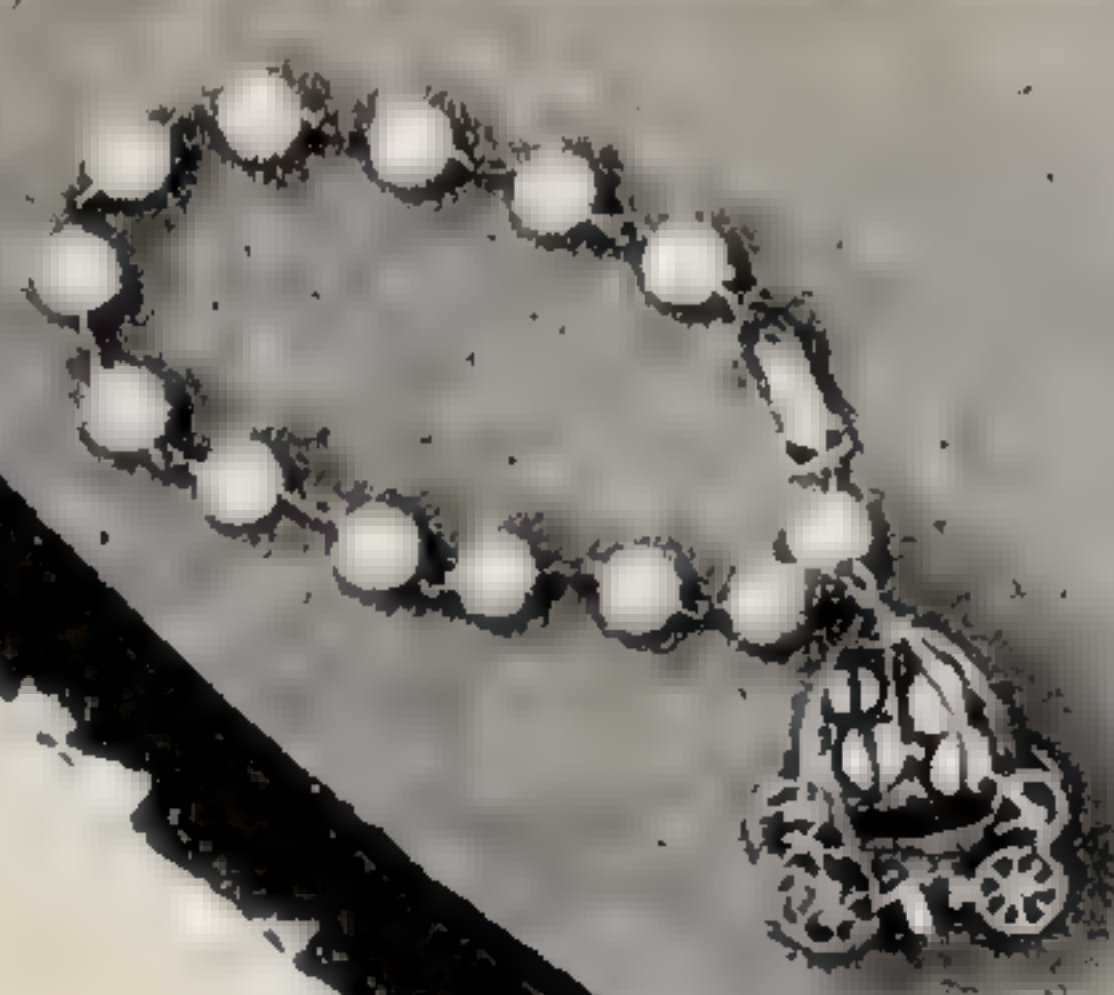
A. Elegant handful of shiny black calfskin, a clutch bag with adjustable strap handle, graceful contour flap. Nylon-lined and stitched, with inner zipper pocket. By Meeker. About \$24 plus tax

B. Wanted—the pretty plastic rainboot. This one's a brand-new design, sleek to the foot, with side fasteners, non-slip soles. In clear or smoke, three heel heights. By Rain Dears Imperial. About \$2

C. Delectable bit of fluff in a blue nylon tricot petticoat, inset with embroidered pettipoint lace, then flounced deeply with nylon chiffon. Also pink, white. S, M, L. By Munsingwear. \$5.95

D. For a well-turned wrist, a circlet of pink-toned pseudo pearls on golden links. Its darling dangle, a gleaming chariot filled with smaller matching pink "pearls." By Coro. \$1 plus tax

E. Snow white and dreamy, party gloves in newly washable glacé kid, stopping short at the petaled wrist, and accented with a large, jeweled button. By Alexette Bacmo. \$6.95



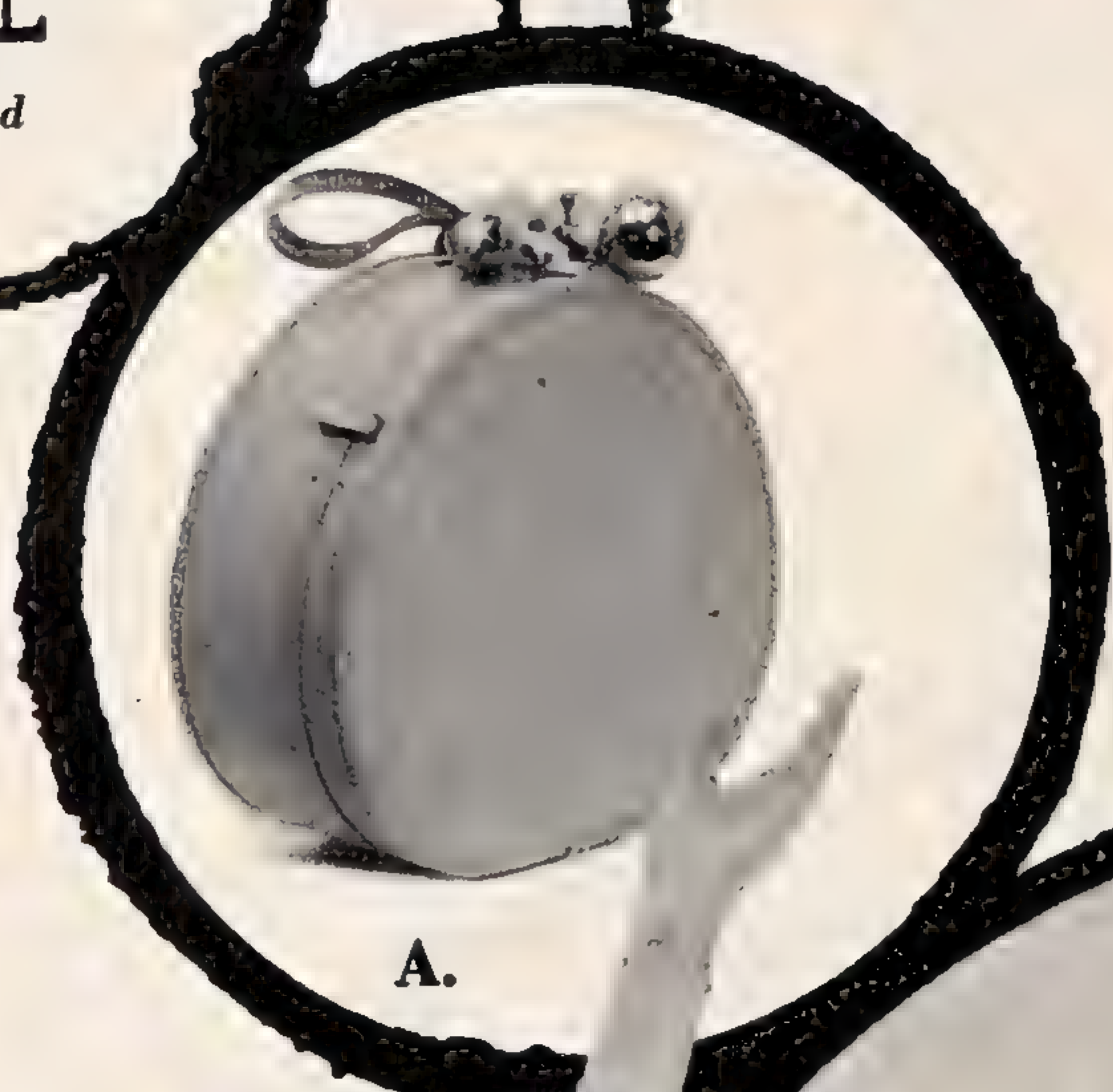
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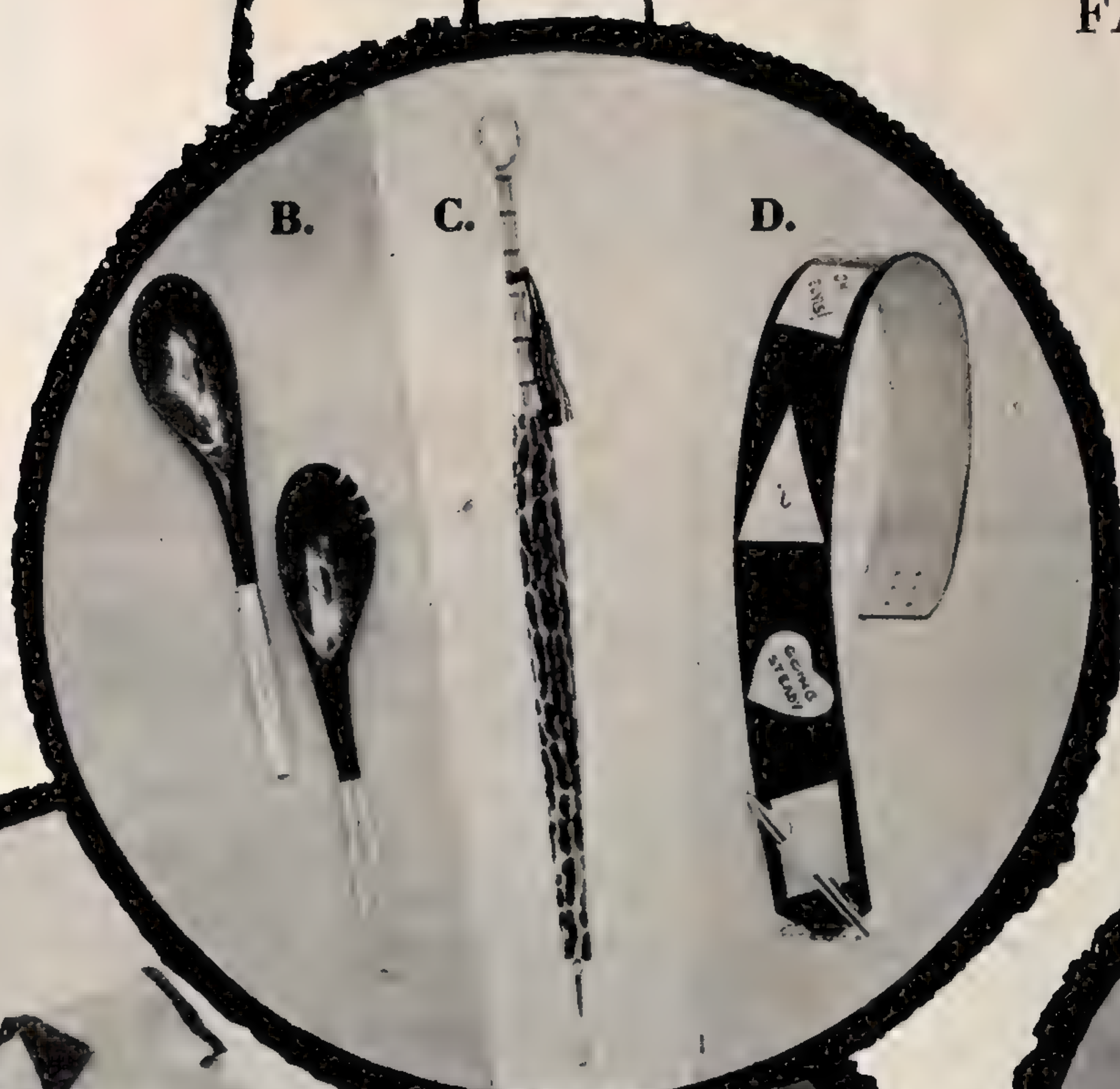
For how to buy gifts and fashions, see information on page 77

HAVE A CHRISTMAS BALL

continued



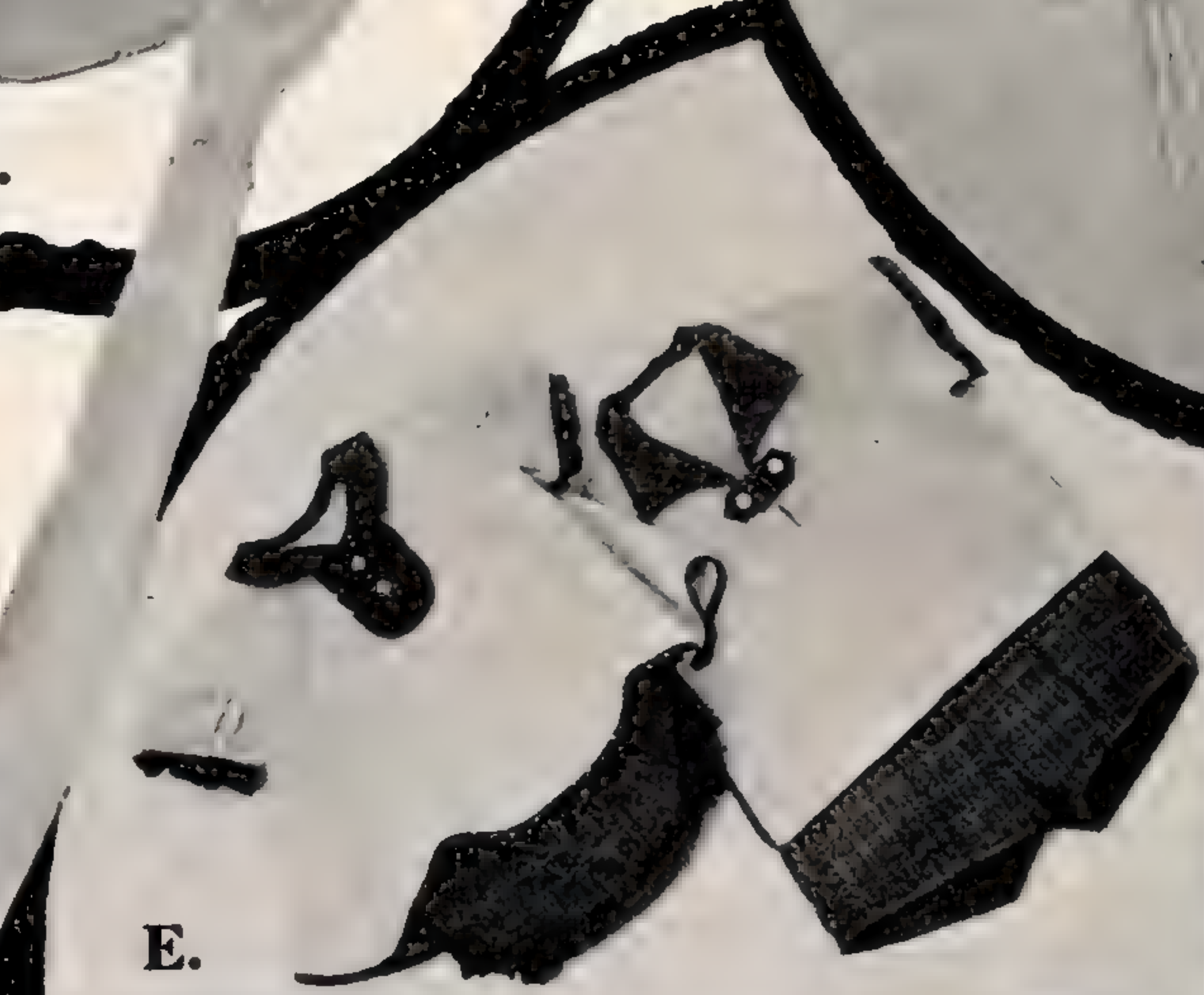
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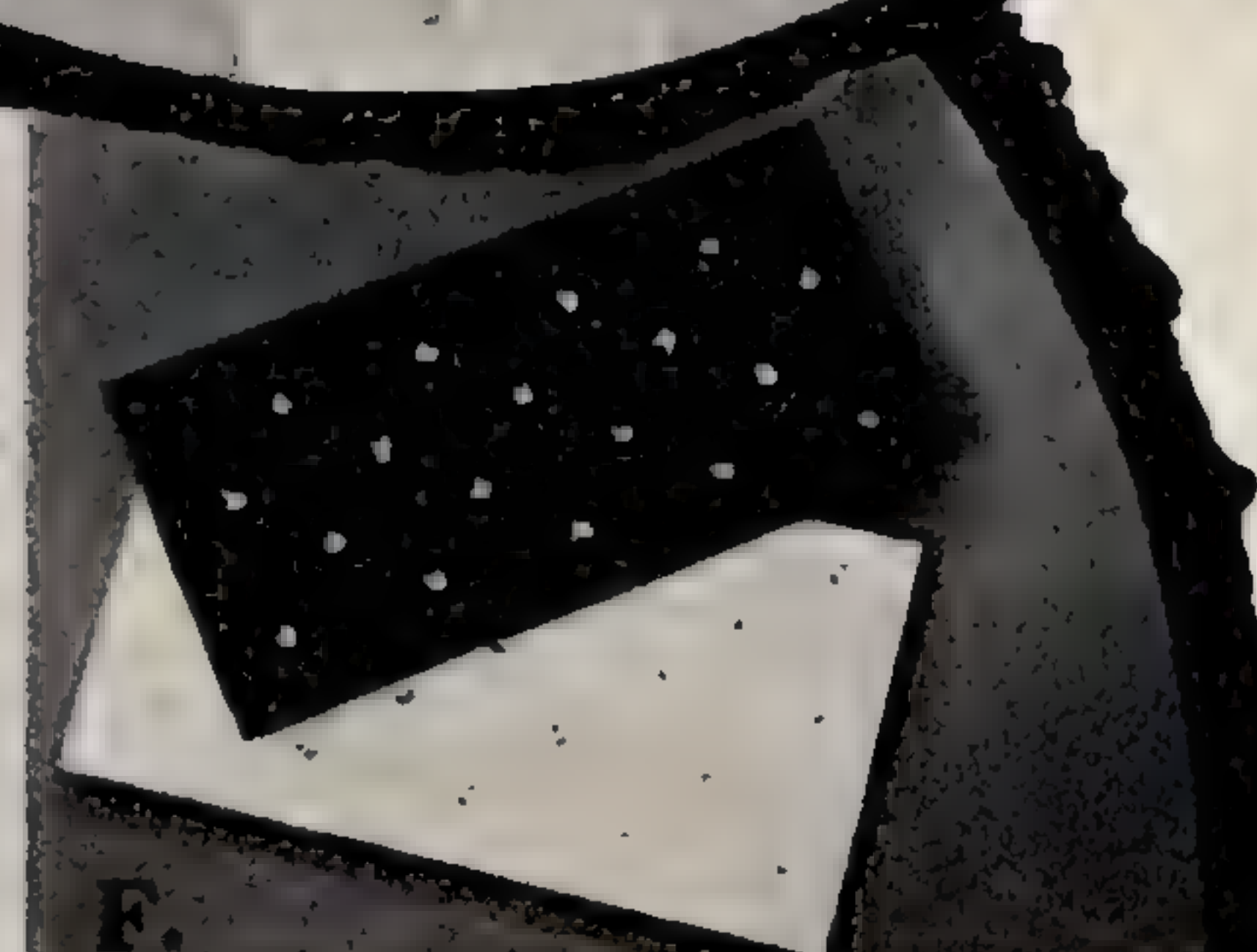
B.

C.

D.



E.



F.



G.



H.



I.



Shiny as a Christmas ball, Betty Lou in a holly red taffeta princess dress, the bodice rimmed with "pearls" entwined in gilt. Sizes 7-15. By Junior Elegance. About \$18

BETTY LOU KEIM STARS IN
20TH'S "TEENAGE REBEL"

- A. Smart and roomy hat box for a gal on the go. In flyweight magnesium covered in heavenly sea shades of scuff-proof vinyl. By Samsonite. \$19.50 plus tax
- B. Elegant new salad servers in black plastic, the lined Sterling handles tipped with bright enamel. Jade pattern by Towle's Contempra House. \$13 with tax
- C. A fun umbrella in black with its own slip cover of make-believe leopard, whangee handle topped by a bone bracelet loop. By Giant Umbrella. About \$7
- D. Doodler's delight, a cowhide belt with ball point pen on key chain for writing latest crush or school on its white leather appliques. Black, navy, red, tan, brown, green. 22-30. \$3.95 pp. Teen Trix, Box 68-P, Rockaway Park 94, N. Y.
- E. Darling duds for the small fry. Pastel corduroy teamed with plaid cotton trim and panties, waterproof-lined. M, L, extra-L. Party Sets by Playtex. \$3.98
- F. Evening clutch purse in soft crushed cowhide studded with brilliants. Big zipper pocket, change purse, picture case. Boodle bag by Rolfs. \$7.50 plus tax
- G. Gift whimsey—the boudoir bonnet in white nylon tricot, sparkled with rhinestones, Christmas wreaths, a fluff of lace to frame the face. By Kleinert's. \$2
- H. New kind of stocking elegance for a special lady—wispy sheer nylons, bare heeled, a pretty diamond of jacquard lace at the instep. By Aberlé. \$1.95
- I. Luxury gift—the glamour scuff in dark red velvet, magnificently bejeweled with gem-like stones set on a hand-embroidered design. By Capezio. \$18.95

For how to
buy fashions
and gifts,
see page 77

For dancing or floating—
Betty Lou Keim's cloud of
raspberry silk chiffon, gold-
en glitter added at front and
back in wide panels of Lurex
striped with silk. Also but-
tercup or blue. Sizes 7-15.
By Young Modes. About \$40



You're a holiday pin-up girl . . . with a pretty plus . . .
a prettier lift . . . in these curve-conscious Her Secret bras that
measure your feminine assets . . . adding to your
confidence and to you! Left: ask for 1613 with stitched-in
foam pads. Fine cotton broadcloth: white, black, pink,
blue, beige. 3.95. Right: ask for 1637 with the light shell,
elevating push-up pads. Lace, to wear with
straps or not. Black, white . . . 5.95, both, A, B, 32-36.

Costume Designers



at fine stores everywhere! HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL CO., BOX 2351, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

HAVE A CHRISTMAS BALL

continued

YOUNG IDE
PHOTOPL
STAR
FASHION



PAT CROWLEY STARS IN
"HOLLYWOOD OR BUST,"
A WALLIS-PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD

DRAWINGS BY ANDY WARHOL

Starry-eyed Pat Crowley, living it up at Christmas in a shining dress with crisply belled skirt, the sleeveless bodice draped with surplice folds ending in a giant shoulder bow. Iridescent turquoise, black, violet, navy crystal and acetate. Sizes 5-15. By Gay Gibson. Under \$15

For how to buy gifts
and fashions, see
information on page 77

A. Three-strand necklace of lustrous almost-real "pearls" combining round and new oval shapes, tiny ringlets of brilliant rhinestones. By Marvella. \$15 plus tax

B. Scarf treat—a length of pale gray rayon satin woven with black field flowers, sprinkled with tiny "pearls" and rhinestones. By Baar & Beards. \$7.50

C. Exciting *new* fool-the-eye pajamas that lounge, too! Cotton knit tapered pants, a striped shirt with choirboy collar, black bow. S, M, L. By Tempo. \$8.95

D. Slippers for a light-footed miss in red velveteen dotted with confetti beads, handsomely shaped by a high, slashed throat, flat wedge. By Cobblers. About \$8

E. Masquerade "mink" for a budget purse, in Princeton's luxury fabric, Mutation. A cropped jacket with round collar, jeweled links at neck, cuffs. Sizes 8-16. Haft, Mann & Gaines. About \$60

F. Gift for a gracious home: modern celery or bread tray, a long gleaming shaft of silverplate with squared ends, long, low legs. By Gorham. \$8.95 with tax



OUT OF COLOR TV
NEW MAKE-UP
DISCOVERY
MAKES YOU

LOOK NATURALLY LOVELY DAY AND NIGHT IN ANY LIGHT



MAX FACTOR'S NEW hi-fi FLUID MAKE-UP

Hi-Fi ends the "made up" look once and for all! Because Max Factor, the make-up master, has achieved in Hi-Fi a whole new range of high fidelity shades never possible before.

Hi-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces *perfect* natural tones that blend perfectly, naturally, with your own skin and stay soft and pretty, in bright sunlight or glaring artificial light.

Hi-Fi goes on like a dream... easily, quickly... veils flaws and heightens your own true beauty with fresh, lovely color.

You'll love the sheer-satin texture of Hi-Fi... the way it smooths and softens your skin. It never streaks or smears.

You'll love the Hi-Fi look... and the way it makes *him* look at you! It all began with color TV. Glaring lights of color television made existing make-ups appear hard, unflattering. So the great TV studios called on Max Factor, who developed for their exclusive use a new color principle in a make-up that stays smooth and radiant under the most glaring light. And now Max Factor has created a new make-up for *you*, based on the same new color principle. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

It's the new idea, the young idea, the one make-up that makes you look just naturally lovely—day and night, in *any* light! Choose from six highly flattering, high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up *today*. \$1.75 plus tax at your favorite cosmetics counters. FluidRouge in new high fidelity colors \$1.25 plus tax.

NEW
HIGH FIDELITY
SKIN TONES
NEVER
BEFORE
POSSIBLE



Send in this coupon for "Try Size" Hi-Fi, enough for at least TEN make-ups for only 25¢! You will also receive FREE Max Factor's new book "YOU AT YOUR LOVELIEST."

Max Factor, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California.
Please send me my shade in the special "Try Size" Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up. I enclose 25¢. My natural skin tone is (check one)
☐ fair (pink & white) ☐ ivory (creamy) ☐ medium (neutral) ☐ ruddy (rosy) ☐ olive (golden) ☐ tan

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

HAVE A
CHRISTMAS
BALL
continued

JOANNE WOODWARD
WILL APPEAR NEXT
IN 20TH'S "THE
WAYWARD BUS"

Prettiest way to feel festive—love-

ly Joanne Woodward, above, in sheer silk
organdy block plaid, the skirt whirling below
a sleeveless, bowed bodice. Added: a black taffeta
bolero, silvery belt. 5-15. By Doris Dodson. About \$25

Above right: Pat in a pale, delicious dress, its brocade
shirt top cut to bare a pretty shoulder, adding glow with
"diamond" buttons, gilt threads. The gentle chiffon skirt's buoyed
by a taffeta petticoat. Gray, gold, pink. 5-15. Natlynn Jrs. About \$25

A. New party sweater—all feminine charm with appliqués of pink roses,
velvet ribbon on heavenly two-ply Orlon. 34-40. By Rosanna. About \$15

B. Casual keynote, a creamy cowhide pouch bag, the hand-tooled design set
on suede. Movable strap, roomy leather interior. Clifton. \$24.75 plus tax

C. Timely gift, a just-for-fun clock face paved with glittery "jewels" and
topping a tiny pillbox or powder case. By Fashion Craft. \$4 plus tax

D. Earrings of sham baroque pearls and rhinestones showering from
airy filigree set with tiny glitter bits. By Grand Duchess. \$6 plus tax

E. Rainboots for the weather-conscious, with neat double fastening
that slims the ankle, a deep tread to keep her high and dry.

All heels. Gray or translucent plastic. Drizzle Boots. About \$2

F. Handsome slippers that walk on a cloud, with
sky-high contour wedge, pretty quilted vamp.

Cream puff leather pastels, or bright
holiday colors. By Huskies. \$3.99

at your **BEN FRANKLIN** store

No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT **GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS** YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains **GARDOL**
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION
AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!



Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

Economy Size **65¢** **SAFE** for Children of All Ages!
Also 49¢ to Use in All Water Areas!

29¢, 15¢

Sizes

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK
FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Available in over 2400 BEN FRANKLIN STORES



FRANCHISED BY BUTLER BROTHERS · HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT



Whistling winter winds tell us Christmas is just around the corner. Now is the time to get out all the old favorites and, perhaps, suggest to Mom or Dad that you wish you had the new Four Lads album by Columbia. "On the Sunny Side" is a collection of gems such as "Lazy River," "Taking a Chance on Love," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and "Side by Side," brilliantly played by the Claude Thornhill orchestra and warmly sung by the Four Lads. . . . Tell the folks how your heart does flip-flops over Frank Busseri. Frankie, the smallest of the Four Lads, is a baritone, with twinkling brown eyes and a perpetual prank up his sleeve, and is in charge of the Lads' wardrobe. Frankie loves horses, and his secret ambition is to own a racing stable someday. He also likes Italian opera, homemade ravioli, and "the kind of girl that, when you walk down the street with her, people know she's the one." . . . Or you can tell the folks about Bernard Torrish, fair-haired, handsome and serious. Bernie is the group's gifted ar-

ranger and lead tenor. He plays guitar and doesn't like women who talk too much. He prefers Wagner in opera, hockey in sports, and is a "pop" song composer in his spare time. . . . Or tell how you would like to run your fingers through James Arnold's hair. Slim, dark and introspective, Jimmy loves to get wrapped up in a good book by Hemingway or Melville. He keeps the group's accounts, and his greatest problem is dodging enthusiastic female fans. . . . Or tell how Corrado Coderini thrills you with his dashing good looks. Connie is the dynamo of the group and is serious only when he sings. He loves to blow off excess steam playing tennis or ice-skating. . . . Sold to the folks: one album by the Four Lads.

John Mathias is one of the best all-around athletes to come out of San Francisco. So what has this to do with records? Well, Johnny is presently a Columbia recording artist. This nineteen-year-old singer has been working professionally for only a year, but his album "Johnny Mathias," is extraor-

dinary. Johnny can jump from the tenderness of "Autumn in Rome" to the violence of "Babalu," the swing of "Easy to Love," the exotic "Caravan," or the rhythm and blues of "Angel Eyes." His improvised flights in all tempos and moods are a reflection of his awareness of modern jazz. Johnny hasn't decided yet which one of his four voices he will use permanently, but he does know that he wants to continue studying music, dance and dramatics.

The Capitol album, "Velvet Carpet," finds George Shearing's quintet surrounded by strings and giving out with some fine mood music. This album is a thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant quiet-hour fare. Especially appealing is "'Round Midnight." Other choice items include "September Song," "A Foggy Day," "Dancing on the Ceiling."

The Chicago singer, Johnny Holiday, comes through in grand style on a new 12-incher for Kapp. Singing, for the most part, tunes rarely done by today's singers—such as "Why Can't You Behave," "Frenesi," and "Adios"—Johnny

Rising star Betty Lou Keim shows you how to be a holiday eye-stopper. Her party combination is inky black velvet tucked into a swirling circle skirt in plaid taffeta quilted with glittery Lurex. Criss-cross top, about \$9. Red and black skirt, about \$15. Sizes 7-15. By Modern Juniors

She shall have music wherever she goes, with Betty Lou's glamour phonograph under her Christmas tree. It's a lightweight portable, completely automatic. Plays three speeds, boasts a special amplifier for high-volume clarity. In a dreamy sky blue and white carrying case. By Philco. About \$60

For how to buy fashions see page 77. Phonograph at leading department stores and dealers

displays a sensitivity of phrasing and a warmth worthy of many hearings.

For your collection:

1. Art Mooney pays tribute to James Dean via the themes of "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause." (M-G-M)
2. Jaye P. Morgan belts it out for RCA Victor with "Just Love Me."
3. Don't miss The Diamonds and their version of "Ka-Ding-Dong." (Mercury)
4. "Mama, Teach Me to Dance" is Edie Gorme's hottest number. (Coral)
5. For Epic, The Four Coins' "Manhattan Serenade" should outshine all.
6. Sanford Clark, a new singing discovery by Dot, debuts with "The Fool."
7. Jill Corey's "Let Him Know" is unlike anything she's done before. (Columbia)
8. Pat Boone sings the title song from "Friendly Persuasion" for Dot. This should be a hot contender for the Oscar.
9. If you missed it, get it now: Eddy Arnold's "Canadian Sunset." (RCA Victor)
10. Keep up with the times with Dean Martin's "The Test of Time." (Capitol)

American Modern

...revolutionary way to a beautiful figure

Skippies

by
formfit

American Modern . . . comfort in fashion.

Captivating, romantic styles reveal a beautiful new you. So necessary for this lovely look . . . the right figure line beneath. Thanks to Skippies revolutionary way with light elastics, your figure is comfortably coaxed into beautiful, natural line . . . without bones or heavy fabric.

For that naturally beautiful look . . . be fitted today in America's most popular shape-maker, Skippies.

formfit
CREATIONS



The beginning of beauty for every occasion . . . Skippies Girdle No. 943. Nylon elastic net with firming front and back panels. 2½" waistband for midriff flattery. Snowy White. S. M. L. \$7.50. Ex L. \$7.95 (Also available as Pantie No. 843.) Shown with "Life Romance" Strapless Bra No. 382 in embroidered Nylon chiffon. Wired underbust and new-shaping "cuddle-stay." \$5.95



So Popular!

Hi-Low Witchery with gentle-touch Ribbon Wire†!

You'll make Hi-Low Witchery the love of your life, when you see how it molds you, holds you in alluring glamour curves; gives you X*appeal from dawning to yawning!

The fabulous, exclusive Ribbon Wire is flat as a ribbon . . . can't poke or mark your fair, fair skin like old-fashioned round wire. And there's no connecting wire at the Divide to dig or press you . . . each cup is individually Ribbon Wired. Wear Hi-Low Witchery . . . you'll look so radiant and feel so divinely comfortable.

A, B, C and D cups in bandeau and longline styles.
White or black nylon lace bandeau, \$5.
White or black embroidered cotton bandeau, \$3.50

D CUPS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Exquisite Form
brassieres give you X*APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE, OR WRITE DEPT. P-12, EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC., 159 MADISON AVE., N. Y., FOR NEAREST STORE. †T. M. REG.



A.

B.



C.



D.

E.



becoming attractions

A. Don't just give dandruff the brush off! Helene Curtis Enden dandruff treatment shampoo quickly relieves itching scalp, dissolves and washes away unsightly scales, and with continuing use reduces the formation of scales. \$1.50

B. Right on hand for cold weather protection: Soothing, lanolin-rich Cheramy skin balm is specially priced from now to March first. 12-oz. bottle with free dispenser top, usually \$2.00,* will be 98¢;* 6-oz., \$1.00*-size will be 49¢*

C. Because dry skin thirsts for moisture as well as oil, Charles Antell Lanolin Beauty is formulated to supply both. Quickly absorbed, it may be used under make-up as well as for cleansing and night-time care. \$1.00*; 70¢*

D. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's new Color Rinse Plus Creme Conditioner smooths dry or damaged hair while adding temporary color highlights. Six shades; 8 oz., \$2.00.* For limited time, price includes brush-top applicator bottle

E. Barbara Gould's brand-new Beauty Tote holds special sizes of four favorite skin and make-up preparations, plus regular-size face powder and lipstick. Waterproof, "shell finish" case is lined in pale blue washable linen. \$5.00*

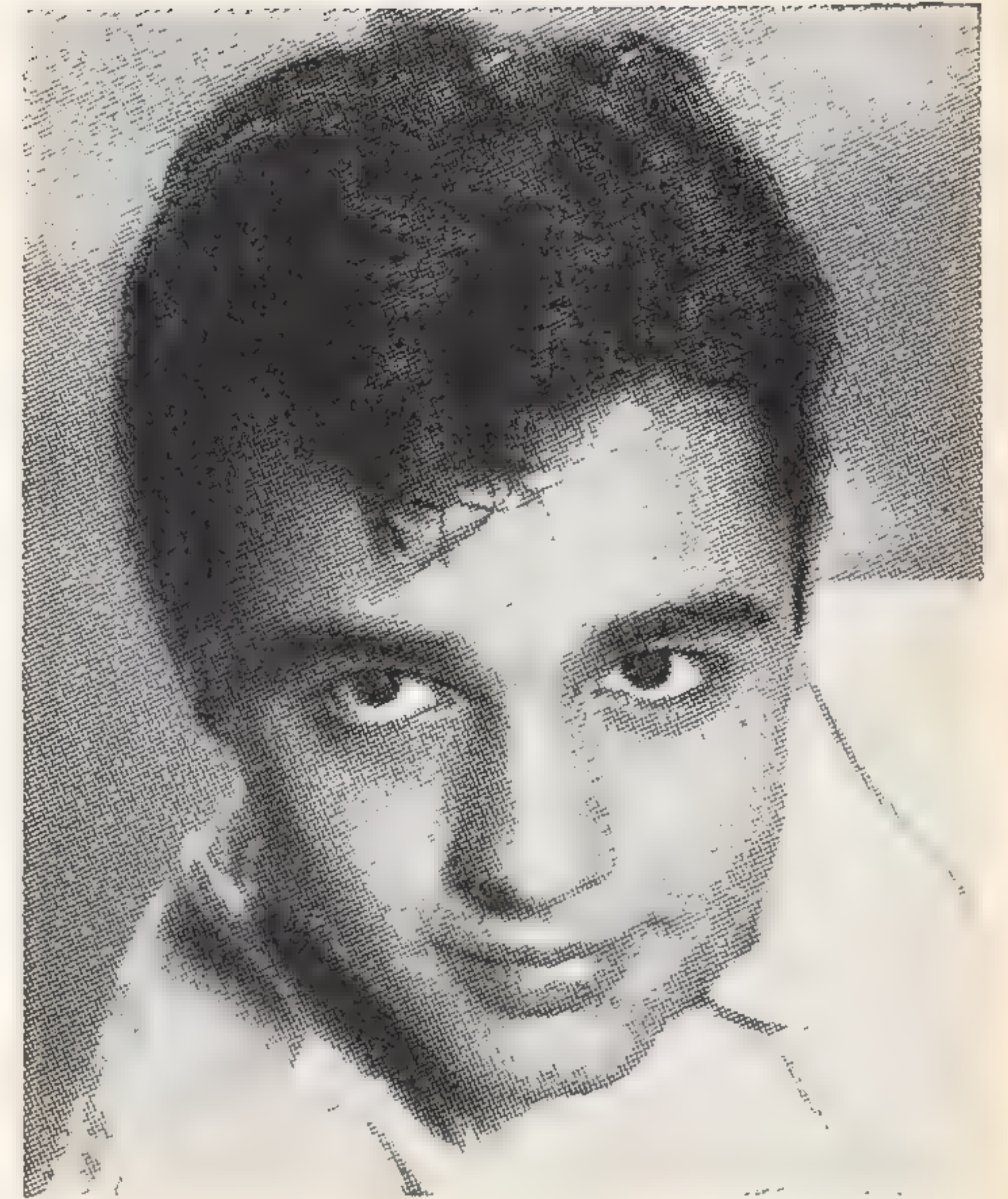
*plus tax

Win a Date with Sal Mineo

(Continued from page 35)

This isn't like any date contest you've ever read about or entered before. In the first place, it is confined entirely to this issue of PHOTOPLAY, which means the winner will be announced within six weeks after this issue goes on the newsstands on November 6th. The contest closes on December 9th. There will be a wait of just two weeks after that before the lucky girl receives her telephone call from Sal Mineo setting up their date!

Another thing that makes this contest different—and that made Sal not only willing but anxious to cooperate—is the fact that it will serve some local, civic purpose as well as giving some young girl the time of her life.



What You Will Win

Here it is!: Sal will spend *one whole day* in your town, if you are the girl who wins a date with him. The daytime hours will be devoted to sports, meeting your friends, driving around the countryside, and generally doing the things you think are fun. In the evening, Sal will meet the sponsors of whatever charity or civic undertaking Sal's visit will honor—and help. This might be the local chapter of a national charity or a purely local cause. How he can help—whether by being present at a church supper, school dance or tea party—will be decided when the contest closes.

After the activities for charity, Sal will be your escort to the opening of his Universal-International Picture, "The Living End!" Universal-International is co-operating fully with PHOTOPLAY, and the opening of Sal's picture will be in *your town*, so that you, if you are the winner, can attend as his companion.

Why We Asked Sal

Seventeen-year-old Sal, who shot to stardom almost overnight after his appearance in "Rebel Without a Cause," was the first star we thought of when we began to plan this contest, because he is so sharply aware of other people's needs and sufferings. Perhaps the fact that he comes from a very closely knit family accounts for this. Sal was not raised to think of himself, but to think, always, of others. For instance, he is always embarrassed at people who say to his brother or sister, "I want to meet that movie-star brother of yours."

"I didn't want them hurt," Sal said, "or to get the idea that I thought I was any better than the rest of my family."

So when we approached Sal and asked him whether we could "give him away" for a day, he hesitated—until he heard the details of our plan. Then he assured us of his wholehearted cooperation.

How You Can Win

We've made the rules simple, and here they are:

1. Write a letter to Sal. Fill out the coupon below and mail it in with your letter. Get it in the mail by December 9th.

2. Tell Sal, in your own words and as briefly as possible, where you live, and what you would like to do if you could spend a day with him. Would you like to go bowling? Play tennis? If you live where it's warm, would you like a beach party? Or a wiener roast? And so on.

3. Then, tell him what worthwhile charity, youth organization, hospital or community project you think could be helped by his presence. It might be a good idea to discuss this with the principal of your high

school or with your local clergyman so that you can be sure of group cooperation if you and your town should win.

4. Tell Sal why you have chosen this charity and give us the name of the person who heads the organization in your town.

That's all. Nothing to save, nothing to buy, just the coupon to clip. It's as easy as rolling off a log. So get out paper and pen, think about your ideal date, talk to some adult about an organization to be helped—and make your bid for a date with Sal Mineo!

Anyone can win—it can be you. Every letter will be read by the Contest Editor of PHOTOPLAY and the most interesting ones will be given to Sal to decide on.

Remember, this contest will not be repeated. It will be run *only* in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Entries must be post-marked before midnight, December 9, 1956.

Sal Mineo Contest Editor PHOTOPLAY Magazine

Box 1646, Grand Central Station

New York 17, N. Y.

Here is my letter to Sal Mineo. I am _____ years old. My name and address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Across

1. "— Persuasion"
8. Star of "The Mountain"
15. Colman or Reagan
16. "My —" (song)
18. Famous California product (not movies)
19. Music for silents
21. Tab's expert on this
22. "— and Peace"
23. Lush redhead in "Wicked as They Come" (init.)
24. Senator's wife in "The Ambassador's Daughter"
25. "Somebody Up — Likes Me"
27. "Marty" — first in the Oscar race
29. "The Outlaws Are — Town"
30. Heroine of popular radio daytime drama (init.)
31. "The Mountain" and "Anastasia" were shot in different — of Europe
34. "— Day at Black Rock"
37. "Take — Easy" (song)
38. MacRae's co-star (init.)
39. Now playing the Pharaoh's wife (init.)
40. "— I Loved You" (song)
41. Good sections in theatres
43. She plays 52 Down
45. Maureen O'Hara's birthplace
46. Gary Cooper likes to — between takes
48. Nickname for star of "The Unguarded Moment"
49. Steiger or Cameron
51. Marilyn's ex swung this
53. "The Last Wagon" star
55. Fans — it up when Presley introduced his style
56. "The — Twenties"

59. Welcoming her own "Bundle of Joy"

62. Locale of early scenes in "Moby Dick"
63. "— You" (song)
65. Star of "Reprisal!"
66. Star of "Bhowani Junction" (init.)
67. *You — Your Life*
68. Flying-saucer film
70. "This — My Beloved" (song)
71. Troublemaker in "The Last Wagon" (init.)
72. Costumes of the "Julius Caesar" cast
74. "The — Was Indiscreet"
77. Louis Jourdan is a —
78. — stars sell movies

Down

1. "Back — Eternity"
2. In "Flight to Hong Kong"
3. "Anastasia" star
4. She's Pharaoh's sister
5. She's "Julie" (init.)
6. Heroine of "Toward the Unknown"
7. Grace's honeymoon locale
9. "The — and the Prize"
10. "The Ten Commandments" is set in the Old Testament —
11. Richard Basehart in "Moby Dick" and others
12. Former film star, now TV actor (init.)
13. Star of "Tension at Table Rock"
14. In 9 Down, the heroine's accused of being a —
17. She sang for 47 Down
20. "The Opposite Sex" has two
26. "Niagara" lover (init.)

28. Career girl in "The Opposite Sex" (init.)
32. Bereaved mother in "The Bad Seed"
33. Stars must know the — and outs of show business
34. New blonde in "Giant"
35. Fonda and Huston both played "Honest —"
36. "Death — a Scoundrel"
38. "Love Me Tender" introduces a — to the screen
40. "— — Dreamer, Aren't We All?" (song)
42. Current Bob Wagner role
44. Anne Bancroft in "Walk the Proud Land"
47. Type of dog featured in "Lady and the Tramp"
50. Current Macdonald Carey-Rhonda Fleming vehicle
51. Nickname of ex-Mrs. Grant
52. "— Rebel"
54. Fight promoter in "The Leather Saint" (init.)
56. Don Murray lassoed Marilyn with a —
57. Tony did his last "Trapeze" act without a —
58. Roy Rogers' old rival (init.)
59. Star of "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (init.)
60. What film cutters do
61. Game in "The Last Hunt"
64. In "Flight to Hong Kong"
65. She used to date Bing
67. First-scene locale in "The Man with the Golden Arm"
69. Kim's sex (abbr.)
73. Star of "The Fastest Gun Alive" (init.)
75. "I Married — Angel"
76. The Ladds' son-in-law (init.)

(Continued from page 61)

But before she could reach up a wave of unconsciousness washed over her again.

Outside, in a telephone booth in the waiting room, Tony Curtis waited anxiously for news. They had promised to telephone him from the delivery room the moment his child was born. He waited and waited, but the telephone didn't ring. Finally, from a corner of his eye, he saw a woman being wheeled down the hall. Impatiently, nervously, he stared up at the telephone. A moment later he realized that the woman must have been Janet.

He ran the length of the corridor and, stopping only for a few quick words with the doctor and a quick glance at the baby, he caught up with Janet.

"Janet!" he whispered hoarsely, excitedly.

"Yes, darling?" She smiled and nodded at him, but afterwards she could not remember what she had said.

"Honey, you've got a little girl."

"Yes, I know, Tony."

"Do you know what she weighs?"

"No."

"Six pounds, six ounces."

"That's a nice price," she said happily and went to sleep. . . .

It was a little over a year ago when Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh decided they were ready to have a baby.

They did not say anything to each other for a while. Tony remembered—with every detail still hard and clear in his mind—the night in 1953 when Janet had lost her first baby, and he had been two thousand miles away, helpless, not even able to share the waiting with her.

Janet remembered, too. And she said, "It was nature's way of saying that something was wrong. And . . . perhaps we weren't quite ready to have a baby then."

"And now?" Tony asked. She nodded.

"We decided we were ready to have a baby," Janet says today. "We decided we were mature enough to be responsible for another human being and to share ourselves and our marriage with another person. We knew that a baby would change our marriage, but we weren't quite sure if a baby would make our marriage stronger. That was something we had to wait nine months to find out."

"We found out," Tony says.

"Yes," Janet echoes. "We found out."

"In the years we've been married," says Tony, "we've had our share of problems. We've shouted at each other and slammed doors and occasionally done worse. But I don't think you can show me a man who's been married even two years who hasn't been angry at his wife at least once. I don't think you can show me a woman who's been married two years who hasn't cried because of her husband at least once."

"But we've really only had one basic problem. For better or for worse, we're two strong people. We each wanted our own way and we found it difficult to compromise. If we had an argument, the important thing was who was going to win and who was going to lose. Usually both of us were too stubborn to give in."

"And too proud," Janet adds. "Now, since the baby, we have an easiness, a closeness that we never had before."

"It's strange," Tony says, "but we're more considerate of each other without really trying to be."

"Suddenly," Janet adds, "it's not just my pride and my wishes fighting Tony's pride and Tony's wishes. It's both of us thinking about someone else."

"And it's not a question of whether Janet is going to win or I'm going to

win. It's as if we have discovered an unwritten law that tells us when to compromise, when to give way."

Every day that Tony and Janet are sharing now is filled with new sensations. Even their comfortable, yellowstone house seems strange to both of them. Like people lightheaded with too little sleep, they are almost painfully sensitive to sights—a half-empty bottle tilted awkwardly against a railing; and smells—the sweet-sour smell of a baby's room, the oily fragrance of baby lotion. They are conscious of sounds—the nurse's footsteps on the stairs, water boiling on the stove, or the wind whining faintly through the chimney like a baby moaning in a troubled dream.

It is Tony's foot that is first to the stairs then. It is Tony's heart that beats louder until he realizes that it is only the wind. Then he turns, half-sheepishly, and goes back to his chair. He is only now beginning to accept his daughter as a person. For Janet, this realization came earlier and easier.

"It was the morning after Kelly was born," Janet says. "I looked at this lovely thing that I held, with its arms moving and its feet kicking, and suddenly I understood that this was a human being. And I was amazed to think that I had carried her inside my body for so long. When you are pregnant, you think 'baby,' and you talk 'baby,' but you don't really know what the word means."

For Tony, it was different. "After I left Janet in her room, I went to the nursery and looked at the baby. I looked for a long time, but she seemed no different from any of the other babies in the hospital nursery. There was no mystic way in which I could have identified her. The only thing I could do was read the name on the crib and hope that they hadn't put the wrong baby there. I could feel no emotion toward this one particular baby. I think that you get attached to a baby slowly. When it lives with you and begins to recognize you and smiles for the first time. Before that there is just the new sensation of being a father."

To Tony, that sensation was a mixture of many intangible things. He was overcome—quite literally overcome as though he had been knocked down by a strong wind—by a mixed feeling of joy and triumph and the dismaying realization that he was about to cry and, above all, "the feeling that we had discovered something for the first time, that we had done something that nobody else could do."

Kelly Curtis is five months old now, and the exquisite wonder of that sensation has faded. Kelly is still too young to crawl or talk, but she has already caused changes in her parents that are out of proportion to her weight and size.

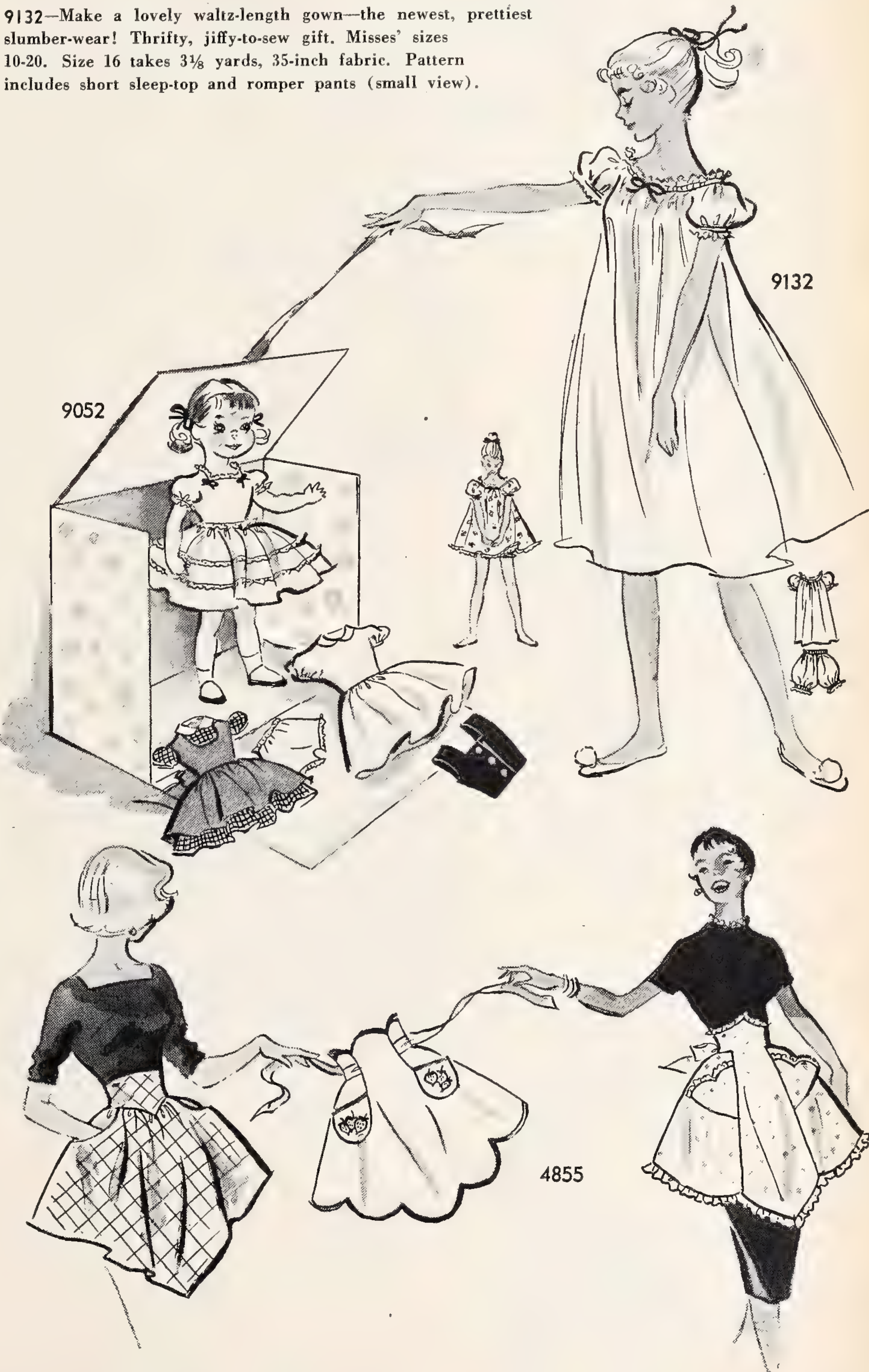
"I feel more mature," Janet says. "I have to be. When there was only myself to worry about, I could go on making the same mistakes forever. When I look at Kelly now, I know that each thing I do is irrevocably important."

And Tony says appraisingly of his wife, "Janet has more assurance now. She still can get upset and nervous over trifles, but she's more tolerant and more patient. There's something in her eyes, too, and a new way she carries herself that I can't describe. But, somehow, she's more beautiful now than she has ever been."

Janet, who has always hated the disorder of having even one ashtray out of place, has been in the throes of having the house remodeled. The bathrooms are unusable and full of coiled lengths of wire. Pipes and conduits are sprawled across the stairs, and electricians are stamping over the roof and crawling through the second-story windows. Janet cannot shut her eyes to all of this, but she finds the disturbance less important than

YOUNG IDEAS: PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS

9132—Make a lovely waltz-length gown—the newest, prettiest slumber-wear! Thrifty, jiffy-to-sew gift. Misses' sizes 10-20. Size 16 takes $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards, 35-inch fabric. Pattern includes short sleep-top and romper pants (small view).



9052—Sew in time for Santa! Complete adorable wardrobe for your little one's favorite dolly! An easy Printed Pattern in doll sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 inches. Scraps will do—see pattern for yardages.

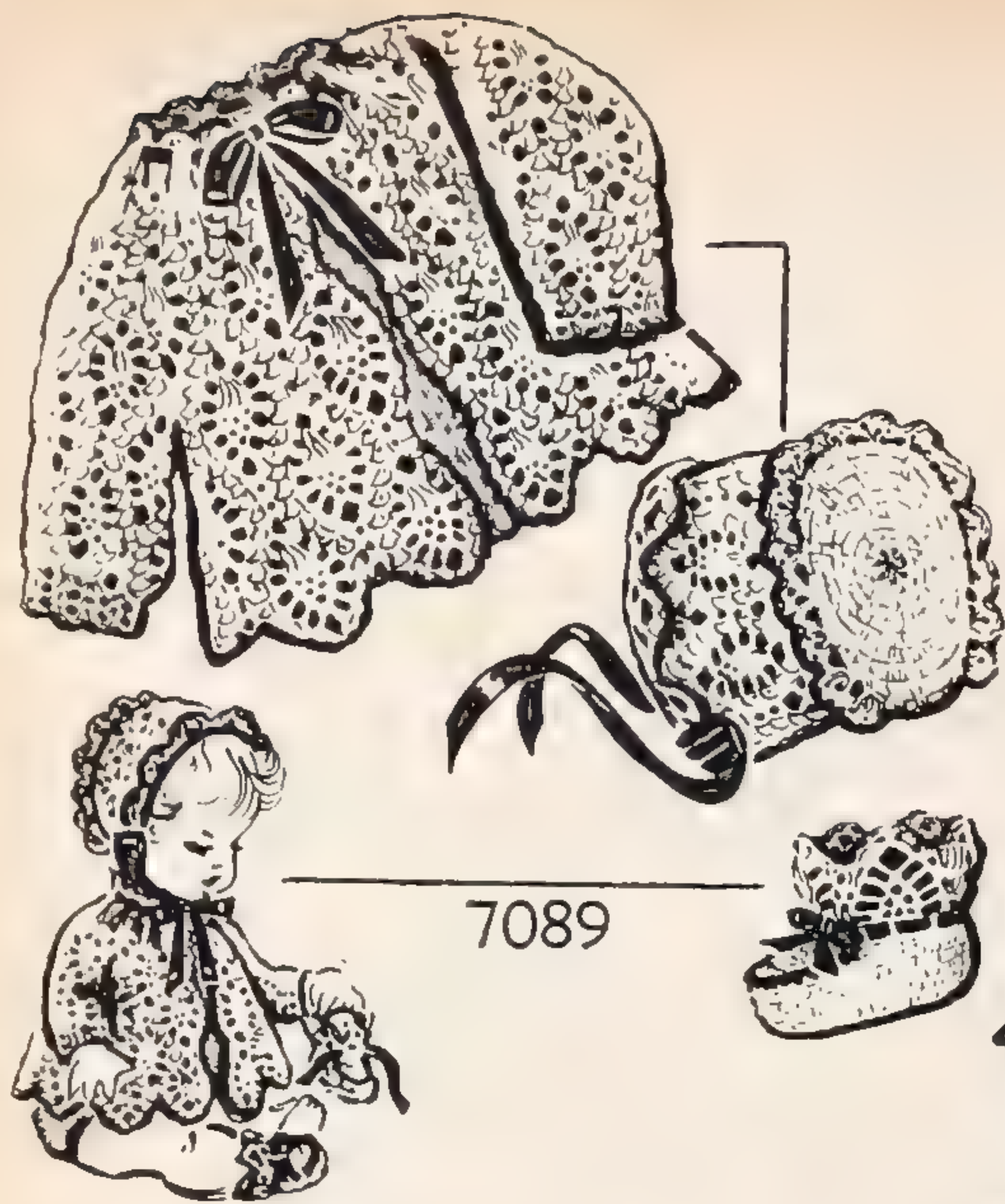
4855—Newest Printed Pattern, jiffy-cut! It's all one piece—just pin to fabric, cut complete apron at once! Pattern includes all three styles, appliqué transfer. Medium only. Each apron, 1 yard, 35-inch.

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents per pattern for first-class mailing.

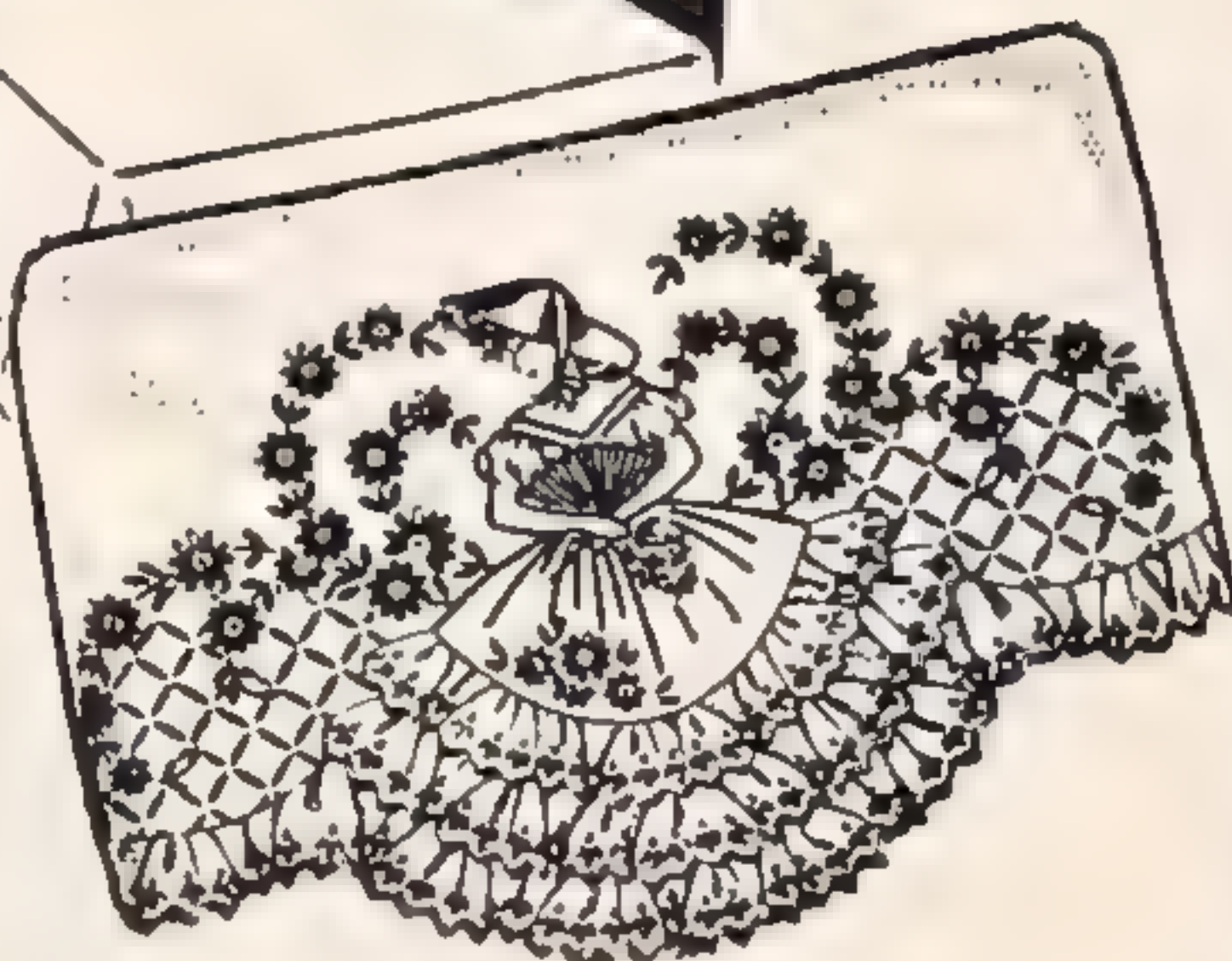
YOUNG IDEAS: NEEDLE NEWS

7089—Perfect gift for the new baby: booties, cap and jacket made in a pretty pineapple pattern. Easy to crochet. Directions included for crochet in three-ply baby yarn.

676—Happiness birds—the luck-bringing blue-birds to embroider on kitchen towels. Six gay designs, 6 x 8 inches, and they're charming.



751



599

751—Embroider this graceful old-fashioned-girl motif on linens, in easiest stitches. Add a frilly ruffling of eyelet or lace. Transfer of one motif 5 x 19½ inches; two 3½ x 14 inches. Color chart and complete directions.

599—Crochet this graceful doily in leaf design. It's easy and will look lovely in your home. Use it as a centerpiece or scarf. Directions for doily 15 x 32 inches in No. 30 cotton, smaller in No. 50 cotton; larger in string.

7263—Wrap-around apron is such a pretty protection for kitchen chores, hostess duties. Large flower-pocket matches potholder. Tissue pattern, directions for apron in medium size only. Transfer of pocket and potholder.



7263

it used to be. Even at the worst times. . . .
"Mrs. Curtis," one of the electricians said tentatively the other day, "have the plumbers gone?"
"Yes," she said thankfully.
"I think you'd better call them back, ma'am. There seems to be water leaking in the bathrooms."
A year ago, Janet would have been nearly hysterical. This time she was only annoyed. And she was able to go into Kelly's room a few minutes later and leave the strain and tension that she felt behind her, dropping it at the door.
"If I have changed," says Janet, "Tony has changed, too. He's more willing to accept responsibility now. He used to want to hide from responsibility if he could. But when we knew I was pregnant we had to sit down and plan. We had to talk things out and think them out. Whether we should buy a house; how much money we had; how we should budget for the time when I wasn't going to work. And Tony wanted to accept the responsibilities."

Tony doesn't think that he has changed. Or, rather, "I've changed," he says, "but not because of the baby. Having a baby changes every woman. Her emotions change, and so does her body. But to a man, having a baby is really external. He can't nurture it. He can only stand on the sidelines and watch and be a little awed. If I were still a child, as I was two years ago, being a father wouldn't have made me grow up."

But they both agree that their life has changed. "It isn't any fuller," Tony says. "It was always full. But now it's richer."

"Richer," says Janet, "but not in any way that you can describe easily. I'm not sure I understand it quite myself, but it's like this. The baby makes me laugh, but it's a different type of laughter than I've ever known before. It's just such a true joy that the laugh seems to bubble over, to come out in spite of myself."

"Richer . . ." Tony echoes. "When Kelly was a month old, I went to pick out a new car. And somehow this new car is more pleasurable to me than any car I've ever owned. And I know that it's because the baby is going to ride in it. I bought a new suit, and the same thing happened. The new suit was better than any other suit because, when I wear it, I will be holding the baby. I guess it is that having a baby has made other things taste and seem good."

Tony is quick to add that he and Janet are guilty of reading things into the baby that aren't there yet. "She's still half-vegetable. She recognizes us, smiles at us and coos a bit, but that's about all. Most of the time she eats and sleeps and eats again and sleeps some more and gets her diapers changed. And," he adds, "she cheated me out of something."

"Ever since I learned that Janet was pregnant, I waited for the day that I could speed toward the hospital, flag down a policeman on the way, shout, 'Follow me. My wife's having a baby,' and weave through streams of traffic with the sirens screaming behind me. But Kelly decided to give Janet labor pains at 7 A.M. on a Sunday morning. Everybody else in Los Angeles was sleeping. There was no traffic to weave through. There was no policeman. And I didn't even get a chance to run through the red lights. Every time I came to a signal, it turned green!"

But then he smiles at Janet and he doesn't sound as though he minds being cheated. He doesn't sound as though he minds anything. Because all is so right and so wonderful now, for two of the most adoring parents—and the happiest lovers—to be found anywhere.

THE END

MAKE A NOTE: Tony Curtis is in "Mister Cory." Janet Leigh was last in "Safari."

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

To buy fashions on pages 63-68 phone stores listed below, mentioning PHOTOPLAY. Or write, enclosing a clipping of item you wish to order.

On page 63:

NATLYNN JUNIOR DRESSES (pages 63 and 68)
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The New Williams
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Lovemans
CHICAGO, ILL.—Madigan Bros.
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Goldsmith's
NASHVILLE, TENN.—Chester's
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—D. H. Holmes
OMAHA, NEB.—J. L. Brandeis
ROCHESTER, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards
SEATTLE, WASH.—Best's Apparel

MEEKER HANDBAG
CINCINNATI, O.—J. B. Schaaf
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Grozow's

RAIN DEARS RAINBOOTS
At leading stores cross-country

CORO BRACELET
CHICAGO, ILL.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
DALLAS, TEX.—Titcher-Goettinger
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Saks-34th

ALEXETTE BACMO GLOVES
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

On page 64:

YOUNG MODES DRESS
ATLANTA, GA.—J. P. Allen
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's

JUNIOR ELEGANCE DRESS
AMARILLO, TEX.—Lucilles
DALLAS, TEX.—Peyton's
FORT WORTH, TEX.—Jay Lane

SAMSONITE HAT BOX
BOSTON, MASS.—Jordan Marsh
CHICAGO, ILL.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
DENVER, COLO.—Denver Dry Goods
DETROIT, MICH.—Crowley, Milner
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The May Co.
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wanamaker
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Macy's
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

TOWLE SALAD SERVERS
ATLANTA, GA.—Rich's
BOSTON, MASS.—Jordan Marsh
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mermod, Jaccard, King
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Dohrmann's
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

GIANT UMBRELLA
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins

TEEN TRIX BELT (see information, page 64)

PLAYTEX PARTY SETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hecht Co.

ROLFE BOODLE BAG
NEW YORK, N. Y.—David's of 5th Ave.
SEATTLE, WASH.—The Bon Marche

KLEINERT BOUDOIR BONNET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Macy's
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—J. W. Robinson
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Famous & Barr

ABERLE STOCKINGS
BOSTON, MASS.—Thayer McNeil
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Frederick's

On page 66:

GAY GIBSON DRESS
BOSTON, MASS.—Jays
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Martin's
DETROIT, MICH.—Himelhoch Bros.
PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Goldwater's
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Macy's
WELLESLEY, MASS.—Jays
WICHITA, KAN.—Innes

MARVELLA PEARLS
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
NEW YORK, N. Y.—De Pinna
NEWARK, N. J.—Hahne's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wanamaker
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

BAAR & BEARDS SCARF
DALLAS, TEX.—Sanger Bros.
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hecht Co.

COBBLERS SLIPPERS
AUSTIN, TEX.—E. M. Scarbrough
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Coulter's
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Macy's
NEWARK, N. J.—Hahne's
PORTLAND, ORE.—Nordstrom's
TACOMA, WASH.—Nordstrom's

HAFT, MANN & GAINES JACKET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wanamaker

GORHAM SILVER TRAY
At leading stores everywhere

On page 68:

DORIS DODSON DRESS
CINCINNATI, O.—Rollman's
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Levy's
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Bry-Block
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff

ROSANNA SWEATER
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Goldsmith's
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
OMAHA, NEB.—J. L. Brandeis
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Bonwit Teller

CLIFTON HANDBAG
At leading stores everywhere

FASHION CRAFT PILLBOX
HOUSTON, TEX.—Battelstein's

GRAND DUCHESS EARRINGS
BALTIMORE, MD.—Hochschild Kohn
BOSTON, MASS.—Jordan Marsh
HOUSTON, TEX.—Levy's
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hecht Co.

DRIZZLE BOOTS
BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler Bros.
BOSTON, MASS.—Filene's
BUFFALO, N. Y.—Hengerer's
CHICAGO, ILL.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—J. W. Robinson
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

HUSKIES SLIPPERS
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Kaufmann's

On page 70—What's Spinning?

PHILCO PHONOGRAPH (See page 70)

MODERN JUNIORS SEPARATES
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Emery, Bird, Thayer
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

Now a free dispenser *for the gentle touch of Hinds*



Fingertip dispenser free with
purchase of two 49¢ bottles
of Hinds Cream... all for 98¢

What a delightful way to pour on hand magic! Just press the new dispenser cap and Hinds special kindness will flow onto your hands. No spilling, no dripping, just the right amount. You'll love Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream. Like flowers, it contains a special ingredient, Floratex; puts a veil between you, wind, weather and work. Buy this offer now and get the fingertip dispenser free.

A product of Lehn & Fink • Also available in Canada.

"For If Ye Believe . . ."

(Continued from page 47)

was. He needed certain physical qualifications; these, too, Heston, his six-foot-four-inch frame and his strong, expressive face, were able to meet. But more than that, what Mr. De Mille sought and at last found was an innate gravity of soul, a capacity to absorb and then to portray instinctively the most profound human personality ever to appear in the history of the Judeo-Christian religion.

"I had watched Heston closely for some time," Mr. De Mille says simply, "and the actor seemed to have what I needed."

In his preparation for the role, Heston read twenty-two volumes of a bibliography on the life of Moses, after he had devoted many long hours to the study of Exodus. In the early days of the picture, a few members of the cast were inclined to ridicule him for his almost abnormal dedication to the role he was to play. During his year of preparation, he was never seen on the Paramount lot without a stack of books under his arm. Knowing Heston as a basically gregarious man, others in the cast thought this savored slightly of ham. They later changed their minds, however, when they discovered that he had read all the books he carried with him.

Even Heston's physical labors in getting into condition for "The Ten Commandments" were formidable. When he was chosen by De Mille for the role, the actor, never a man to toy with his food—his normal lunch is an outsize steak which he devours with all the enthusiasm of a hungry lumberjack—was toting 214 pounds of bone, muscle and not much fat. When Mr. De Mille told him he must slim down to 194, Heston was mildly astonished, but actors don't argue with the great producer. Aided by James Davies, physical director at Paramount Studios, he went to work. "He slaved ferociously," Jimmy says. "From January 17 until May 28, he labored every Sunday except three. Using two fifty-pound weights, he would normally hoist 5,000 pounds each day in a smooth up-and-over motion. Each workout lasted an hour and a quarter. When he got through he was a lot of man."

The spiritual preparation was even harder—and more lasting.

During the filming of the picture, both in Egypt and in Hollywood, Heston was at first subjected to some good-natured ribbing, not only because of the seriousness with which he undertook the role, but on account of his striking, almost godlike make-up. This never bothered him, and he gave no evidence of self-consciousness. Gradually the absorption which governed his mind off the set as well as during the actual shooting impressed other members of the cast and crew. During the entire period he seemed more and more thoughtful, more pensive, than his friends had ever known him to be. He became more and more detached, and spent much of his leisure time in his dressing room, listening to classical music. Rallied on this point, he replied that music helped him get into the proper mood.

Lydia Heston recalls that: "He seemed, somehow, withdrawn into himself. One day, after they had returned from Egypt and were shooting on the Paramount lot, I went to the studio and had lunch with Chuck in his dressing room. He seemed unusually thoughtful, and when I left I kissed him goodbye. Immediately I sensed a curious stiffening. Hurt and angry, I blurted out: 'I'm your wife. Remember?' It took a minute before he came back to me and the real world around him. Then he laughed, a rueful, almost embarrassed laugh, and said, 'I'm sorry, honey. This role really must be growing on me. I'm beginning to think I am Moses.'"

By that time in the making of the picture, the spiritual impact of their undertaking had affected everyone involved in it. A visitor to the lot, arriving in time for the lunch break, saw the principals and extras in their Biblical robes, bearded and solemn of face, pouring into the commissary and across the street to the lunch counters and cafeterias. Even in blasé Hollywood the contrast between the characters and the world around them was at first ridiculous. Seated at a table in the commissary with Yul Brynner, John Derek and others of the cast, the visitor looked with raised eyebrows across the room to

where Charlton Heston sat alone, the Biblical Moses to whom ordinary mortals hesitated to approach. Amid the clatter of dishes and high-pitched chatter of commissary conversation it was, to say the least, odd.

"Yes," the cast members answered the raised eyebrows. "Maybe it strikes an outsider as pretty silly. But do you know something? Making this picture has done something to every one of us."

Later, Mr. De Mille, talking about his picture and what it had meant to its cast, particularly Charlton Heston, was seated in his office, a room completely filled with oil paintings of Biblical characters: Queen Nefritiri, played by Anne Baxter; Sephora, played by Yvonne De Carlo; and many pictures of Moses representing the three stages of his career.

Members of the cast, including Heston, Mr. De Mille said, had been taken over the precise route which Moses and the children of Israel traveled in their flight out of Egypt. "I did this for a definite reason," he said. "I wanted Heston to know, at first hand, the sufferings of the people whom Moses led out of Egypt on their journey from the Red Sea to Sinai."

"The desert," Mr. De Mille continued, "was the same ancient wilderness, under the same blazing sun, that Moses stumbled through as the outlaw shepherd who was to become the voice of God. I, for one, am glad this desert hasn't changed. I went there to make 'The Ten Commandments' in the hope that some of Moses' ancient inspiration would rub off on our modern counterpart, Charlton Heston, and on the crew of Hollywood technicians, including myself."

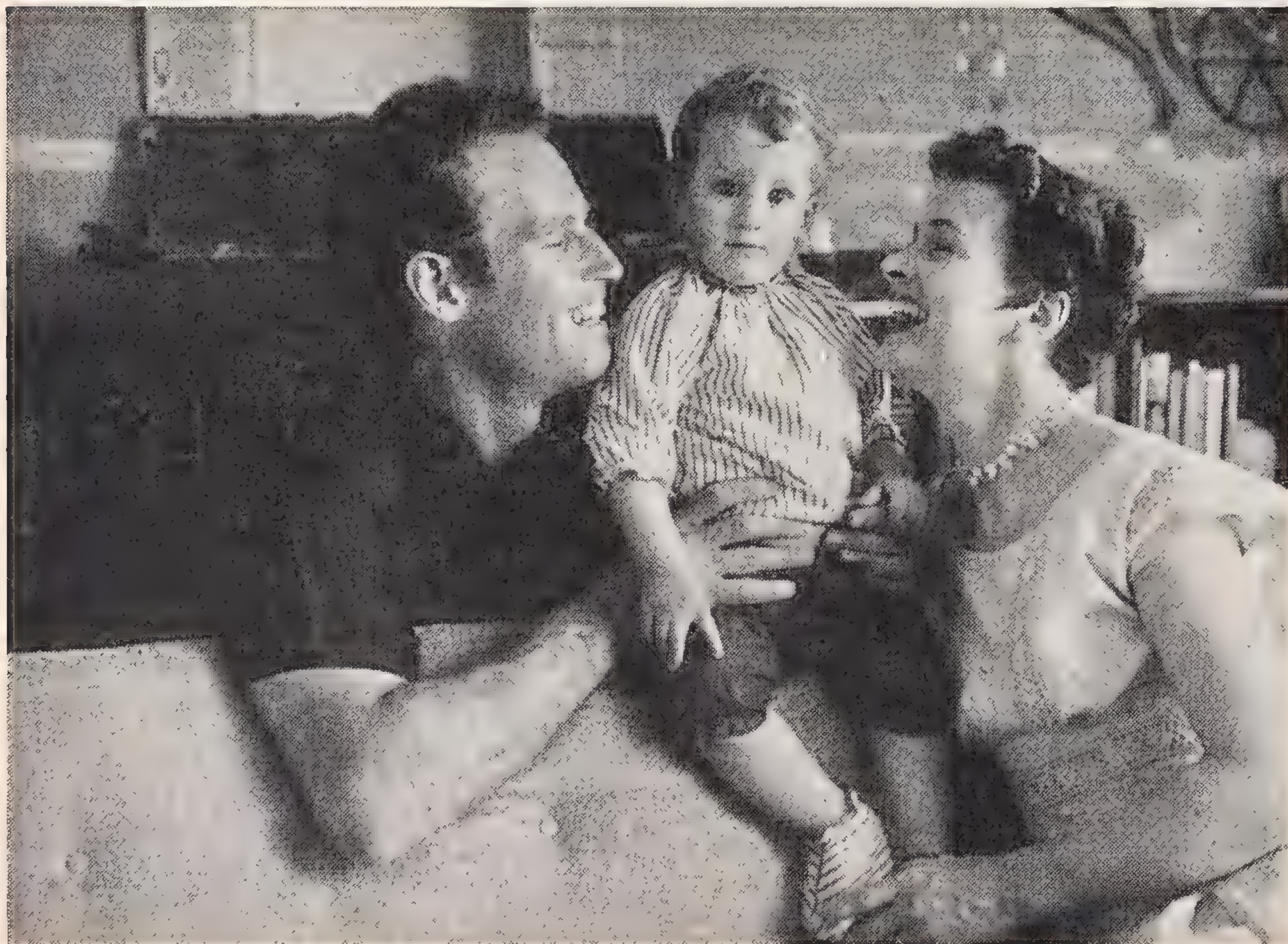
Asked if he had achieved this objective in regard to Heston, Mr. De Mille said: "I cannot see how it could be otherwise. It is impossible to stand on the crest of that most majestic mountain, Sinai, where Moses stood and listened to the commands of God, and not prove the Bible to yourself."

Continuing to speak of their memorable trek through the wilderness, Mr. De Mille said: "We went down the Nile road to Suez, across the canal, then by car into Arabia, through the Sinai desert to the shore of the Red Sea, then by camel through the mountains to the Wadi Feiran and St. Catherine's monastery. Then we traveled on foot up Jebel Moussa."

"We shot parts of the Burning Bush and Decalogue sequences on Sinai, and scenes of Moses wandering in the desert on our way back. All of it was strange and wonderful and awesome. I know that Chuck felt as I did. To stand on the peak of Sinai was a deeply moving experience, and to live for five days inside the monastery itself was, perhaps, the most fruitful of all that we saw and did. It was a tremendously emotional experience."

Anne Baxter, who played the beautiful and tragic Queen Nefritiri (whom, historians say, Moses loved), says: "I think there's no doubt at all that Charlton was deeply affected by the role he played. Moses, you see, had to be so subtly differentiated in portraying the three great phases of his life—those of the Prince of Egypt, the outlaw shepherd, and the man who led the Israelites to the Promised Land—that it required interpretation of the most delicate shadings. I, as the queen who loved him, could feel how beautifully he accomplished this."

Speaking of the effect upon him as an actor and as an individual of the great scenes he played in depicting the life of



With Lydia and Fray, who felt they'd lost Chuck during "Ten Commandments" filming

Moses, Heston said: "Any actor worth his salt tries to *believe* in the events which he is trying to portray. For instance, when I stood before the vast throng of 12,000 people and 5,000 animals, all waiting to begin their momentous journey into the Promised Land, and when I raised my arm and cried: 'Hear, oh, Israel, and remember this day. . . .' I was as tight, emotionally, as it is possible for a man to be. Then, in the scene where I stood face to face with God on Mount Sinai, I was so immersed in the enormous implications of what was transpiring that I didn't have to act at all. You can't speak those magnificent lines without having your heart leap in your throat. It's like holding lightning in your hand.

"I always suspected an actor who said playing this or that part brought him closer to God," Heston went on. "To make such a claim was, I thought, presumptuous. But I've had to revise that opinion somewhat. No actor on earth could go through that stupendous role and not feel closer to the Creator."

The Ten Commandments is finished and Charlton Heston, whatever effect it had upon him, must go on in the career of a successful Hollywood actor. It might well be asked: Will the great role of Moses make every other picture which awaits him in the future something of an anticlimax? Does the brooding mood which dominated his thoughts during the two years of preparing for and shooting that magnificent epic still press upon him?

While it is not true that the role he enacted in "The Ten Commandments" is still noticeable in his bearing, the impact of the great personality he portrayed remains with Heston to some extent. His buoyancy, which at first glance appears as youthful as it ever was, is diminished. He is carefully meticulous in his consideration for others. He has a new seriousness.

Recently, we watched Charlton closely as he strode through his newest picture, "Three Violent People," playing opposite the same actress who, with her beauty and consummate art, helped make vivid his characterization of Moses in "The Ten Commandments"—Anne Baxter. It was a post-Civil War story, and it called for violent, uncontrolled emotions. The scene was being enacted in a tawdry bedroom of a sleazy Western hotel, and Heston was playing it as if it were his first big chance before a camera.

When the scene was finished, we asked him, "Did 'The Ten Commandments' give you anything that would carry you over into a part like this one?"

Thinking first of his development as an actor, he replied instantly, "No one could work under Mr. De Mille and not come out of it a far better performer." Then he paused. He was about to speak, and then paused again. Our question, he realized, was far more profound than one relating to mere acting skill. What did he get from having been the great Moses, from having portrayed this tremendous figure in the gigantic undertaking which was "The Ten Commandments"? He seemed to be searching for words and not finding them.

He smiled, and said softly, "I hope it has taught me to play lesser roles better."

But he knew, as we did, that he had not answered the question. Perhaps he could not. Perhaps no man could. Having been Moses, having talked to God, having led a people through a wilderness to light, having founded a new religion—even if only in make-believe—how could any man express the effect of that experience in simple words?

THE END

SEE: Charlton Heston in "The Ten Commandments."



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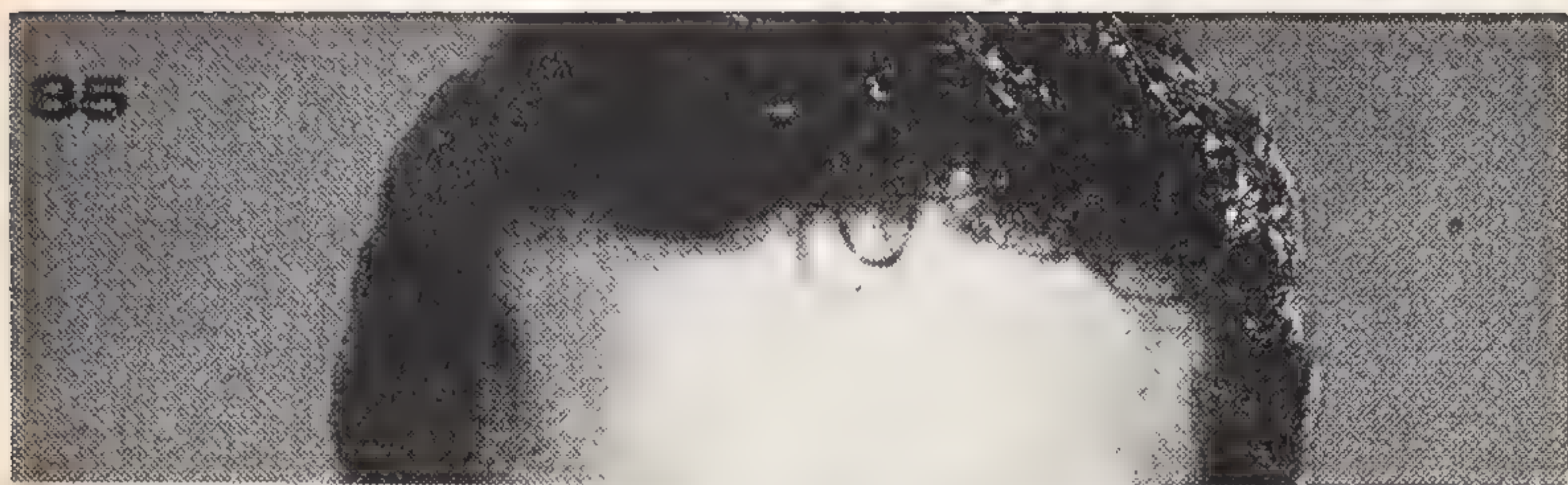
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Clues

85 *The hair made his film debut as Kim Novak's boyfriend*

86 *The eyes have made love to Marilyn Monroe*

87 *The mouth was born in Canada, starred in TV before films*

88 *The hair's favorite color is lavender*

89 *The eyes have made and broken many records*

90 *The mouth became the bride of one of seven brothers*

ADDITIONAL RUNNER-UP PRIZES



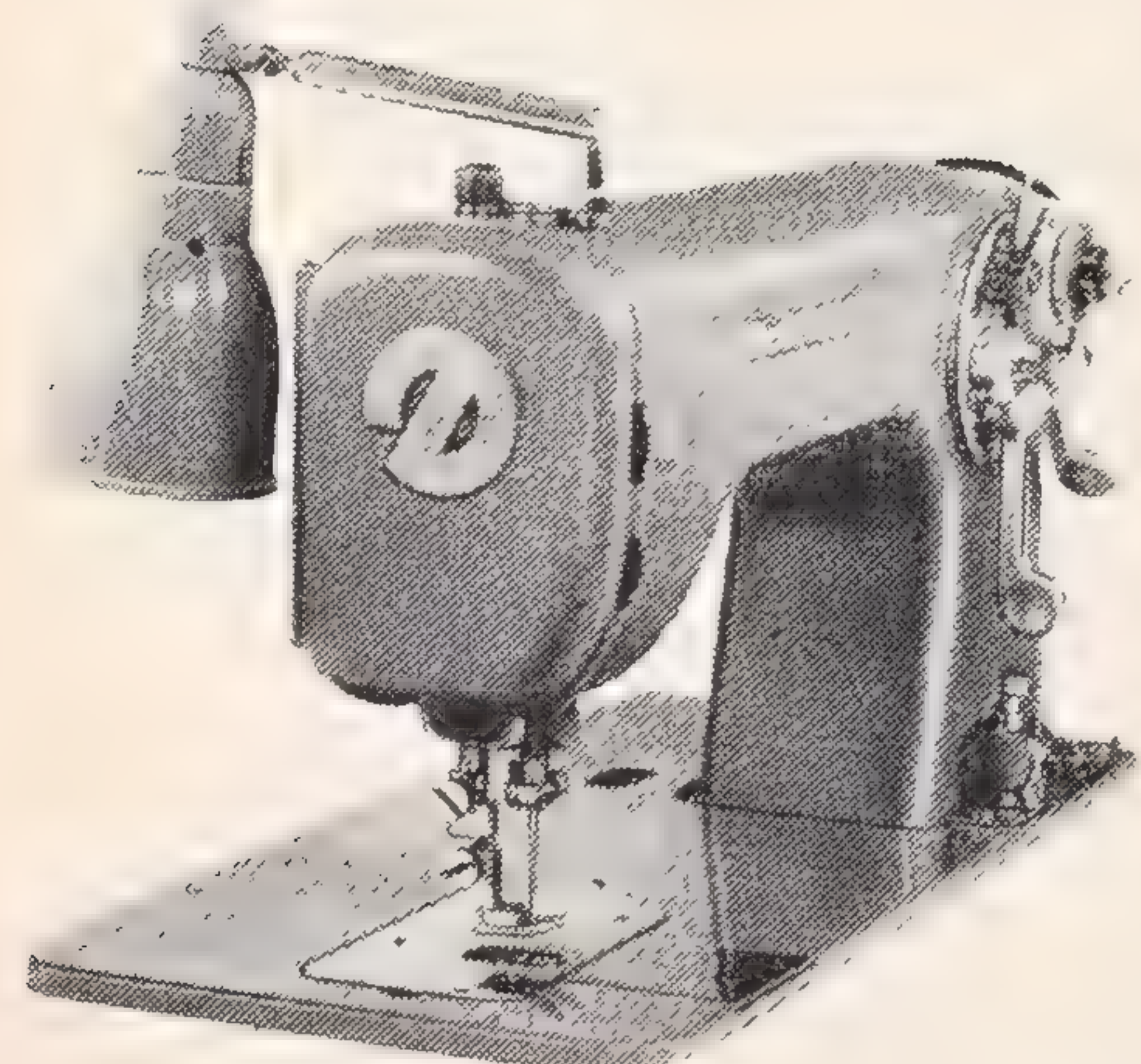
Towle 6" Sterling Silver Bowl: *Beautifully inlaid with transparent green enamel*



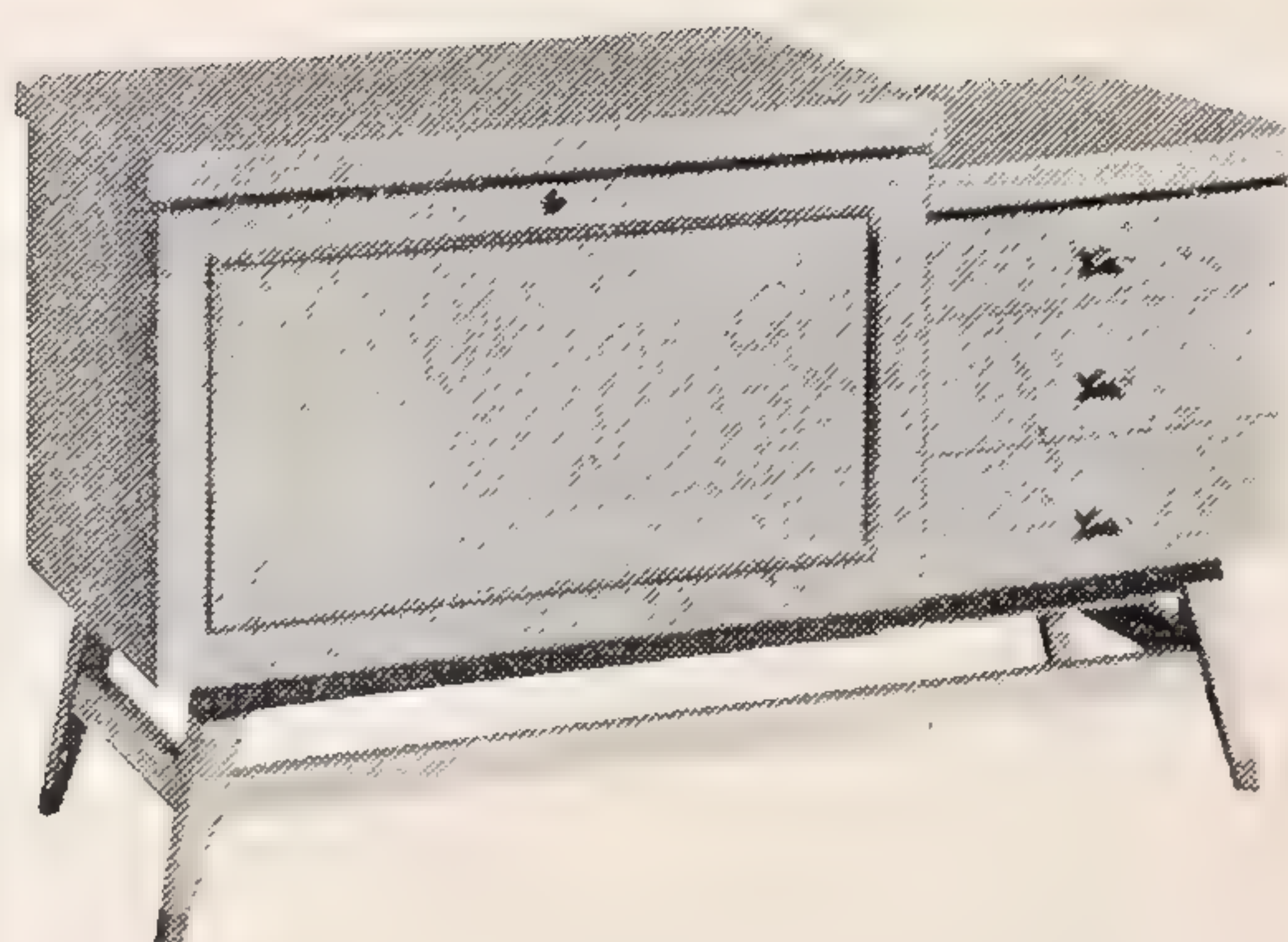
Universal 10-cup Coffeematic: *In gleaming chrome, from Landers, Frary & Clark*



Underwood De Luxe Portable Typewriter: *In 2-tone color, with streamlined improvements*



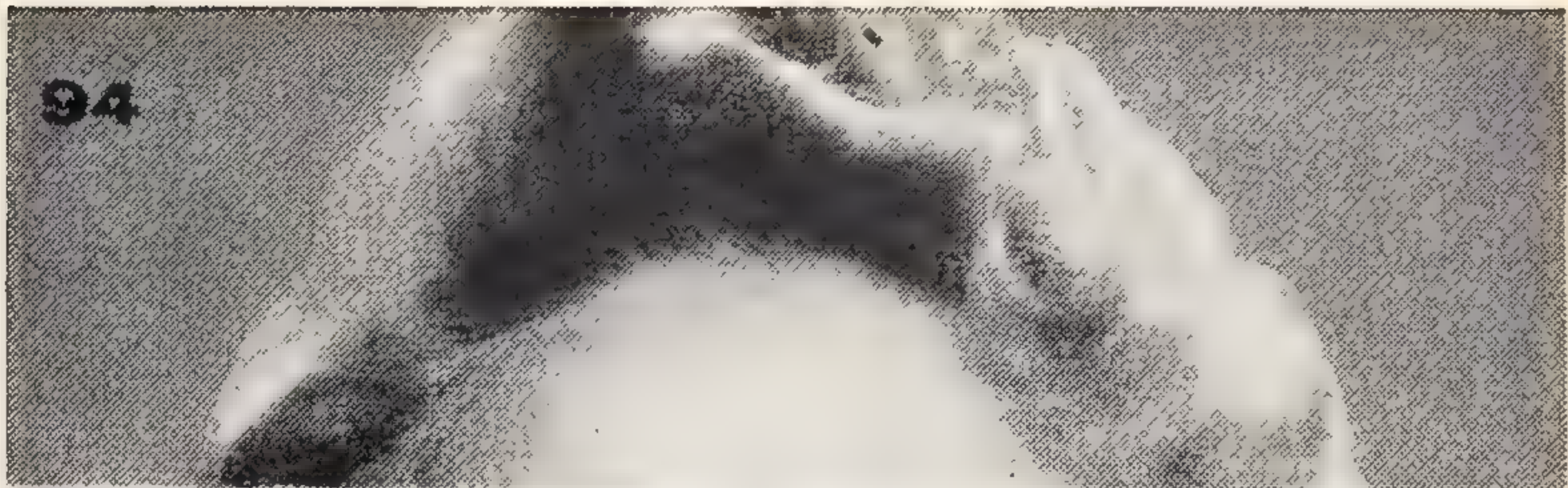
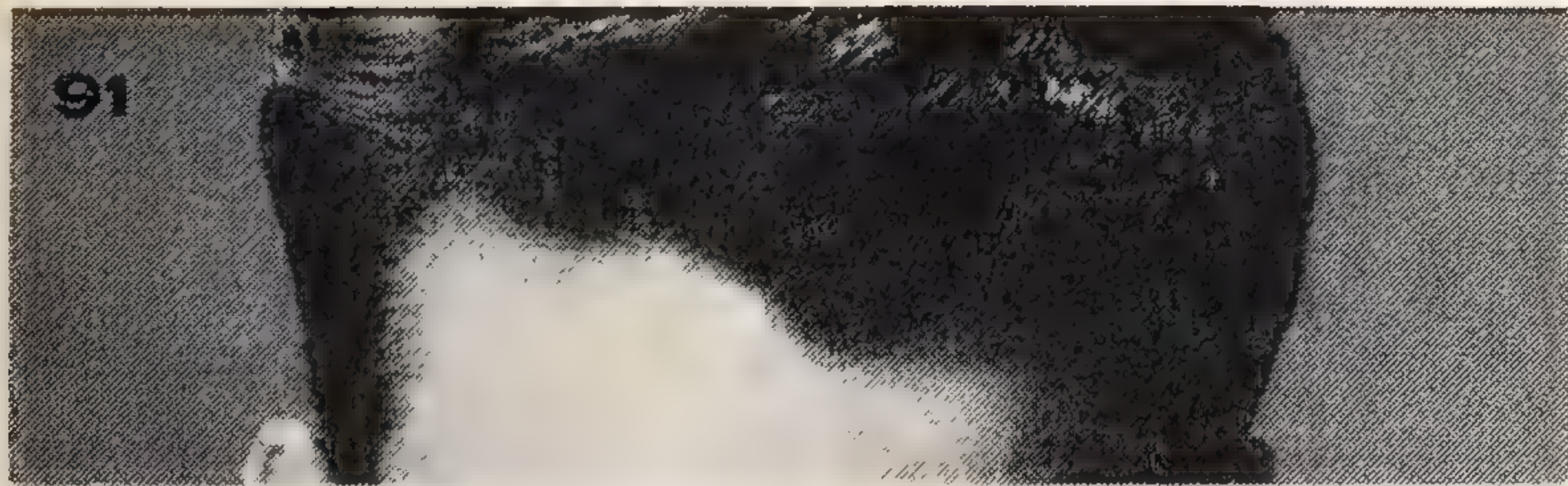
Durkopp Sewing Machine: *Perfect for many needs, sews hundreds of decorative stitches*



Lane Cedar Chest: *Ideal storage space, comes in Blond Oak Modern with brass trim*

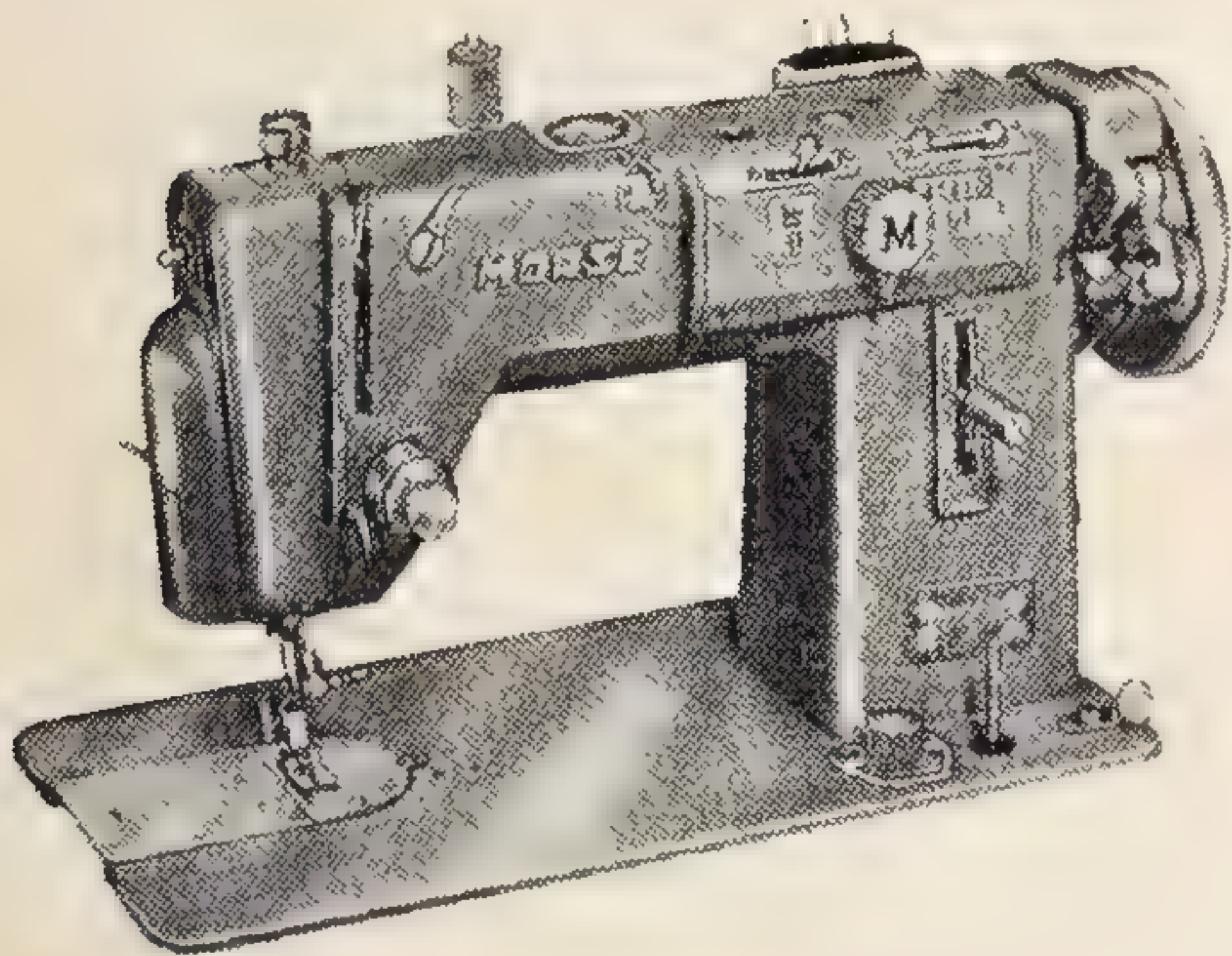


Gorham Chest of Sterling Silver for 8: *Winner may select one of 18 current patterns*

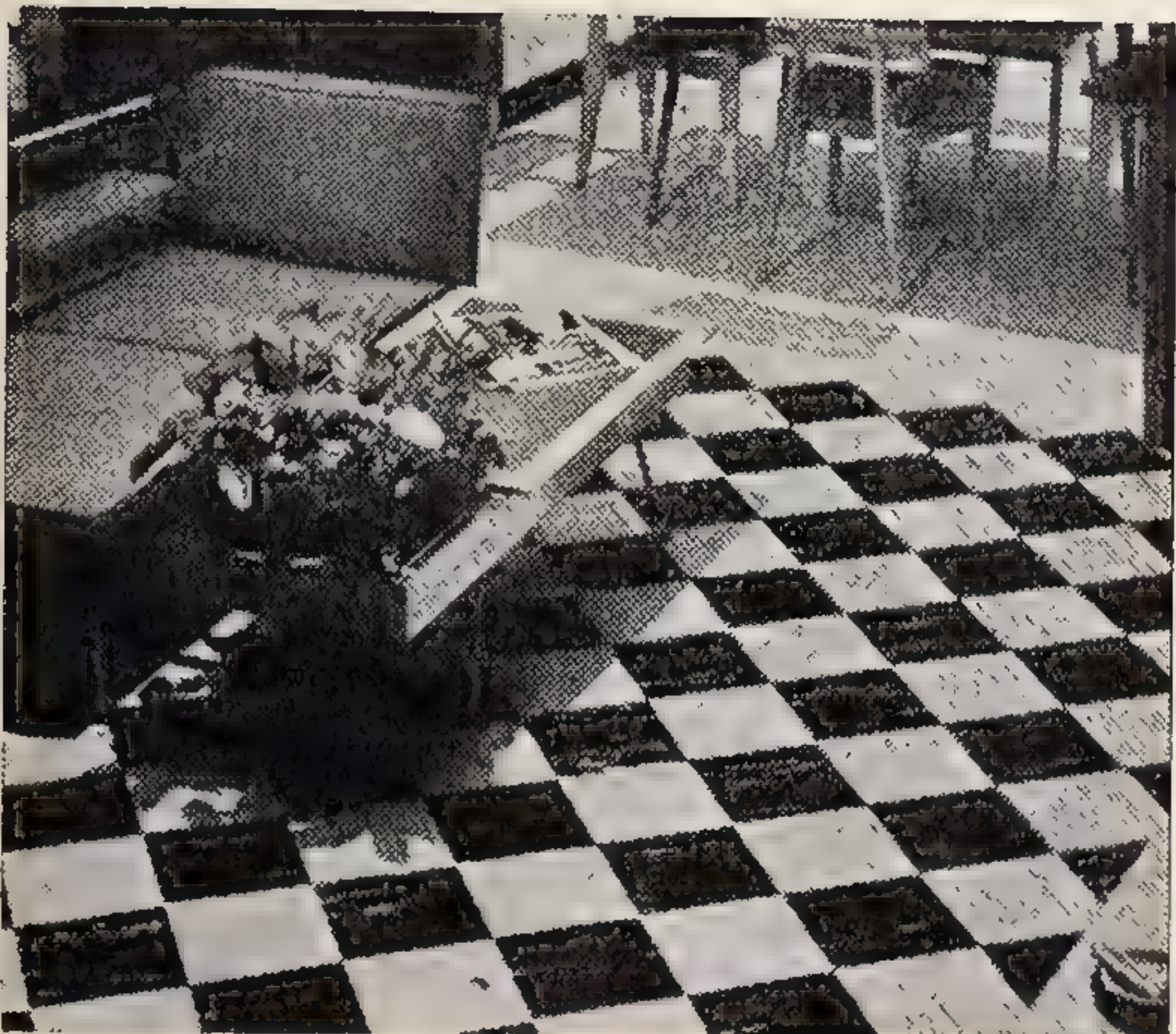


91 *The hair took five years to woo and win his wife*
92 *The eyes led an expedition to another planet*
93 *The mouth went to France and found a wife there*

94 *The hair was born on April Fool's Day*
95 *The eyes won friends and attracted a count in Europe*
96 *The mouth doesn't cook; lets her husband be chef*



Morse Super-Fotomatic Sewing Machine: Easy to operate, portable, with 14 rainbow discs



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Lucien Piccard wristwatch | <input type="checkbox"/> Wear-Ever Hallite Home Set |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Towle enamel and silver bowl | <input type="checkbox"/> Cannon Towel Gift Set |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pond's travel case and Sue Brett travel dress | <input type="checkbox"/> Year's supply of Coty's Fragrances |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mohawk carpet and Foamset carpet cushion | <input type="checkbox"/> Underwood De Luxe Portable Typewriter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lane Cedar Chest | <input type="checkbox"/> 3/4-oz. bottle of Schiaparelli "Shocking" perfume, enough to last a year |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Regina Elektrikbroom | <input type="checkbox"/> Sportswear from Pendleton Woolen Mills |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Morse Super-Fotomatic sewing machine | <input type="checkbox"/> Lady Buxton Gift Set |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lady Manhattan shirt and skirt | <input type="checkbox"/> Cutex Set case, plus year's supply of Cutex products |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Durkopp sewing machine | <input type="checkbox"/> Helene Curtis Gift Assortment |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Eagle sports coat (man's) | <input type="checkbox"/> Two pairs of Huskies shoes |
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The Girl with the Lavender Life

(Continued from page 38)

can find on Miss Eagels," she explains intently. "I found several of the books myself. I've put my friends to work digging up more, and several authorities on the theatre are helping me track down old magazine articles. As I read, I mark down passages that will help me understand the script, and then I have these passages typed out. Next I put them in order, like this."

She held out some hundred pages of typewritten notes. "I've almost got a book—my own book—so I don't have to hunt through all the other books and magazines to find the passage I want. The way I have it arranged, these pages follow the script, so every time I get ready for a scene, I'll have all my background material right at hand."

That may sound more like the academic drudgery of a bookworm than the glamorous life of a movie queen, but for Kim it was only the beginning. She dug out films made by Miss Eagels that even her own studio thought to be out of existence. She has studied by the hour every move of Miss Eagels' hands, her facial expressions, her seductive walk, her unique, exotic technique of screen lovemaking, and her regal way of wearing clothes. In the same manner Kim has listened to sound tracks of Miss Eagels' voice. There are but two in existence, because Miss Eagels died in 1929, after one of the most brilliant and stormy careers in show business history.

This ability to concentrate and lose herself in her work dates back to Kim's childhood in Chicago. She was shy, self-conscious and ill at ease to the point of awkwardness with strangers. But, contrary to most stories that picture her as a skinny, bony-kneed, flap-wristed object of ridicule, Kim was as beautiful as a child as she is today. And, far from making fun of her, boys used to stand in line just to show off in front of her. Unfortunately, this homage only served to make Kim more self-conscious, and she would spend long hours of solitude reading in her room rather than face the strain of being the center of attention.

Out of her frequent solitude grew a vivid imagination, and out of her imagination grew a dream girl who was neither shy nor self-conscious. This dream girl could act, sing, dance, flirt with boys, model beautiful silks and sables, and win the Miss America contest every year forever. She was quite a girl, and Kim—she was Marilyn Novak then—loved her. By the time she was eleven, Kim could become this dream girl at will.

And it was when she was eleven that she met Norma Kasell, the girl who, more than anyone else, started Miss Novak on the road to fame. At that time Miss Kasell was employed in the advertising and promotion department of The Fair, a large Chicago department store. One of her main projects was the development of The Fair Teen Club. The club attracted teenagers from all over the city, featured amateur acts and fashion shows, brought in guest artists appearing in Chicago theatres and hotels, and once a week put on a radio show over Station WGN. For a long time, young Marilyn Novak had listened to the programs, fascinated, and finally she persuaded her mother to take her to an actual broadcast.

"That was twelve years ago, but I can still see her when she came in," recalls Miss Kasell. Norma, herself, is beautiful enough to be a movie actress, but she prefers to be a wife and mother, and in her spare time serve as Miss Novak's appointment straightener-outer and secretary. "She hung back," Norma continues, "pulling her mother into a back-row seat. It was a relief, really. So many of the teenagers—a lot of them pushed on by their mothers—well, let's say they were eager to get on the air. And they would crowd me a little. It was refreshing to see one hanging back, so I made it a point to talk to her, and get her to the mike."

Miss Kasell still marvels at what happened next. "I could hardly believe it. This shy little creature, so big-eyed and beautiful, was all at once the most poised little young adult I have ever seen. I mean it—and I've seen lots of them. Everything was ad-lib, but she answered my questions so pertly, and spoke so clearly, and even asked me questions. She was everything an emcee could ask for."

And what had brought about the transformation? How had this shy young girl suddenly emerged as a veteran radio performer?

"I asked her that myself," replies Miss Kasell. "And do you know what she said? She said, 'Oh, I can't act. I don't know how. I was just pretending I could.'"

Kim Novak was born in Chicago on February 13, 1933. For the benefit of astrologers and numerologists, the exact time was 3:33 A.M. and the exact place was Room 313 in the St. Anthony Hospital. Such a generous repetition of threes and thirteens at the beginning of her life has led Miss Novak to regard them as highly auspicious numbers.

From her mother Kim got the blonde hair and fair complexion which is the

delight of the photographers who work with her. Another gift was an older sister, Arlene. Had anyone been looking for movie talent in the Novak family during Kim's undistinguished childhood, he would have unhesitatingly picked Arlene. Beautiful and talented, Arlene was the one who excelled in dancing, singing and dramatics; and she, too, was the gregarious one who filled the house with friends.

The first noticeable change came when Kim was ten. It was brought about when Mrs. Novak enrolled her two daughters in Saturday morning classes at the Chicago Art Institute. "We wanted our children to have what we had missed," explains Mrs. Novak. "So every Saturday I took them down to classes."

To everyone's astonishment, it was not gay, outgoing Arlene but shy little Kim who became the star pupil. Kim's other talent is drawing. With her customary frankness, she has freely admitted that as a high school and college student she was definitely no whiz. But her interest in art, plus the fact that she is a competent artist and sculptor in her own right, is something she has shyly protected from public scrutiny.

In other ways, too, Kim was blossoming out. Arlene had met a fellow student named William Malmberg, and from that moment on there had been a rapid thinning in the ranks of admirers who followed her home. In a matter of weeks, Arlene had given Bill exclusive icebox-raiding privileges in the Novak home, but he was not to enjoy the monopoly long. Shy Kim, encouraged by her training as a model, and with her courage further bolstered by her frequent appearances on the air, was soon bringing home icebox-raiders by the dozen.

Spreading her charms safely among the many instead of concentrating on one was a trait that was to continue into Kim's adult life. While Arlene was withdrawing from circulation with the man of her choice, Kim began playing a field that was as wide open as the prairies.

Asked if she ever had any special boyfriend, she now gives a stock answer. "I wasn't interested in any one boy. I just was interested in boys." This is also borne out by her social career at Wright Junior College, where she was a member of the Alpha Beta Mu sorority. This group had some rather antiquated rules governing freshman girls—no smoking, no cocktails, no lipstick, no dates—that Kim casually broke as a matter of course. She smoked, got sick, and has never smoked since. She mixed her own cocktail, belted it down, and, except for a polite sip of champagne at some Hollywood social function, has never been able to stand the taste of the stuff. But, with her training as a model, she was able to teach her sorority sisters many of the finer points of make-up, to their eternal gratitude, and her breaking of their rules was graciously forgiven. Finally, when the sorority discovered that she could bring in not only a boy for herself, but any number of others to keep filled the dance cards of all the dateless girls in the house, the no-date restriction on her was lifted for the benefit of all.

Kim sometimes wonders about it now. "You know, I envied the happiness of Bill and Arlene in going around steady. Now they have a home of their own and two beautiful children, and maybe I'm the one who should be married and have a house full of kids. But I never was interested in a steady for myself. I don't know why."

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But, though she had no "steady," Kim's life has certainly not been devoid of men. In fact, you might almost say it's a story of men, and you wouldn't be far wrong. However, unlike the stories of many successful female stars who use men as stepping stones on their way to the top and then forget them, the men in Kim Novak's life are still staunchly with her, and she with them, except that now their ranks have increased in number.

Contrary to what is expected of a glamorous star playing opposite glamorous leading men, Kim rarely mixes socially with the heroes of her films. She has her own reasons for her reluctance to become emotionally and socially involved off the set. But when she is asked to state them, her expressive eyes grow large and even incredulous. "Take Frank Sinatra, for instance," she says. "The only way I could work with him was to know him only as the character he was playing in the picture. That way I could feel sorry for him, and give him the sympathy the part required. But if I joined him at lunch with the rest of the cast, sat around with him like the others do between takes on the set, and really got to know him well, how could I then break my heart over a dope addict fighting to break the habit?"

The same can be said of William Holden, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray, and her other leading men. While on location in Hutchinson, Kansas, during the filming of "Picnic," the cast would meet almost every evening for a cocktail or two, followed by a congenial dinner in the hotel restaurant. Present would be Bill Holden, Rosalind Russell, director Joshua Logan, producer Fred Kohlmar, and possibly six or eight others. But Kim was up in her room on the top floor of the hotel, eating her dinner alone while she studied her script for the next day.

The rest of the cast worried about her solitude, but they needn't have. "I couldn't join them," explains Kim. "I just couldn't. I knew them as characters in the picture, I didn't dare get to know them socially."

Mac Krim is not only as close to a "steady" as Kim has permitted any man to become, but he is also her Rock of Gibraltar in times of stress. From the time she arrived in Hollywood he has stood by her through all her emotional storms. When things go wrong at the studio, she may briefly burst into tears for momentary relief, but most of her emotion remains pent up until she can release it on his shoulder in the evening.

There has been a tendency to make out of Mac Krim an enigmatic figure that is not in keeping with the facts. Where he confuses everyone is in not conforming to what Hollywood has come to accept as the traditional escort for one of its stars. He is not a playboy. He does not belong to any Hollywood set. He dislikes personal publicity. And while he is handsome enough to be a leading man, he wants no part of the acting business.

Mac explains it all very simply. "I came to Hollywood because I was managing five movie theatres in Detroit. Four of them are neighborhood houses, and one is a first-run theatre downtown, and I came out to see about getting better pictures. I stayed because I like California. Not Hollywood, necessarily, but California, where I can drive a couple of hours in one direction for mountain skiing, or a couple of hours in another for surfboarding."

As for Kim, he says, "I met her, liked and admired her before she was a Hollywood star. Now that she is a star, I still like and admire her. Stardom can't change something like that."

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| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 117. Terry Moore | 205. Ann Sothorn | 232. Don Cherry |
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| 22. Burt Lancaster | 136. Rock Hudson | 214. Sheree North | 238. Diana Dors |
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| 50. Diana Lynn | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 221. Joan Collins | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
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| 52. Montgomery Clift | 146. Aldo Ray | 223. Sal Mineo | 247. Sanford Clark |
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| 56. Perry Como | 148. Robert Wagner | | |
| 57. Bill Holden | 149. Russ Tamblyn | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 150. Jeff Hunter | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 153. Fernando Lamas | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 161. Lori Nelson | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 174. Rita Gam | | |
| 75. Yvonne de Carlo | 175. Charlton Heston | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 176. Steve Cochran | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 177. Richard Burton | | |
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Nevertheless, Kim is still reluctant to turn away from the lure of the open field and the safety to be found in numbers. On her tour of Europe she met Count Mario Bandini, and had a thoroughly enjoyable time furnishing a lot of foundation for the gossip columns. While the Count has made something of a specialty of being seen with beautiful women, and Hollywood stars in particular, he is a long way from being exclusively a playboy. He is a working member of the nobility, his numerous investments interesting him in several lines of business, from canned tomatoes to motion pictures. It is not too surprising, then, that when Kim was in Cannes, in Rome, in Paris, at Lake Como and numerous other places, the Count always found himself plagued with urgent business affairs that required his immediate presence in those very spots.

Unlike most of the dukes and counts who followed Kim around, basking in the reflected publicity, Count Bandini did all that was humanly possible to avoid the press. Not that he could do very much, Kim's footsteps being dogged by as many as twenty photographers and newshounds during most of her excursions. But she was able to eat a quiet meal with him now and then, for which she was duly grateful. On the ship coming back, her ship-to-shore telephone calls to the Count nearly equalled the cost of her passage, and there were many promises of meetings in the United States in the immediate future. Since then the future has become less immediate.

"Phone calls are so hard to arrange," says Kim with a resignation that is not excessively mournful. "You have to go through so many exchanges from Hollywood that by the time you get Rome on the phone, all you hear are crackles. Then there is the difference of nine hours in time. If I call the Count when I get home from work at 8 P.M. on Monday, when his phone rings it's 5 A.M. on Tuesday, and that's no hour to call a man. And if he calls me Tuesday evening, I'm just going to work Tuesday morning, and that's no time to call me. Things just don't seem to be working out."

A clue to the situation can be found in a gift for Mac Krim that Kim brought back from Lake Como. It was a handsome Italian dressing gown that fitted Mac perfectly.

"How'd you happen to remember my size?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't," replied Kim innocently. "But Mario was there, and you and he are the same size, so I tried it on him first."

As the saying goes, when one boyfriend becomes the model on whom gifts for another boyfriend are tried, romance is still a long way from the boiling point.

If Mac Krim has no serious rivals in the romance department, he has several on the professional side, and everything would seem to indicate that for the next three or four years Kim will be more interested in her professional career than in a domestic private life.

For director George Sydney, Kim has already demonstrated her willingness to work until she drops. Currently, she is working so hard on her dancing lessons that, as she says, "My feet have got blisters on their blisters," but she refuses to stop. Each day she goes to the studio hospital, has fresh bandages applied to her feet and goes right back to work.

"As soon as the music starts, I forget that my feet hurt," she says sincerely. And with convincing logic she asks, "How can you get your feet toughened up for dancing if you don't dance?"

Then there is Freddie Karger, musical supervisor of Columbia Pictures and ex-husband of Jane Wyman. He is convinced that Kim's naturally husky voice with its rich, seductive quality can be brought up to professional standards if her singing continues to improve as it has up to now. "She's ready right now," he asserts, "but she needs more lessons to give her confidence. With just a little more work—and Kim is the one who knows how to work—her voice will never have to be dubbed in again."

And finally there is Benno Schneider, Columbia Pictures' dramatic coach, possibly the best of his craft in the world. There was the time, for instance, when Kim, surrounded by talented actors and actresses, lost all belief in herself. "Who am I to go on the same set with those people?" she moaned.

"I met a girl like you in Moscow one time," Mr. Schneider told her, in an easy, roundabout way. "The great Stanislavsky was directing, and all of us had spent years studying under him. He was the man who originated 'The Method' which is taught in the Actors' Studio in New York. We had worked hard, and we knew 'The Method,' but this girl, she had never acted before in her life. And he gave her the lead. Well, we resented that, so I went up to him and asked why he gave her the lead instead of one of the girls who had worked hard for it for years. He just said, 'Wait and see.'"

"The girl was a great hit. She got I don't know how many curtain calls. So again I asked Stanislavsky, 'How is it she is such a great success? We study your

method for years, but she is better without your lessons than we are.' And he said, 'You are students, and need all my lessons you can get. But she, well, it could be that she doesn't need lessons. She is an actress.'"

"Miss Novak," Schneider finished, "it could be you are exactly like that girl."

Thus reassured, Kim went back to the set and put on a performance that brought about one of those rare accolades in Hollywood, a spontaneous burst of applause from everyone, including the stagehands. Then another difficulty developed. Kim looked her best, she walked at her best, and she thought she was acting at her best, but nothing was happening. No one seemed able to give a thing.

Benno called her aside after the discouraged director had announced a coffee break. "You are modeling, not acting," he said.

"But what is the difference?" asked Kim.

"Not very much," replied Benno. "But a model must be seen, and an actress must see. Beautiful women and beautiful models, they get so accustomed to being looked at, many times they think that is enough, and do not do any looking for themselves. But an actress, she must look, and see what she is looking at, and understand it. Now you go back, and look at the other people, and forget about being looked at yourself."

It is a lesson Kim has never forgotten. Many actresses can make a royal entrance in public, be seen by everyone, and sweep regally on without a glance to one side or another. But not Kim. When she makes an entrance, she is seen by everyone, be it at a premiere, in a hotel lobby, or in a restaurant, but with her there is a friendly difference. She is seen, but she is also seeing.

Not that Kim is so lacking in showmanship that she is incapable of staging an entrance when the occasion requires it. Few actresses since the days of Nazimova, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson have been able to get away with the purple-tinted hair, the purple mascara, and the purple accoutrements Kim uses. That she does get away with them is a tribute to her showmanship, yes, but also a tribute to her naturalness. No one complains. When her mother was informed that Kim had taken to beading her long eyelashes with purple mascara, the response was an amused chuckle. "That Mickey. What will she think of next?" was her unsurprised exclamation.

On the other hand, Kim's very success is raising difficulties of its own. When she first went to New York for location filming of "The Eddy Duchin Story," George Sydney's first instructions were that she do nothing but wander around window-shopping for a week. "Look at the people. Get the feel of the whole city. Then you'll know how Eddy Duchin's wife felt about her city," he urged.

For the entire week she roamed New York at will, freely absorbing the atmosphere and gradually becoming a New Yorker, without being stopped for a single autograph. The experience was invaluable, but it is doubtful that its like can ever happen again. With the release of "The Man with the Golden Arm," "Picnic" and "The Eddy Duchin Story" within a few months of each other, plus the publicity that accompanied her enormous personal triumph at the Cannes Film Festival, Kim became an international celebrity almost overnight. When she returned to New York, requests for interviews, posings for photographers and television and radio appearances came in at the rate of 200 a day, and she was all but mobbed on the streets.

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Recalls Mac Krim ruefully, "I met her in New York, and scarcely got to see her. Finally I got her and Mrs. Novak up to Yankee Stadium for a ball game; I thought people there would be more interested in the game than in Kim. Not on your life. By the sixth inning even the umpire would look around to see if Kim approved the way he was calling the pitches, and the crowd around her asking for autographs was backed clear up the aisle. Then a police sergeant got to us, with an escort, and told us if we didn't leave right away he couldn't be responsible for Kim's safety after the game was over. We never did find out how the game ended."

Jeanne Eagels, whom Kim will portray, was one of the greatest actresses, broken on the rack of her confusion, finally taking to drugs to ease the emotional pain of a world she could conquer artistically but not personally. There is very little possibility of anything like that happening to Kim Novak. Beneath the purple eyelashes and the purple rhinestones sprinkled through her lavender-tinted hair is still the strength and good sense of her peasant heritage. There is, too, a strong sense of self-preservation. This is the thing that has made the men in her life incidental to the work in her life. This is the thing that keeps her clinging to Mac Krim with one hand while she reaches out the other hand to have it kissed by royalty. This keeps her dates with Frank Sinatra infrequent and unimportant. Aside from whether or not she has any romantic thoughts about Sinatra—and she has never permitted herself to be quoted on this—Kim knows that Frank Sinatra is one man to be taken lightly and in very small doses indeed.

A galaxy of men have danced through Kim's lavender life and danced out again. She has lunched with Aly Khan and, according to published reports, bitten his ear lightly while dancing with him. She was reported "engaged" to Count Bandini and denied it by saying, "How can I be engaged to two men at once?" She has appeared at premieres with Frank Sinatra, and young Nick Adams is her willing slave. But something strong—tenaciously strong—keeps Kim toiling steadily onward and upward toward a goal which, in the beginning, she didn't want at all.

After "The Jeanne Eagels Story," Kim will make "Pal Joey." Once more she will be teamed with Frank Sinatra. Once more, undoubtedly, romance rumors will link their names. Count Bandini may still hover in the background. Mac Krim will still hover at her side. Directors and others with whom she works will be in the foreground and the background—coaching, advising, scolding, pushing—making of her what the executives of Columbia Studios say, without equivocation of any kind, will be "the greatest star in America today."

And when it's over, when the shouting has died away and the crowds melt and the lights in the theatre go off; when Kim Novak stands before her mirror in her lavender apartment and slowly wipes away the purple mascara and takes off the purple eyelashes, only she will know whether the decision she has made was the right one. The decision was not whether or not to be a star. The decision was an even more difficult one—to be what people thought her, to live up to what people expected of her.

That, she has done, and as we say goodbye to the girl with the lavender life we can only make one prediction—that she's here to stay. **THE END**

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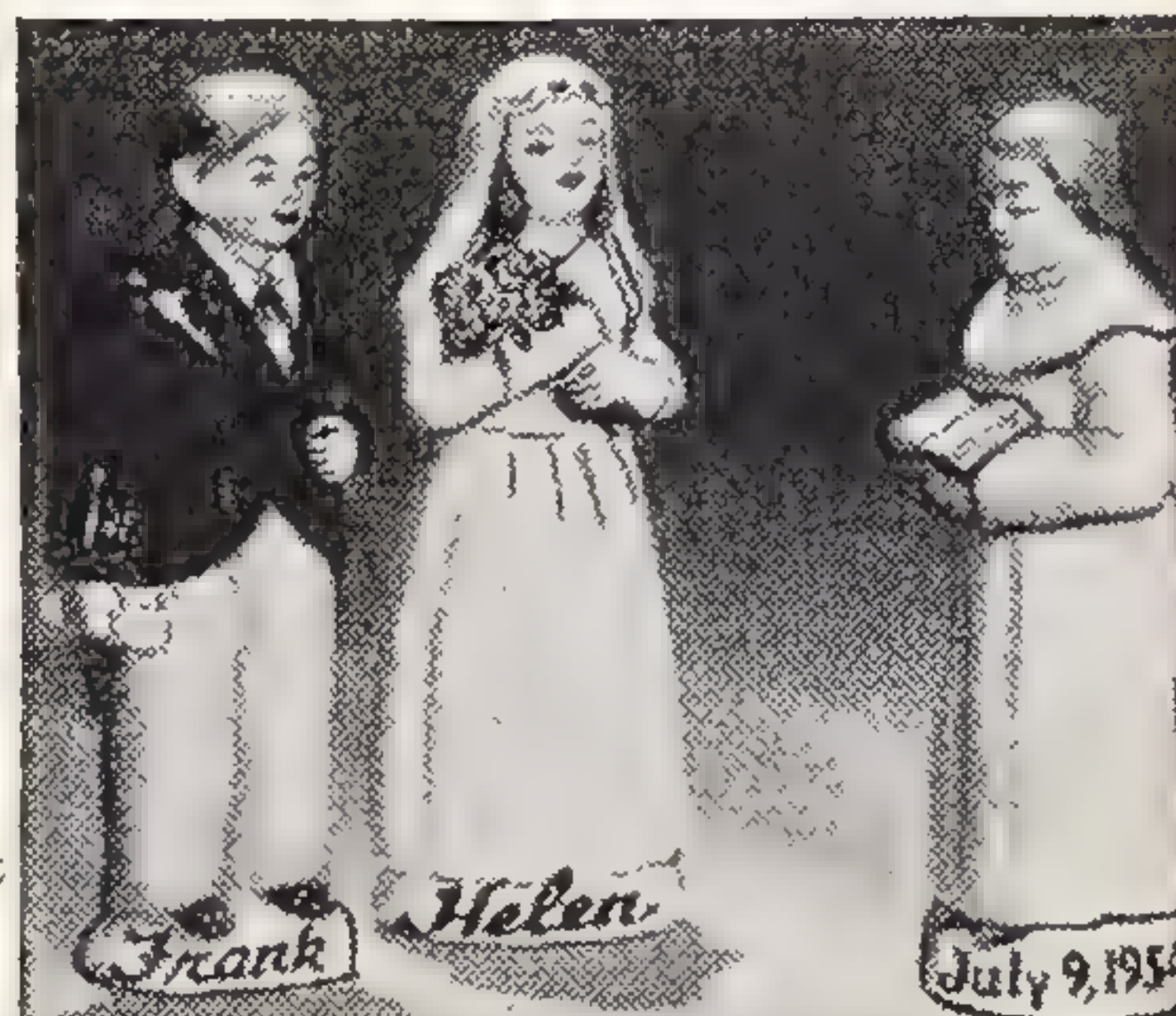
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(Continued from page 59)

"Foreign Intrigue," "Bandido," and "Fire Down Below." He has scarcely taken a month off, let alone a year, and he is now busy making his hundred-and-tenth motion picture.

Why does Bob work so hard? "I believe in restitution," he says. "You've got to put back what you take out."

But it's more than work alone that distinguishes a man from a bum, it's pride—and Bob Mitchum is one of the proudest men in Hollywood. He has never been in debt, "But," he adds hastily, "there was one time I went in hock to Howard Hughes. But that was paid back a long time ago."

And yet Bob, in spite of a record that any other man would be proud of, keeps calling himself a bum. He doesn't tell you *why* he does this. In fact, he rarely stops to explain his remarks or even to answer direct questions. He simply thinks out loud, letting flow what he calls his "stream of consciousness."

He often talks like a truckdriver and swears like a trooper. He acts the cynic, the tough businessman, the jaded playboy. However, in spite of all his experience as an actor, it's an unconvincing performance that fools no one. For Bob Mitchum is a painfully articulate man who has not only lived harder than most men, but fought harder for understanding, searched harder for the truth. And if he calls himself a bum, it's to sidetrack you from calling him something worse. For the truth is, Bob is a poet, and nowadays "them's fightin' words, son."

The notion that anyone as big as Bob—or as rugged—might also be a poet sounds ridiculous. But Bob was hailed as "the finest young poet" of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the hometown paper used to publish his works. The first was called, "A Chreestmus Pome," but a later effort, written when Bob had finally learned to spell, was to prove prophetic:

"I seek adventure and I find too much.

Oh, if I were only rich,
I'd not be in this terrible 'dutch'—
I'd not be in this ditch."

In retrospect, it sounds funny, but it was serious when Bob wrote it. This was no youngster, dramatizing himself with pen and paper. The *ditch* was probably on the side of the road somewhere, far from home. The terrible "*dutch*" could well have been one of those awful jams a boy gets into when he's bumming around the country, broke and hungry, and it seems he's had enough adventure to last a lifetime. Except that the next day, or the next time he has a full meal in his belly, he's ready to start out again. There can never be enough adventure.

Before he was twenty-one, Bob had traveled in all forty-eight states. He never finished high school, but he got a thorough education riding the rods, living in hobo camps, and dodging the yard bulls in railroad yards. It was good experience for his writing. Even today, he refers to the time he was in a Georgia chain gang—his only crime being that he was broke. But even then he was not a bum asking for handouts. He worked—in stores, filling stations, amusement piers. He took jobs as a farmhand, beach boy, truckdriver, stevedore, bouncer, house-painter, steel worker, track layer, cement mixer, day laborer, quarryman, dancer, and contact man for an astrologer. He was even a boxer once but soon gave it up. "I never want to hurt anyone."

Eventually, acting proved to be his best

bet. Bob had joined the Long Beach Theatre Guild, a little theatre his sister was interested in. And although he was writing some scripts for CBS, occasionally he also worked "in front"—meaning in front of the microphone. An agent, hearing him in a radio version of Gorki's "Lower Depths," and noting his physique, told Bob to look him up if he ever wanted to go into pictures. Bob wasn't interested. On March 16, 1940, he had married Dorothy, the girl he had been going steady with ever since he was sixteen. If he was to be a family man, he would need a more stable line of work than movies could offer. And by the time the first baby was on the way, Bob was working at Lockheed. After a year at the airplane factory, however, a doctor advised him to quit.

"I was on the night shift and never got any sleep," Bob explains. "I thought I was going blind."

His family suggested that he try films "since he was in Hollywood anyway." Remembering the agent who had once offered to help, Bob went to him and broke into pictures doing bit parts.

"It was a wonderful experience because I made a number of friends in the business among writers, directors and producers." Bob always jumped at the chance of meeting new people. "There were a couple of directors who would fit me in anywhere. Sometimes there was nothing left to play but an old Chinese laundryman, and I'd take it. I got to play everything but midgets and women."

It was valuable experience for a character actor, which is what Bob considered himself. But then came Ernie Pyle's "The Story of GI Joe." Bob was just about perfect as the battle-fatigued officer who knew the futility of war but was too busy taking care of his men to make speeches about it. The world-weary young actor could understand *Lieutenant Walker's* sensitivity, his cynical disillusionment. The way he felt about war was the way Bob felt about life. And for the first time, the screen captured something of Bob Mitchum himself.

But for Bob Mitchum himself, "It was a day of great embarrassment. Suddenly," he remarks with typical self-deprecation, "I was a trueblue Harold the Hero." His reward was stardom, and a succession of what he calls "Elmer the Excellent" roles. But Elmer the Excellent was making five thousand dollars a week. The Mitchums moved into a home in Mandeville Canyon—not a movie star's palace, but the kind of comfortable home in which real families are raised. Bob was able to give his three children all the material things that he himself had missed as a boy. But most of all, he was free to indulge his passion for giving gifts. One time, when Dottie Mitchum flew to Dallas, Bob had a surprise birthday gift waiting for her—a brand-new car all wrapped up in cellophane. And recently, on a trip to New York, he spent hours going from shop to

shop, trying to find just the right amethyst bracelet to go with the ring he had bought Dottie in Mexico. For his two sons, there was "a thousand dollars' worth of fishing equipment." As for baby Petrine—she can have the whole world!

Bob can't seem to buy enough presents for his family, which makes it appear as if he is trying to make up for the fact that there's nothing he really wants himself. He's used to traveling light. If a tan gabardine suit is Bob's trademark in pictures, it's because when he was starting out, that's all he owned. Even today, he has only three suits. "It's just as well," he explains. "There wouldn't be room for more. The only thing that's mine in the house is a saxophone I've got hanging up on the wall. I only take it down on Christmas, New Year's, and birthdays, when I play such appropriate numbers as 'Silent Night,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'Happy Birthday to You.' Then I've got—well, not a desk, but one drawer of it."

If he was to feel crowded in his house, he was to feel even more crowded in Hollywood itself. "If only I hadn't dropped my pencil at CBS or my wrench at Lockheed!" he'd sigh, wondering how he ever got mixed up in such a crazy business as motion pictures. He early earned himself a reputation as a "Hollywood rebel," but he was not exactly a rebel without a cause. "I'm against everything phony," he has railed, but he never included in that the actors before the scenes or the technicians behind them. He was referring to "executives justifying their salaries." One of his chief complaints, for instance, was inefficiency. "I hate waste," he insists. "I was taught to eat everything on the plate."

In spite of Bob's outspokenness, however, executives invariably forgave him because his pictures invariably made money. And everyone else loved him. He was fun. There was never a dull moment around Bob, and he'd literally give you the shirt off his back. And yet, he insists, "I have no friends." He considers this for a minute, then adds, "I have no enemies either, and that's bad."

"Actually," Bob says, "I'm most at home with the grips—you know, the old-timers who have been working behind the scenes in the studios since Wallace Beery was a juvenile. They like me." And he interrupts to show you a thousand-dollar watch. "Look," he says, still touched, still incredulous. "Even in Europe, the grips pitched in to buy me this after we finished 'Foreign Intrigue.'" But most important, to Bob, the film crews not only like him, they understand him. "They know I talk a stream of consciousness and sometimes I fall flat on my face."

But the public was to know it, too. For we live in a world where our bad—not our good—behavior makes the headlines. Several years ago, the papers had a field day with Bob, not caring whether they hurt him, his family, or his career. Bob made no excuses, but quietly went about living it down. He understood that a star has to accept headlines as "just one more of the joys of success." But oh, what a terrible "*dutch*!"

"If I were only rich," the finest young poet of Bridgeport had once cried out. Now he was. Only, something was wrong. And five thousand dollars a week was not the answer to life. The trouble was that success had come too easily, and so it had no meaning. Bob blames it on the accident of his physique. But he also had a personality that intrigued the public so Hollywood used him as "a commodity,"

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a brand name, packaged in the same tan gabardine suit and served up in the same hackneyed roles. All Bob had to do was to memorize the lines, and even that came easy. "I'm a quick study," he claims. "The first day of shooting on a new picture, I'll walk on the set and ask: 'What's the script?' Everyone goes crazy then, thinking I don't know my part. And the other actors complain that they've been up all night memorizing their lines. But I can get them right there on the set, with one quick reading."

Bob admits that he had "arrived at the point of just strolling through pictures." The public liked him that way so the studio kept him that way—and the studio had him under a ten-year contract. But inside that "physique" there was a restless spirit, and behind those droopy eyes there was an active imagination.

Like many another American with a problem to solve, there was a time when Bob would jump in his car and just drive somewhere, anywhere. Only in his case, *somewhere* was liable to be any one of the forty-eight states, and *anywhere* was preferably a little village with a population of seventy-five or less.

"I'd come riding into town," Bob recalls, "like the *Lone Ranger*, and sure enough, someone would come up to me and ask: 'Ain't you that feller who plays in them Westerns?' 'Yep,' I'd say, and like as not he'd ask me to join his family for supper, and I'd spend the whole night just talking to them."

In a sense, it was like harking back to the days of his youth when he went bumming around the country. Only then he was searching for adventure. Now he was one slightly world-weary motion-picture star trying to find some meaning in life. He had lived too hard ever to recapture innocence. Had he also made things so complicated that he could never return to simplicity?

He envied the bums, those "knights of the road," their simple, carefree life. They were free of care, yes, but only because they had never assumed the responsibility for anyone else but themselves. And if they hadn't done that, what could they possibly know of love? And what kind of life was it—always to live apart, looking at happiness through the lighted windows of someone else's house? And what was Bob doing himself, riding into strange towns, when he had a house of his own to go to? He should be making his own happiness in it. For his life might not have any meaning to it, but at least it had love.

Although Bob still speaks of himself as a bum, it's more a habit now than an accusation. For there has been a change. He takes pride in his work, now that he's no longer under contract to one studio but can pick and choose his own roles. What's more, he's turned producer, which allows him to use up some of his creative energies.

He's still restless, and ready to take a trip at the drop of a hat, if he had a hat. But now, he seldom makes a trip alone. There's little Petrine who likes to be driven along the beach road so she can look at the ocean. Then there are the hunting and fishing trips he likes to take with the two boys. But best of all, there are the trips all over the world—to London, Paris, Trinidad—usually on location for a picture, and always with Dottie at his side. They are very close, and she loves him exactly as he is.

"And for me," Bob says again, with a wicked sidelong grin, "that's quite a record, too."

THE END

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(Continued from page 52)

prayed for a chance like this and then, when I got it, what did I do? I goofed. But how did I know I'd goofed? Why didn't they call? *Why didn't they call?*

Suddenly, I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to talk to someone. I lit another cigarette and looked over at my husband's heavily—and happily—sleeping form. The sight made me furious. Why should David sleep so soundly when I was going through all this torment? I gave the covers a quick, angry jerk, thinking that might waken him. I should have known David better. He just slid more deeply into the covers.

I stood there beside the bed, staring down at him. Glaring down at him. What a man, I thought grimly. What a husband! How could he do this to me? How could he be so indifferent to what I was going through? I almost hated him. I wanted him to wake up, to take me into his arms, to tell me that I'd done all right, that I had nothing to worry about, that the part was mine. It was true that David March was my manager, but it was also true that he was my husband. And tonight—this morning, rather—I wanted him to act like a husband.

The illuminated dial of the little black-and-gold onyx clock told me it was three-thirty. It also told me that unless I wanted to look like a wreck tomorrow, I'd better go back to bed and try to get some sleep. But I couldn't sleep, and I hated anyone who could: I sat on the side of David's bed debating how to waken him. I decided to be cute. I bent down and blew my breath in his face. His eyes opened, and he stared at me.

He looked from me to the clock and back to me again. He looked worried. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

"No, just worried. David," I said quickly, "I'm sorry, but I just can't sleep."

Then he exploded. "You can't sleep, so I've got to be awake, too! What is this? I need my sleep. I have an office to go to tomorrow. I have my own work to do. Sure, I'm your agent—but I'm your husband, too."

"But that's just it—" and even as I said it, I was hearing the words as though someone were reading them back to me and they sounded like a wail. A small, childish wail. I went stubbornly on with it, even while I watched the black March cloud descending. "I don't care," I said,

sounding even more childish. "You are my husband and I want you to act like one. I want you to care about what happens to me."

He sat bolt upright then and he talked very quietly, the way David always talks when he's really angry. "Do you know what you sound like right now, Stevie? You sound like a sullen and disappointed child. No one cares more about what happens to you than I do. I'm your husband, agent, manager, lover, all in one. Now," he said, "go back to bed and try to get some sleep." Then he relented and put his arms about me. "If this is an example of how you're going to carry on every time you're up for a part, honey, this house won't be known as the March house, it will be known as the nut house."

That relieved the tension between us. He reached over and snapped off the light and in a minute he was asleep again. I went downstairs and poured myself a glass of milk, then carried it into the living room and sat on the couch. All the lights were out and the room was dark except for the silvery beam of moonlight that lay across the floor at my feet. It reminded me, somehow, of my childhood, of the times when I'd wished on the new moon, or on a star. I thought of the day I fell in love with David and of the nights when I would lie awake, thinking about him, wondering if he'd ask me to marry him and wondering how I'd go on living if he didn't. Had anyone said to me then, "Which means more to you—your career, or David?" I guess I just would have stared, wondering how anyone could ask such a silly question, and I would have said, "Why, David, of course. What good is anything without someone you love to share it with?"

Yet here I was, with the last of the moonlight spilling through the windows before that early morning blackness that would precede the dawn—here I was telling myself that nothing mattered except that part, that if I didn't get it I was through, licked. Slowly, on tiptoe, the past crept into the silent, darkened room and sat beside me to keep me company.

I thought of the early years in Valley City, Ohio . . . and of how wonderful Aunt Edith and Uncle Harry had been to me. Poor Aunt Edith. Seeing my need, she gave me love without reservation, and I absorbed it like a blotter. But in so many

ways I was a little brat. Yet I grew. Before that I had lived with my father in Nevada, my mother in Hollywood. They were separated, and we children suffered for it. We were never together as a family. When I was with Mother in California, my little sisters were in Ohio; when I went back to the farm there, Pat and Mikey came out to live with Mother.

But in Ohio was peace, the beautiful, rolling farm with its brick house and tall white fence. There were other children, ice-skating, tobogganing. I grew, inwardly as well as physically. And there I won the Shakespeare contest for my acting in "Romeo and Juliet." That moment was the beginning of the dreams of stardom that had brought me here to this hour, to this night, face to face with the future.

What price would I pay if I got the part? What would happen to my life if I didn't? I tried to comfort myself with the thought that if it was God's will that I get it, then everything would work out. Success would have its good parts. I would be able to do things for my two sisters, Michalene and Patra, both out of my love and out of a deep sense of obligation. Michalene, or Mikey, the elder of the two, still lives with us. Patra, or Pat, is happily married. They have both known more than their share of rough times, and if God was going to grant me the opportunity and the guidance, I would do everything in the world for them. It was a promise I made that night, a sort of forfeit to fate.

When I walked back to the bedroom, I glanced at the clock. It was now 4:45 A.M. I felt much calmer. I was full of remorse for having wakened David. As I stood looking down at him, wondering guiltily how he was able to put up with me, I felt a new surge of love for him. I realized I wouldn't know what to do without him. I bent down and kissed him good night, crept into bed and tried to fall asleep. I didn't know that I had succeeded until I rubbed my eyes and saw that it was 9:30 in the morning. David had already left for the office. Maybe by now he had heard something, there had been some decision. I dialed his number, my hands shaking. "Have you heard anything?" I gasped out the words.

"Not yet," David's patient voice came over the wire. "Now look, honey, stop jittering so much. No matter what happens, everything will turn out for the best. If you're supposed to get the part, you'll get it. Now relax and leave it to the Man Upstairs."

It made sense, but I didn't want sense. I wanted facts. I asked, "Why don't they call? Why don't they let me know one way or the other?"

"Look," he said again, this time more impatiently, "I have news for you. You're not the only actress in town. In fact, you're not even the only actress on my list." His voice softened, and I could just see him grinning: "So don't call me, I'll call you."

I heard the receiver click. I hated him all over again. I hated myself. I had failed.

I turned away from the phone and wandered around the house. I tried eating some breakfast, but I wasn't hungry. I put the radio on and switched it off again. I wished that Mikey had not gone to school. I would have someone to talk to. Mikey was always a wonderful audience for me. I decided to talk to David again. After all, what right had he, my husband, to tell me not to call him?

I picked up the phone and put it down again. "Now what? Now what? Now what?" The words went through my mind like a swarm of angry bees. The next words were: "You didn't get it, that's all. Face it. Decide what to do next."

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The phone rang. I stared at it, hating it. Why answer it? It wouldn't tell me anything I wanted to know. But maybe—just maybe. . . . Gingerly, I picked it up. I breathed out a small, tentative, "Hello?"

Nick Adams, the young actor with whom I'd tested, said, "Heard anything?"

He tried to keep his voice light, almost gay. But the desperation showed through, just as it did in mine when I said, "Not yet. But, after all, it's early."

Nick said, "Yeah. But, kid, I've got news for you. For us, it's late. Well," he said, "good luck, kid."

I said, "You, too."

Slowly, reluctantly I hung up. Nick had been someone to talk to, someone who understood what we were both going through. Then I was alone again.

I found myself remembering more of David's philosophy. "In this business, Stevie, you've got to be a machine. If a good part comes along and you get it, you become well oiled in feeling and temperament. If a part does not come along, or if you don't do well in a role, you become stagnant, rusty, disheartened."

I'd seen people like that in this town, plenty of them. People with looks, with talent, but who had, somehow, just never gotten the breaks. I'd seen them sitting beside the dime-sized swimming pools of cheap apartment houses, waiting for a phone that never rang, hoping, pretending, believing.

Was I going to join them? Was I going to be one of the girls who said, "Oh, I decided the part wasn't big enough for me"? Then I thought, realizing it all at once, "I can say I didn't want a career, after all, that marriage was all the career I wanted." Just then the door opened. David was home.

I went flying into his arms. "It's been the longest day, David! And they didn't call! *They didn't call!*"

David said calmly, "Have you eaten?" "Of course not. How could I?"

Wordlessly, he marched me over to the kitchen table and sat me down. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. But for all his outward calm and nonchalance, I knew he was getting as nervous, as uneasy, as I was. He was worried for me. He was afraid for me. I could see it in the way he fixed the bacon and eggs. David is a wonderful cook, but today he was breaking the eggs, burning his fingers on the handle of the coffeepot, forgetting the toast until it was burned.

"It's all right," I said. "I'm not very hungry. Let's stop talking about me and talk about you. What did you do today?"

I guess husbands and wives all over the country sit in kitchens like ours and ask one another that question. The only thing that's different about it when you ask it in Hollywood is that out here you're not just applying for a job as secretary or sales clerk or something like that. It's not a matter of, if you lose your job you can pick up another. Out here, there's something that tells you this is your big chance. If you miff it, you're through.

Well, I tried to tell myself as I choked down the bacon and eggs I didn't want, so what? You did your best. You're still a person, a human being. You're still Stephanie Griffin. You're the girl David wants to find on the other side of the door when he opens it. You're the older sister Mikey wants to come home to, pouring out her thoughts and her struggles and her dreams. If you can't live for yourself any more, you have those people to live for. You're lucky, Stephanie Griffin, I found myself thinking all at once. You might fail as a star, but it's up to you to succeed as a person. As David's wife, as Mikey's sister.

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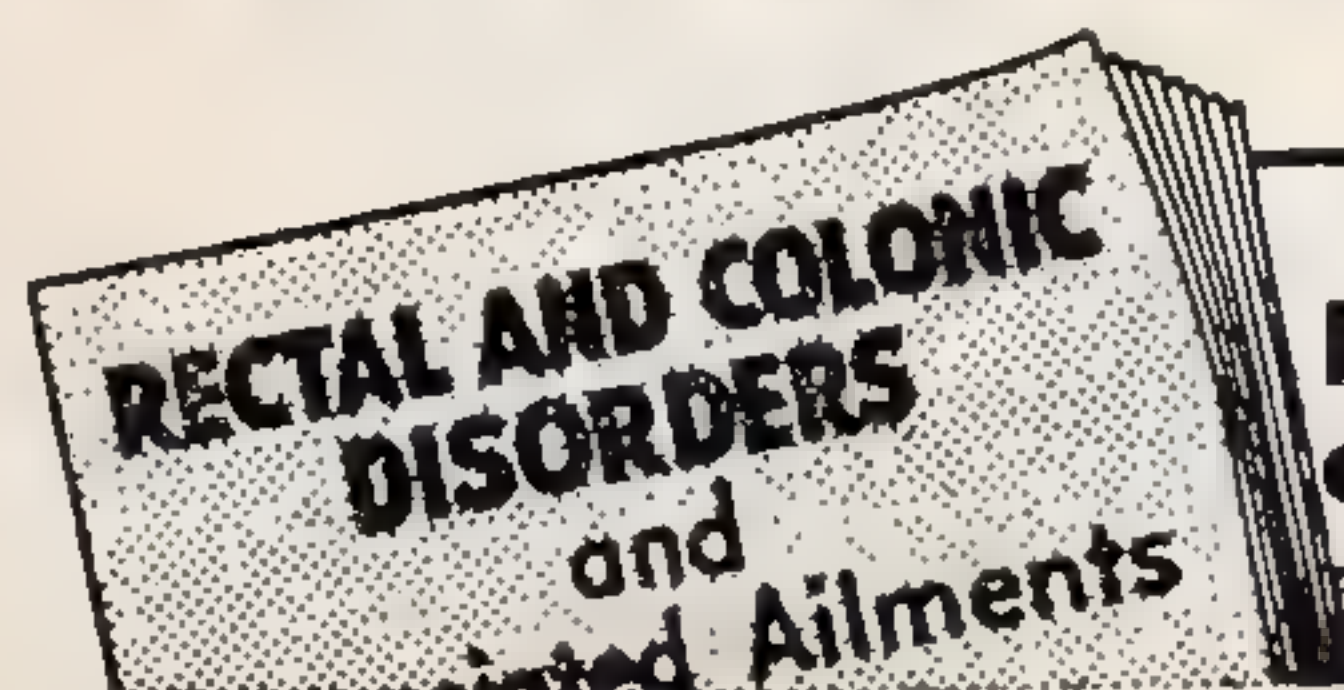


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It's funny what thinking that did for me. I'll never forget it. It was the second really big moment in my life. First, that time when I won the Shakespeare prize and knew I wanted, more than anything else, to be an actress. Then this moment of sitting here, listening to David and not really hearing him, knowing that I wanted, more than anything, to be a person. I'm not sure, but I think I said a little prayer, then. I left David, and I left our sunny kitchen, and I left the blue canopy of sky outside our window and I was alone for that minute that it took me to say to Someone, "Never mind all the rest of it—though thanks a lot for trying. The only thing I want now is to have You help me to be the sort of person who will never again think that what happens to me is the most important thing in the world."

"Stevie!" It was David's worried voice, his worried face bending over me. "Stevie, you look ill. Are you all right?"

"What?" I said. And then I said, "Yes—oh, yes, I'm fine. I was just thinking about something. David," I said quickly, "I've been wanting to tell you how sorry I was about waking you up this morning. That was selfish of me. Forgive me?"

"You know," my husband said thoughtfully, "sometimes I think you're even more of a screwball than you are. This morning you're in the dumps and now, with nothing happening, you're suddenly walking on air. Forgive you?" he said. "What do I have to forgive you for? Don't I love you?" But as he was ready to leave the house to go back to his office he paused at the door and looked at me again. "Look," he said, "don't worry about it. Remember, if it's supposed to happen, it will happen."

For the first time in all the years I'd

heard David say those words I knew he was right. I wanted the part just as much, but I knew that all at once I was free of the worst thing in the world—fear. I cleared the table and looked at the clock. I wasn't thinking about the phone ringing now, I was thinking that it was almost time for Mikey to come home and I didn't want her to find me looking so haggard and worried. I went upstairs and washed my face and put on fresh lipstick.

At first, I thought I was hearing things. I listened again. It was the telephone.

My voice was so calm that David said, "Oh, then you've heard."

"Don't be silly—of course I haven't heard. What is it, David? It's all right if it's bad news."

"I don't know what kind of news it is. But Billy Gordon of 20th called and wants to see me right away. One way or the other, baby, this is it. I'll call you as soon as I know."

I waited by the phone as the hands of the clock moved from two to two-thirty, to two-forty. I wasn't afraid any longer, but I wasn't calm, either. I knew that one way or another, I was approaching the third most important moment in my life.

When the phone started to ring again I sat there, watching it, listening to it, thinking of the thousands of other girls who had, at one time or another, sat watching a ringing telephone, knowing that when they reached for it their life would be changed forever. Then I lifted the receiver to hear David say, "Why don't you answer your phone, for Pete's sake? Kid, you've got it! You've got it! They said your test was magnificent, that this is the part that will make you a star. A star."

The rest didn't matter. The rest was names—a Mr. Schriber and a Mr. Adler. I would have to pass their approval. I said "yes" and "no" and whatever I thought I should say. None of it was making sense. It was all too much, all too wonderful. I didn't know Mikey had come home until her voice, small and frightened, reached me. "Stevie," she said, "it's all right. What if you didn't get the part? Heck, you'll get another part, and meanwhile—"

Then I turned around and she saw that the tears that were streaming down my cheeks were tears of happiness. "Mikey," I said, "Mikey, darling, I got it!" And then I said, remembering the promise I'd made, "Darling, from here on in, for us, for you—it's going to be Christmas every day of the year." And then I said, "You know, Mikey, God is good. God is very good, in fact."

When David met me at the gates of the studio that afternoon, he just held open his arms to me and kissed me very lightly and very tenderly. Then he said, with David's funny, crooked smile, "Honey, didn't I tell you just to leave it to the Man Upstairs?"

He took my hand in his and together we walked toward the long, low white buildings of 20th Century-Fox. I saw Nick Adams there, sitting on the grass, waiting for me. He waved and came running to meet me. So did the world. With all it had to offer, and all that I would pay for these enormous gifts of fame and, perhaps, wealth, and stardom.

And for me, Stephanie Griffin, age twenty-two, that was the day a star was born.

THE END

SEE: Stephanie Griffin in "The Last Wagon."

The Day a Star Was Born—Nick Adams

(Continued from page 52)

months I had gone on only two interviews concerning a possible role in a picture.

Dennis was on a twelve-week layoff from Warner Brothers where he is under contract, and so there we sat, burning all the wooden clothes hangers to keep warm. Just the other day, when I cleaned out the fireplace, I found over three hundred metal hooks which had not burned with the rest of the hangers.

I don't want you to think we had been extravagant to be so broke. Sure, we had both worked hard and often; but we were broke when the lull at the studios started because we both send money home to our folks. In my case, I have a brother who is studying to be a doctor in Europe, and I've been sending him quite a bit of loot. Dennis had had some tremendous doctor and dentist bills, beside the very high payments on his new Austin Healy sports car. As for me, the house had run into more expense than I'd anticipated, and instead of about a hundred dollars a month for upkeep I was shelling out about two hundred and fifty a month. When I bought the house I hadn't figured on taxes (both county and state), insurance, electricity, water, repairs, and a seventy-five-dollar phone bill every month. See, unfortunately both Dennis and I at the time had girls we were sweet on who lived 'way out in Inglewood, which is even farther off than Hollywood. So if we got off the phone in less than an hour when talking to them, it was something to celebrate. The bills were so high I was thinking of having the phones taken out and replaced with tom-toms.

Well, as you can see, something had to happen real soon or rigor mortis was going to set in.

It was a very sunny Tuesday morning.

About eleven A.M. to be exact. Dennis had just found a small cigarette butt after scraping through the fireplace on his hands and knees and I was in the kitchen trying to salvage the coffee grounds we had already used about a dozen times so that we could have some coffee.

While I was making the coffee Dennis walked down the road to get the mail; by the time he got back I had breakfast ready. We sat in the front room and opened our mail while we consumed the most important meal of the day, which consisted of the weakest coffee you can imagine, a small dish of peach ice cream (which I had found in the freezer. We had forgotten all about it), a small jar of marinated herring a friend had left a few months before, and some stale potato chips on which Dennis insisted on pouring pancake syrup.

The first letter I opened was from the Southern California gas and electric company; they sent a real cute note saying that unless they received a check for \$117.35, which was now the accumulated bill, they would shut off our gas and electricity. The next letter was from the phone company, who also said that unless we paid them \$78.22 within five days we might have use for those tom-toms.

Dennis insisted on opening the large brown envelope I had received from the Warner Brothers office in New York. I let him because I already knew what was in it. Warner Brothers, in New York, always sends me the movie magazines that have a story on me, or pictures. All of a sudden Dennis burst out in a laugh that made even the marinated herring jump. He kept laughing and I kept asking, "What's so funny?" Then, as he fell off the chair from laughing so much, he threw me the magazine. After reading the page

that had my picture and a picture of my house I also fell on the floor laughing.

You must admit it is a little funny, when you're in a predicament like the one we were in, to open a magazine and see your picture and your house and the caption saying: "A shot of handsome Nick Adams, his beautiful mountainside home and beautiful sports car. Nick, the fastest-rising of all the new stars, is no longer the poor boy from Jersey City whose father was a coal miner. Nick now has everything every young man dreams about. Money, a car, a beautiful home, dates the most beautiful girls, eats at the finest restaurants, and wears the best clothes. And his career is zooming. . . ."

My career was zooming all right—right into the ashcan. That is, if I could have afforded an ashcan. They were right about two things: I did have a car and a home. But as for money, and dating the most beautiful girls, I didn't have enough money to get gas so I could just go and look at all the beautiful girls. I had been away from the finest restaurants for so long that I had forgotten there were such things as appetizers and desserts and finger bowls. And as for clothes, Dennis and I had a small but complete wardrobe—one suit with ten changes of handkerchiefs.

So you can see that both Dennis and I did have something to laugh about. The story had been written about eight months before when things were really going smooth. Times had changed.

I stopped laughing when I looked at my next letter. It said: "Unless your yearly taxes of \$124.55 are received at this office within fifteen days your property will be sold to the state. . . ."

Dennis also stopped laughing at that one. The fun was over. Inside I began to feel a little panicky, like the first time,

when I was in the Navy, that I saw a MIG flying low over the water, heading right for us with his wing machineguns open full blast. Both times I wanted to run, just run. But back there on the ship in the Pacific there was no place to run to, so you just froze and waited. What you were waiting for you never knew, but only one of two things could happen. Either you lucked out or you didn't. In my case I've been lucky. And my luck didn't let me down that morning six months ago either.

I let the phone ring only once. The agent on the other end was happy to hear I had given my other agent the gate the day before. This new agent on the phone, by the name of Henry Willson, told me that 20th Century-Fox was going to make a picture in just a few weeks called "The Last Wagon" and that I would be perfect for the second male lead after Richard Widmark. Actually it was the part of the heavy, he said, and they wanted a name for it but then decided to give it to a newcomer if they could get a good enough actor.

He said that if I signed a contract with him he would go out and work real hard to get me a screen test for the role. While fighting Dennis away from the phone I told Mr. Willson okay. Dennis was going out of his mind because he wanted to know what was going on. He hadn't seen a smile like that on my face for four months—except for a few minutes before when we nearly killed ourselves laughing at our own predicament.

Willson went on to say that the producer and director of the picture already had a considerable amount of interest in me; they had seen "Picnic" and liked me very much. The star of "Wagon," Richard Widmark, had also seen "Picnic" and thought the funniest scene in the picture was when Bill Holden bounced the basketball off my head. So he also liked me. Later I found out that there is a scene in "The Last Wagon" where *Comanche Todd* (Widmark) hits *Ridge* (that's me) right over the head with a chain. I guess he figured I'd be good for the part because Bill Holden had already toughened my head.

But seriously, I was never so excited in my life. Not only did I need the money to get out of hock, but also this role of

Ridge was a starring part. Above all, I was excited about the fact that it was a very dramatic and heavy role. I had been playing these comical young kid parts and none of the studios would consider me for anything dramatic. It seemed like I was destined to play comedy forever.

I told Mr. Willson, "Listen, Daddy-o, you get me a screen test for this part and I guarantee you I'll get the part. I don't care if I have to test against Marlon Brando, Laurence Olivier and Gregory Peck combined. I need the money, the part, and I'm going to get it. I'm not going to take no for an answer."

The agent said, "Okay, keep your shirt on. Stick around the house. I'll be calling you this afternoon and let you know what happens when I talk to them."

After hanging up, I turned to Dennis: "Man, if you ever prayed, you better start now. Everything, man, just everything is solved if I get this part. Not only will it be worth about ten grand, but I'll break out of the kid roles!"

Well, for three hours Dennis and I didn't do anything but stare at the clock, then at each other, back to the clock, back at each other. To be very frank with you, I was getting pretty tired of looking at both Dennis and at that clock.

I couldn't watch that second hand go around one more time. It was now 3:30 p.m. and Willson hadn't called yet.

It was just a short ring at first, and we looked at each other and wondered if it would ring again or if it was just our imagination. It seemed like we waited a million years. Then it rang again and I nearly tore the phone out of the wall grabbing it so quickly. It was Willson.

"Get over to 20th right away and see William Hawks, the producer, and Delmer Daves, the director. They're expecting you."

I didn't even answer him. I just dropped the phone and leaped out the door and into my car. I knew as soon as I touched the starter there wasn't any gas in it. Dennis was just coming out the front door as I jumped out of the car and yelled to him, "Find an empty can someplace, quick." I knew where the small rubber hose was because just a few days before I had found it in the back yard.

By the time I got the hose from the garage Dennis was running toward me with an empty can. My wonderful neighbor (God love him) who lives about a



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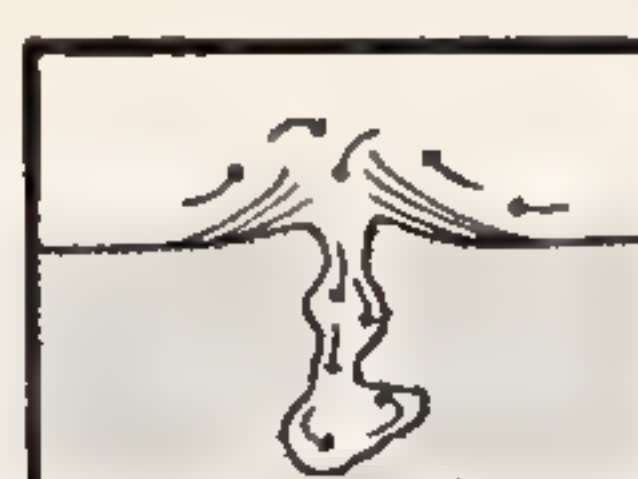


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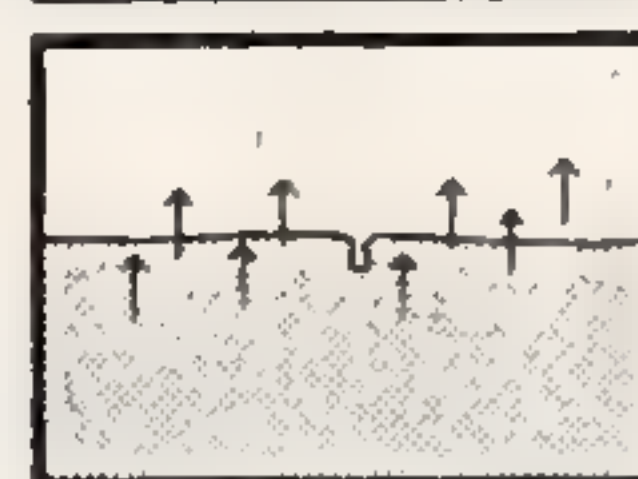
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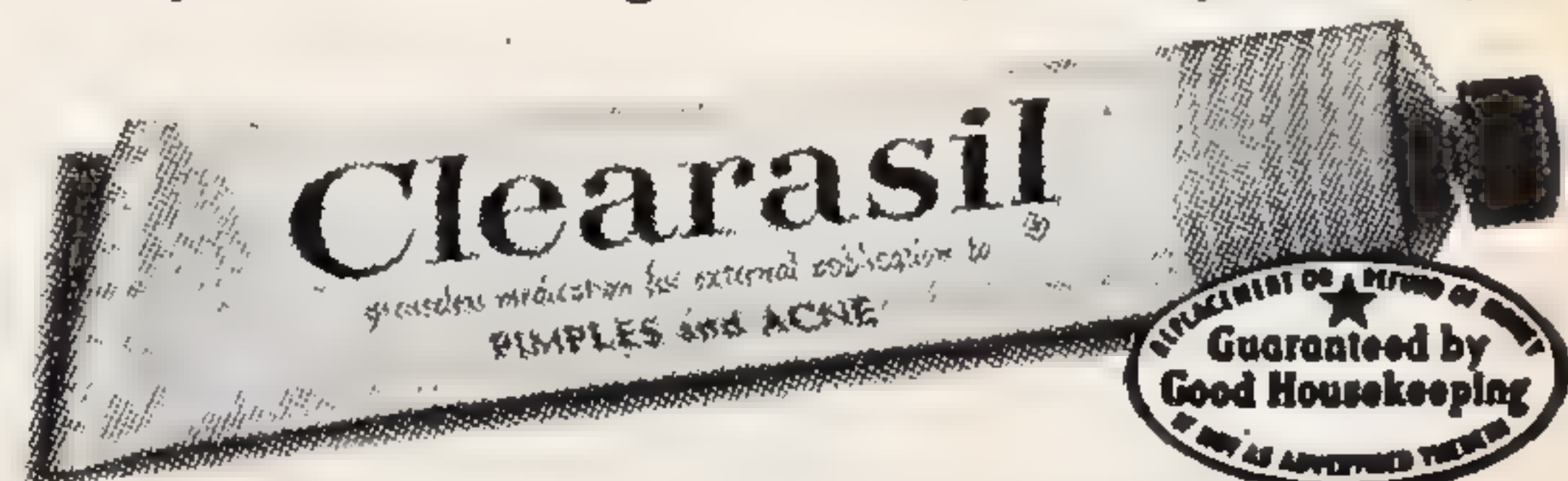
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Across

1. Friendly
8. Spencer (Tracy)
15. Ron (Ronald)
16. Ideal
18. orange
19. organ
21. ice
22. War
23. A D (Arlene Dahl)
24. Myrna (Loy)
25. There
27. ran
29. in
30. H T (Helen Trent)
31. areas
34. Bad
37. It
38. S N (Sheree North)
39. A B (Anne Baxter)
40. If
41. loges
43. Keim (Betty Lou)
45. Erin
46. nap
48. Es (Esther Williams)
49. Rod
51. bat
53. Dick (Widmark)
55. ate

Down

56. Roaring
59. Debbie (Reynolds)
62. inn
63. Near
65. Madison (Guy)
66. A G (Ava Gardner)
67. Bet
68. "UFO" ("Unidentified Flying Objects")
70. Is
71. N A (Nick Adams)
72. togas
74. Senator
77. Frenchman
78. name

Down

1. from
2. Rory (Calhoun)
3. Ingrid (Bergman)
4. Nina (Foch)
5. D D (Doris Day)
6. Leith (Virginia)
7. yacht
9. Power
10. era
11. narrators
12. C N (Conrad Nagel)
13. Egan (Richard)
14. Red
17. Lee (Peggy)
20. Ann (Sheridan, Miller)
26. R A (Richard Allan)
28. A S (Ann Sheridan)
32. Eileen (Heckart)
33. ins
34. Baker (Carroll)
35. Abe
36. of
38. sensation
40. I'm a
42. GI
44. Indian
47. Pekinese
50. "Odongo"
51. Babs (Barbara Hutton)
52. Teenage
54. C R (Cesar Romero)
56. riata
57. net
58. G A (Gene Autry)
59. D A (Dana Andrews)
60. edit
61. bison
64. Rush (Barbara)
65. Mona (Freeman)
67. bar
69. fem. (feminine)
73. G F (Glenn Ford)
75. an
76. R A (Richard Anderson)

hundred yards from my house didn't even hear us as we siphoned about two gallons of gas out of his truck and then made the hundred-yard dash uphill to my place in six seconds.

As I was pouring, Dennis asked how I was going to make it all the way to 20th and back on two gallons of gas. I didn't have much time for talking but he understood when he saw me load into my car's trunk all the empty Coke, Seven-Up, beer, ginger ale, and rootbeer bottles that had been sitting in the back yard for about six months. I just waved as I took off down the mountain, and in one motion was at the bottom of the hill, cashed the bottles, filled the tank (for the first time in three months) and made it to the Fox lot, got up the stairs to the producers' office and collapsed in the waiting room. I did all this in forty-five minutes. The normal time would have been an hour and a half. My father always said, "Make the hay while the sun shines, Nick."

I told the secretary I had an appointment with the producer and director and that I was here and what was she waiting for. I'd been waiting at least five seconds. She told me that they would be with me in just a few minutes. I wanted to sock her but I figured that I would be wrong and that I really had better slow down and not let them think I'm too eager.

I got my second breath by the time they were ready for me. As I entered the office where Mr. Hawks and Mr. Daves were, I commenced to give the greatest performance of my career. Did you ever try to act independently wealthy, secure and very successful while keeping one pants leg down over your sock because there are three holes in it? And did you ever try to be reserved and quiet and poised while the producer and director told you all about the story and how great the part is and do you think you can do it? I wanted to jump to my feet and say, "Are you kidding? This part was made for me. In fact, there is no one else in this town who can play the part better!"

All this was going over and over in my mind as they talked. I wasn't listening to a word they were saying. I just kept thinking how badly I wanted and needed this part. And how I couldn't say to them what I was thinking. I had done that at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when I was up for the Rocky Graziano story and I didn't get the part—because it looked like I was too desperate for it, and a lot of people think you can't act when you're desperate. I've got news for them.

At that particular moment, watching those two gentlemen, not hearing a word they were saying, just watching their lips and hands move in describing the part to me—yes, at that moment, I could have made any living actor look like a popcorn thief. I could have conquered the world—because I was desperate, like I'd never been before. Finally I heard what it was that the director, Mr. Delmer Daves, was saying: "We should like to make a test of you for the part of Ridge on Thursday. Here's the test scene. Be in make-up about 9 A.M. . . ."

My hand took the test scene from the director and my tongue formed the words, "Thank you," and my legs moved me to the door, down the steps, and to my car. I was still numb as I pulled into the driveway of my house. Dennis came running out. He had to reach in, shut off the motor and open the door for me. He kept asking me what was wrong, but I just couldn't say anything. Finally he saw the test scene in my hand and realized they were going to test me. He yelled, "Snap out of it, you jerk, they're going to test you!" Then he ran inside the house and the next thing I knew I heard "Conquest"

blaring over my hi-fi speaker. Dennis had turned it up full blast and my body began to tingle. I began to smile. Next I saw him standing in the doorway with the test scene between his teeth, a corkscrew in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other. He was opening the bottle and mumbling something about finding more empty bottles in the neighbor's back yard. That's how he got the champagne, because he knew I was going to get the test. (My poor neighbor, God love him.) I got out of the car, ran to Dennis, grabbed the champagne from him, took a mouthful, he grabbed it back from me, spilling it all over me, he took a mouthful, I grabbed it back from him and all the time we were laughing.

Both Dennis and I knew that if I was given a chance to make a screen test for the part I wouldn't goof. We both knew that I had the part and all my problems were solved the moment the director handed me the test scene back at 20th Century-Fox. Because, as I said, watch out for anyone who's desperate. You get power that you never dreamed you had. I was nearly washed over the side during a rough sea in the North Pacific once. And as I slid along the steel deck on my stomach, being carried by a giant wave closer and closer to the railing, where I could easily slide through into a very big, lonely

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and rough ocean, my hands and fingers were trying to dig a hole into the steel deck. Later, when they wrapped my hands in bandages, they looked like raw meat. I did something that under other circumstances would have been impossible: I kept from being washed over by clinging to flat, hard, slippery, wet steel. That's what you can do when you're desperate.

What a scene! Dennis and me jumping all over the place drinking and spilling champagne, "Conquest" blasting on the hi-fi set. Then I call up Natalie Wood and tell her the great news, and tell her to cancel everything to come up to my house because we're celebrating.

Well, after much celebrating it was again quiet on my mountain. Natalie had brought her girlfriend with her and the four of us had built a fire in the fireplace (with wood from my neighbor's back yard, naturally). Natalie had lent us some money and Dennis and Nat's girlfriend had gone down to the bottom of the hill and come back with hamburgers, potato chips, Coke and all that sort of jazz. We laughed and sang and made big speeches and Dennis kept eating all the food. I had forgotten that he was a growing boy. Well, as I said, it was again quiet on my mountain, because Nat and her girlfriend had left after Dennis and I fell asleep.

I woke up about five in the morning and found Dennis sleeping in front of the fireplace. I woke him up and asked him if I had been dreaming or if I really had got the test. He grunted "Yes," and I made my way back to my bedroom and fell asleep, after saying, "Thank you, God." That was the day a star was born.

The next six days came up with a lot of excitement and experiences, too. Things I'll never forget, like the night before the test. How Dennis and I sat in the bathroom from about 8 P.M. until 4 A.M. (because the bathroom was the only warm spot in the house, because of the water heater) discussing the part and the test and the

way it should be done. How I was real confident the next day during the test and what a really good actress tested with me (an unknown girl by the name of Stephanie Griffin), and how glad I was when I heard she got the part. Then another disappointment—my agent told me that we would have to wait until Monday, to give them time to make up their minds.

What a miserable, dragged-out weekend that was. Monday never seemed to come. Then Monday finally did come. I leaped at the phone when it rang. And they wouldn't know until Tuesday! That was bad enough, but on Monday I found out that everyone else had been set and signed for their roles. It took me a while to get the message my agent was trying to send me—that the thing that was holding us up was money, and if I didn't accept their offer, I wouldn't get the part.

I guess I really blew my top then. I grabbed up the phone and more or less gave them the idea of what I thought about them and their offer. Then I sat there beside that phone that had more or less run my life for me for the last few days. I looked out the window and could see Dennis sitting out there taking a sunbath, and I knew he was just as nervous and edgy as I was but he was just trying to keep busy doing nothing so he could stay out of the way. This was a decision that I had to make all by myself.

Then the front doorbell rang. It was the man from the telephone company. He looked real sick and real sorry, standing there in the doorway telling us he had to take out the phone. I asked him if I could make just one more call and he said sure. In fact, he looked relieved and a little happy thinking that maybe he could help me. I dialed the number, wondering if it was too late, but luck was on my side.

"You've made the right decision, Nick," my agent told me seriously. "Right now, money isn't important. Someday, maybe, it will be, but right now, it isn't. The important thing is that this is a part you can make come to life on the screen. This is a part you can make people believe in. You're a real lucky guy. Every actor in town was after this part. Good luck, kid."

I put the phone down slowly. The man from the telephone company didn't say anything as he went about taking out the phone. He didn't know whether the news had been good or bad. But I knew. I knew that I was on my way. A combination of luck, timing, talent, opportunity—all the things that are necessary in anybody's career had all worked for me.

Well, I won't bore you trying to drag out the ending. There's that old saying, them that has, gets, and I guess I'm no exception to the rule. I've just finished co-starring with John Derek in "Showdown Creek" for United Artists, and I have six starring roles all lined up in a row. And my neighbor (God love him) doesn't have to worry about his gas, bottles and firewood any more.

Maybe, someday, if I become really famous, I'll want to forget that day when a star (I hope!) was really born. But right now, I sort of like remembering it, all of it, starting with Dennis searching the fireplace for a cigarette and me in the kitchen looking for used coffee grounds. I like remembering how happy that guy from the phone company looked when he could let me make one more call before he took out the telephone. And I like to think that maybe my neighbor knew all along about the gas and the bottles, and that maybe the one thing that makes me feel so good is the knowledge that people are pretty swell.

THE END

DON'T MISS: Nick Adams in "Showdown Creek."

Presley Takes Hollywood

(Continued from page 42)

wish. "I'm sure," said Dave, "that Elvis could do a good job of portraying Jimmy."

Elvis had been sitting in an awkward position for several minutes, with no apparent discomfort or pain. His legs were bent up under him, yet his spine was straight. His head was slightly tilted, and his right arm was folded across his chest, his hand holding his left elbow, his left hand thoughtfully stroking his smooth chin. He chewed nervously, unconsciously, on some chewing gum.

"I think I could do it easy," Elvis repeated. He was still on the subject of filming Dean's biography. "I want to play that more than anything else." Then he shook his head, as if to bring himself back to the present and to the fact that he was capturing Hollywood just as he'd captured every audience he's ever faced.

It was the first day of work on "Love Me Tender." Elvis had started out by explaining to producer Weisbart, almost shyly, "I don't know much about this business, so I learned the whole script—everybody's parts." He smiled, and his smile, too, was shy, almost ashamed.

Elvis' fingernails were worn 'way down. He ground them nervously as he stood in the recording room. He had no guitar to hold onto. He noticed the pianist had left, and he walked over to the piano, sat down, and started pounding out a boogie beat. At first it was rusty, then it picked up and became quite good. Elvis should have been taking it easy—the recording session was still ahead of him, and he hadn't eaten any lunch. Oh, yes, he'd had a cup of coffee, if you could call it that—the cup was half-filled with cream.

"He only eats when he knows he should eat," his manager, "Colonel" Tom Parker, informed us.

During Elvis' first week on the 20th lot, we heard nothing but raves about him from the studio policemen, secretaries, fellow actors and actresses, right on up to the top producers. There hadn't been this much excitement on the lot since Tyrone Power was the big new threat.

By contrast, when Jimmy Dean was new at Warner Bros., the report that went out about him was, "What a character we've got over here. He acts like a sloppy pig and dresses to match."

Elvis is the opposite. When we saw him, he was wearing black and white shoes, brown slacks, and a pink satin shirt, cut like a doctor's or barber's jacket. A fan, he confessed, had made it for him.

"How about this!" he laughed. "Isn't it something? I look like a doctor in a Technicolor hospital!"

Elvis, who doesn't smoke, reached for another stick of chewing gum and stared rather moodily off in another direction. Then his attention came back to the present again.

When we asked him whether he could explain Jimmy Dean's great following, and what phenomenon caused that following to increase after Dean's death, Elvis had a ready reply.

"I think they believe that he represented them," he explained. "He acted like them, and he acted for them. He was today's youth, he shared their problems, their likes and dislikes. At least he did so more in 'Rebel' than in 'Eden.' 'Eden' had more specialized problems. When he died—well, they mourned him for themselves even more."

And what about Elvis' success? Is it due to the same phenomenon which caused Jimmy's success?

"Gee, I don't know. All those movements I make seem to mean so much to

them. I don't really know what it is that causes it to happen. Sometimes, when I'm up there on stage, I might just close my eyes a minute, real tight, or bite my lip, and that does it to them. I might put my hand up hard against my forehead, or maybe reach down and straighten my pants cuff or rub my ankle, and they scream. I just don't know what it is. But it seems natural."

The musicians—two guitarists, a drummer and a pianist—returned from their "break." Ken Darby's trio took its place at one mike and Elvis went over to another. They were ready for a take. The red light went on at the stage door, music conductor Newman counted "one-and-two-and-three," and the music started beating. Elvis got the downbeat from Darby and started singing "There's a Leak in This Old Building." He kept the beat with his body, slowly moving back and forth. There was no hand-clapping, foot-stomping, or finger-snapping. Elvis moved slowly, his arms leading his long, wiry frame, back and forth in tempo. It gave everyone the urge to rock with the beat, to clap hands with the tempo. Even the walls were aching to shake. When the number was completed, all the crew clapped hands. Every face wore a smile.

Then Ken Darby asked the boys in the booth to play back the recording. Elvis stood nervously in a corner of the stage, waiting. He noticed a couple of boys in another corner who had been quietly watching and listening. Their faces were tense, too. They were Nick Adams, who had been a good pal of Jimmy Dean's, and Dennis Hopper, also one of Jimmy's buddies, who does a great job in "Giant."

Elvis went over to them, said "Hi," just as the playback cue thundered through the huge stage, which was sprinkled with only a handful of humans. Everyone was motionless with anticipation. Elvis strained to urge the first note from the mammoth loudspeakers.

Nick and Dennis listened—and they looked. They looked at Elvis as if he were someone they knew, someone they had known before, perhaps.

The number ended and everyone agreed it would be a natural top-seller. Elvis went over to Ken Darby to discuss changes for another take.

Nick Adams, wearing his usual saucy hat, was acting as serious as we've ever seen him—off-camera, that is.

"You want to know what kind of guy Elvis really is?" he asked. "I'll tell you."

Nick proceeded to give us the story of how, a few days earlier, Cameron Mitchell had pulled out of Elvis' film. Cam had been scheduled for a supporting role, as one of the "heavies" in "Love Me Tender." Nick didn't know why Cam pulled out, but he did know one thing—it would be a great role for himself. We could have told Nick that Cam was mad at the studio for giving him a secondary role, especially after RKO had offered him a starring role which his 20th bosses had turned down.

It's no secret around town that Nick's a go-getter, and he went after the part by beating the bushes in the front offices at 20th. While roaming through these "badlands," Nick bumped into Elvis. And before Nick knew what had hit him, Elvis was saying: "Gee, I think you're a swell actor."

It didn't take Nick long to tell Elvis how much he'd like to be in his film. He told Elvis how he'd played a "heavy" in "The Last Wagon."

"Gee," said Elvis, "I'll tell Mr. Weisbart to look at 'The Last Wagon.'"

Weisbart, at Elvis' request, went to see



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the film. Although he finally decided Nick was too young for the role, the point Nick had to make about Elvis was: Here's a guy who'll go to bat for you at a moment's notice!

Dennis Hopper winked to us, "I'm going to start singing soon, too. And I'm not kidding—I'm taking lessons."

The biggest surprise about Elvis and his singing had been revealed to us earlier, when he gave us a private concert. For the first time (professionally), he sang a soft, ultra-slow ballad. He invited us over to the quaint music bungalow on the far west side of the 20th lot. It was away from the bustle of traffic and from the big stages. It looked like the kind of cottage Walt Disney would have built for Snow White and Prince Charming. This was where Elvis felt relaxed, comfortable.

Ken Darby sat at the grand piano at the far end of the living room. Elvis stood a few feet behind him, and in front of a tall, stained-glass window. He stood erect, as if he were in a choir.

Ken started to play the soft melody. I hardly knew that Elvis had started to sing, as his voice, barely louder than the piano, was saying: "Love me tender. . . ."

His voice was pitched slightly higher than in his usual rock 'n' roll tunes. It had a lot of resonance, vibration, and Elvis was on-key for every note, no matter how long, short, high or low.

The expressions on his face were kind and lacked any of the familiar exaggeration of his mouth, eyes, or shaking of his head. He sang each word with the meaning he (and Mrs. Ken Darby) had written into it. When he finished, it seemed only normal to express our amazement.

"People think all I can do is belt," he said. "I used to sing nothing but ballads before I went professional. I love ballads. I love to sing slow, but seldom get to do it." He continued to explain that as a boy, an only child, he would sing like that when he tried with his mother and dad in church. "It was a small church," he explained, "only seated about 75. You couldn't sing too loud, there."

Elvis plans to sing the slow numbers on his next cross-country tour, to prove he's a singer, as well as an entertainer. He was glad that the title of his first film was changed from "The Reno Brothers" to "Love Me Tender." The latter identifies it more as a story which stars Elvis. "Reno Brothers" would have made it sound like a Western.

Richard Egan, by the way, plays Elvis' older brother in "Love Me Tender." The story takes place in the Deep South in 1865, just after the Civil War, and tells about two brothers. Elvis plays the role of the younger brother, who does not go to war. Dick Egan, who plays the older brother, does go to war and is believed to have been killed. During the war, Elvis falls in love with Debra Paget and marries her. His family doesn't tell him that Dick had planned to marry Debra before he was "killed."

We don't want to give away the whole story, but be forewarned that Elvis, in his first movie, is killed. However, he dies a valiant death and for a worthy cause.

"I was plenty scared that first day," Elvis admits. His honesty was well-founded, for he had never done a lick of acting. "Not even in school," he says.

Dick Egan, remembering how tough it was to get started, sort of took Elvis under his wing. "This is a fine, honest boy," Dick told us.

When Elvis confessed, "I don't know how to read lines at all," Dick laughed and said, "Don't think about reading lines. Don't worry about being an actor. Just go out there and be yourself. Be natural—be Elvis Presley."

There had been a lot of discussion about "coaching" Elvis in acting. Perhaps someone should be hired to teach him the fundamentals. Perhaps someone like Natasha Lytess, who took another phenomenon, Marilyn Monroe, and made her into an actress.

Director Robert Webb and producer Dave Weisbart had considered this, but they also had hoped Elvis would display enough natural acting ability to get by without coaching, which, in turn, might bury his unique appeal. So they held out against getting him a coach until after they could see how he looked in the "rushes."

As soon as the first film came back from the laboratory, Webb and Weisbart dashed into the projection room, viewed Elvis' first scene and decided: no coaching. At least, not as long as he continued to handle the scenes and lines that well!

Ben Wright, the film's dialogue director, was assigned to go over lines with Elvis before "takes," but this was not out of the ordinary. Every film's star does the same thing, if only to be sure he knows his lines—and sometimes the right day's work!

"One of the best ways to describe Elvis," Dick Egan smiled as he watched him walk into the commissary, "is just to say he's a real nice fella."

Elvis had been equally, if not more, impressed by Egan, and appreciated Dick's assistance in giving him self-confidence. As a matter of fact, Elvis was impressed by everyone at the studio who had literally given him the A-1 welcome treatment. Having been an only child, he especially enjoyed the camaraderie, the friendly feeling in making films.

We asked Elvis if he had any favorites in movies. "I love 'em all," he smiled. "But I've got one special gal. And she's the only gal for me. But she keeps me 64,000 miles away."

Who, we asked, could this gal be?

"Debbie," he smiled. "Debra Paget."

Later, in the commissary, Elvis and his cousin Gene Smith, with Colonel Parker, were at one table, and Debra, her mother and sister were at another. When Elvis was called away for a few minutes, we sat down with Debbie.

"What's this about cold-shouldering Elvis?" we asked.

"What!" Debbie exclaimed.

We explained.

"Oh, that," she laughed. "Well, there are all sorts of ways to travel, and 64,000 miles is pretty far! Actually, I've known Elvis better than anyone here, because of the Milton Berle TV show we were on together. And I've done the spadework here, preparing everyone for him—and I mean to let them know what a nice guy he really is."

"However," Debbie added, "I'll admit that my impression of Elvis, before I met him, was the same as many others who don't know him. I figured he must be some sort of moron. Then I met him—and believe me, this boy isn't. The best way to describe his work, I think, is to say it's inspired."

Colonel Parker is quick to kid about anything he and Elvis do in terms of dollars and cents. We noted one of the studio press agents was wearing an Elvis Presley fan club button, and we asked when and how we could get one.

"We'll have to check you over," Colonel Parker said. "It's not that easy, you know—to get the fifty-cent buttons. Besides," he laughed, "if we make it too easy, no one will want to get one." Elvis made no comment, nor did Elvis' cousin, Gene.

A studio visitor, probably the daughter of an important theatre owner, came into the alcove where we were eating. She wanted Elvis' autograph, but she was so

nervous, she couldn't say anything, just giggled. She stuck a pen and piece of paper in front of Elvis. He smiled at her, signed his autograph, and thanked her, without putting her to any embarrassment.

The studio commissary hostess came in and said there was a phone call for Elvis from New York. He was set to answer it when the studio press agent checked, found it was a fan calling, and stopped it. Then he issued an order to stop the calls in there.

If all the calls for Elvis were put through to his office on the lot, his secretary (he had to hire one while at 20th) would do nothing all day but pick up phones. When it became known that Elvis was staying at the Hotel Knickerbocker in Hollywood, there were 237 phone messages for him at the end of the first day!

The studio workers, who were used to seeing every top star in the business, found themselves saying such things as: "I was certainly very big at my house last evening when I told my daughter I saw (sat next to, or heard) Elvis on the lot yesterday."

Up to this point, Elvis had maintained his complete humility and appreciation of what had happened to him. For example, when Ed Sullivan was hurt in an auto accident, one of the studio men thought it would be nice if Elvis sent him a note, along with a picture taken at the studio. Elvis autographed the picture to "Mr. Ed Sullivan."

Elvis had a strange introduction to Movietown. The young man with the many expensive cars arrived in Hollywood without any car—and right in the midst of a taxi strike. So he found himself being chauffeured around town, and to work each morning, in a 20th Century-Fox limousine.

Having been brought up in a Tennessee farm community, Elvis took no chances about relying on his experience to ride a horse. He headed out to "Fat" Jones' ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and got his spine accustomed to the saddle, instead of his Cadillacs. Of course, he didn't overdo it. The horse he rode was "Old Jim," who has been "breaking in" movie stars for over fifteen years, and who knew just how gentle to be.

Elvis also kept in shape with his favorite pastime—tossing baseballs at milk bottles at a near-by amusement pier. On his first Saturday night in Hollywood, he had headed for the Long Beach amusement park and had won seven stuffed teddy bears before the crowd recognized him. P.S. He returned to the hotel with none of the prizes!

His collection of stuffed animals—mostly "hound dogs"—increases daily. In fact, there is no more space for them in his hotel room. However, judging from his future film schedule, Elvis will probably buy a mansion in Bel Air big enough for all his dogs, stuffed and otherwise. Because Hollywood's verdict on Elvis is that he's here to stay, and he has signed up for three pictures in all. He gets \$100,000 for his first, \$150,000 for his second, and \$200,000 for his third. After that, Elvis has confided to friends, he and Colonel Parker plan to form their own production company.

All in all, Elvis is a "real nice" boy with a real cool head on his shoulders, and he's taken Hollywood the way Grant took Richmond—leaving the "enemy" outnumbered, out-flanked and unable to say anything except, "Nothing like it has happened before."

Chances are, nothing like it will happen again, either!

THE END

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS: Elvis Presley in "Love Me Tender."

"This Is My Story"

(Continued from page 44)

at the poor old persecuted cop on our beat.

But I still had to learn to live, in the full and rewarding sense of that word. And today I know that until recently I had never really lived at all.

Sadly enough, there are far too many folks who never live. Certainly there are too many *Maggies* who, because of weakness, loneliness, fear or sympathy, stop halfway in life and just hang there and gather moss. Some use their parents as a comfortable crutch because they are afraid of making a life of their own.

Then, on the other hand, there are some parents who have no thought of preventing their children from leaving home; they just make them so comfortable that, without meaning to, they discourage the whole idea. This was true of a friend of mine—a charming, stimulating, brilliant woman, who made her daughter so happy at home that for years the girl wouldn't get serious about any boy. She didn't want to leave the lovely apartment or her mother's exciting, glamorous friends. She loved going to Europe in the summer and to Florida in the winter, and it was too good a thing to give up for any struggling young man. As she frankly put it to her mother one day, "Why should I get married? What could they give me that you don't?"

Which echoes the sentiments of a father I know who keeps his tribe under an iron thumb and keeps all of them under the same roof with him. Sons, daughters, in-laws, grandchildren—the whole caboodle of them living there together, too close for ordinary comfort. And the father is so strong, he's made weaklings of the rest of them, or rather they've allowed him to. One son could have been a brilliant scientist, but his father insisted he follow in the family brokerage business, too. His daughter's husband was about to leave her, but she still couldn't break away and go with him. The son-in-law was a nice guy and he loved his wife, but he was just too miserable living that way. One day I sat the girl down and talked her into moving out and getting a house of their own. The father bought it for her—he refused to let go completely—but she's so happy now, living her own life.

If you can just break the pattern, you're home-free. Yet, I'm sure this father, just as many other fathers and mothers, doesn't even realize how much he's warping all the others' lives.

Certainly my mother would never consciously do this. Nor would I have done it to her. But sometimes circumstances just bring this about, and the pattern is just as hard to break. I was tied to my mother from childhood primarily because of my own determination to help provide for her, and because she needed me.

If it hadn't been for my mother, I would never have gone to Hollywood. She was the whole inspiration for me getting us out of that bloody Casbah where we lived in the tenement section of Detroit. Mom had worked hard, very hard, since she was nine years old. When I was a kid she worked as a "tackspitter" in an automobile factory for a long time, tacking upholstery into the car seats. She would come home at night with her hands bleeding—where she'd missed. Seeing her hands like that infuriated me, and I vowed that someday I'd make it all up to her. I was determined she wouldn't go through life and not live at all. Never have *anything*. I decided I would be a movie star, and I dedicated myself to the day when Mom would have all the necessities and comforts life holds.

Our relationship was in reverse. Mom

was in essence my "child." I took care of her and I worried about her, and during my teens I was her best friend and her provider. I tried to be everything to her, to make up for the years she'd given up, struggling to feed and clothe my sister, Marion, and me.

Later on, after I went into show business, I needed Mom all the time. She traveled with me and took care of me. She was my third hand. She cooked for me, sewed for me, helped me with my costumes, and she was my Gal Friday. The whole works. When I married and this turned out unhappily, Mom was always helping me with my problem. She was just always there.

Thus we were unusually close. Too close. Finally I realized this, but breaking the pattern of such close relationships necessarily takes time. It seems almost unbelievable now, but when my children, Lindsay and Candy, were born, it was hard for my mother even to acknowledge them at first. I was her baby and she felt she was losing me.

I knew it was essential for Mom's future happiness for her to have a life of her own and to feel free of me. I bought her a house in the San Fernando Valley, and in a sense that became her child. I hoped this would give her some roots and security of her own, and eventually it did. When she married my stepfather, she began building her own life, and gradually divorced herself from mine.

She gave me her "final notice" the last time I went out on the road to play nightclub dates. One night, in my dressing room, Mom said, "Betty, this is the last time I'm going anywhere with you." Throughout that trip she kept worrying about her house and her garden. She was more concerned about the devil-grass back home than about her daughter's night-club act. And since I married Alan Livingston, she's let go completely, and she knows how happy I am.

If you can just break the pattern, if you have the honesty and the courage to try—that's the important thing. My difficulty was there were just too many patterns of thinking, feeling and living that needed breaking before all the pieces could fall into perspective and I could know what it means to live fully—as I am now.

Growing up, I had personality problems no one's even named yet. And I've always been probably the greatest living authority on that well-worn word—insecurity. During most of my early years, I was a miserable misfit. My sister, Marion, was the pretty one, the popular one, the good one. I was homely and lonely and too loud. Being loud, I'd found, was the only way I could attract any attention.

"Poor" is a relative word. And if you've never experienced it, it's hard to explain the kind of poor we were. Sometimes my husband, Alan, gets to reminiscing about how tough times were during his school days. He'll say, "I'll never forget when I was going to college. I had it so tough then. Some days I had only a dollar a day to eat on." That really breaks me up. College, yet! "Yep—that's real tough, Alan," I'll joke. "Rough deal. If our whole family had a dollar a week, we were well off." I can't remember when I first learned my father had deserted us and run away with another woman. I just always knew it. The way we lived, you couldn't hide anything—our life was too bare. Sometimes, with a kid's imagination, I would have the strange feeling that he was watching me. When I was eight years old I almost died of pneumonia, and one day, while a neighbor was sitting with me, a

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man came to our door and asked how I was. I always felt he was my father . . . but I never knew.

I never wanted to see him anyway. All my life I felt nothing but hatred for him. Today I can be more adult and more tolerant, weighing the differences in my parents' ages and temperaments, and realizing how humanly difficult the circumstances might have been. But watching my mother working so hard and seeing her suffer and knowing my father had deserted us, I really hated him then.

During all the years of struggling, I never heard from him. Then six years ago, when a national magazine was doing an extensive cover story on me, their research staff traced my father to Sawtelle Veterans' Hospital in Santa Monica, California—right next door to me. He had shot himself only four months before. He must have known where we were, but he never tried to contact me or to cash in, and that sort of cleaned him up with me. I've always wondered how he felt seeing me in movies, knowing I was so near—and remembering how he'd run out on me.

With my father for a first example, I grew up having small use for men. I was a bitter kid anyway, and the type of men I'd meet didn't inspire any girlish visions of orange blossoms and old lace. Living in tenements and singing in bars, I saw the worst side of men. Nor were they attracted to me. I never had a real boyfriend until I was nineteen years old. I wasn't the type guys would ask for a date. I was too self-sufficient. Men didn't feel needed with me. You have to play all the womanly angles to be desired, and I'd never played any of them. Furthermore, I had neither the time nor the experience. I'd been working all my life and I had no time to learn how to play games. I'd been in a man's shoes all the time and, in a sense, I'd been raising my own family. I was always battling with men, always competing with them, and I just didn't know how to go about being womanly.

And, I must add, marriage and the family institution as I saw them offered small attraction anyway. There were sixteen families packed into our tenement house, and every family had a few extras living with them. The women were always arguing, the kids crying, and the men were always beating up their families.

These were our neighbors, and I couldn't stand any of them. Neither could I stand the dirt. I was a fanatic about cleanliness. I only had one dress, but I had to wash that dress every night. It's hard to explain, but this was very important to me. This was the only thing that made me "different," above the mob.

And there was another thing—the tremendous desire to better our situation, to be a success so I could take my mother out of that rat trap. This was like a fever with me, and I was going to get us all out of there if I had to blast us out. And the way I sang, I just about did.

If I hadn't been able to assume the burdens when I did, I don't know what would have happened to us. I'd been singing, after a fashion, since I was three years old, when my sister and I sang and danced for the customers in the "blind pig" my mother ran then.

While I was still under age, I started singing in clubs and bars around town. You were supposed to be sixteen years old and accompanied by a parent to even visit those places. I never went, except to sing. I would make up and try to look older and go over to some club. Sometimes they had "Amateur Night." Other times I would just go over and sit by the piano player and they would let me sing. The customers would throw money on the floor, and some

nights I would make ten or twenty dollars, which was a big help to my mother. And on some nights, two truant officers would find me and escort me home.

I'd been on speaking terms with some of the truant officers before. By the time I was twelve, I was twenty years old in looks, experience and emotion. I was bitter and full of hate, and I'd decided the whole world was wrong. I had no respect for anybody. I'd throw tomatoes at the cops on the beat. I had gangs, and we'd go into a dime store and prowl around. But for the miracle of God, I could have gone wrong about then. Real wrong. But that was about the time Mom and Marion and I all started going to church.

We went to the Holy Roller Tabernacle in the neighborhood, and I thought the evangelist, Brother Kline, was the most godlike man I'd ever seen. I can still see his face—it just shone. And I loved going to church there. We'd go each Sunday and stay all day. The congregation would get pretty emotional, they'd sing hymns with a lot of spirit, and they would talk in "unknown tongues." One night I saw a woman who was blind "talk to the Lord" and see. This was miracle enough for me. This was just about the greatest thing that had ever happened to me.

I went through a year of wonderful religion, guided by Brother Kline. After that year I could never go back to being the little monster I was before, because I'd gotten religion and I'd learned the rule. Brother Kline had taught me that, if I believed and if I prayed, whatever I wanted would happen. You had to get the bitterness and hatred out of your heart, and you had to replace them with love and understanding. Then, if you had faith and prayed, it would happen.

This gave me the confidence I needed, and it changed my whole life. Now I believed I would make it. Instead of just having the fight and the desire to succeed, now there was faith and prayer to carry me through. And down through the years, just before any important performance, Mom and I knelt in the wings and prayed.

What I wanted, what I prayed for, was success in show business. To become famous enough and to make enough money to break the pattern of living for us. I never gave marriage, or a happy home or family, a thought. I just wanted to be a movie star. I wanted to be accepted and loved—and one person, one man, wasn't enough. *Everybody* had to love me. I'd been too lonely too long.

Through the magic of motion pictures I soon had millions of new friends. And eventually, through the magic of birth, I began to mature more, personally. When Lindsay and Candy were born, I learned the womanly things. How to feel more feminine. How to give something of myself. And how not to feel so self-sufficient any more. Having a child does this. With a child you have to give yourself so completely, if you're a good mother. And the minute a baby's born and they put it in your arms and you feel this tiny warm sweet something who needs you, all your phony defenses melt away. My babies loved me for myself. They weren't thinking, "What can I get out of my mother?" All they asked was love and security.

Marriage, however, was a less happy experience. When my first husband, Teddy, and I were married, I thought this was it. I'd never had a home or a lot of relatives, and Teddy's strong family ties seemed to insure a lasting relationship. But our marriage proved to be a mistake. And about this time I lost all heart for show business.

Why? I was worn out physically, mentally and emotionally. A succession of things happened, but none of them were big enough to matter if I hadn't already

been too exhausted to go on. I was really fed up, and I was ill. I needed to rest and get a new slant on the business—and on Betty Hutton, too. I told myself show business had brought me fame and money, but no personal happiness. But then, from the very beginning, that was all I'd asked for, and prayed for—success and fame.

Then I met the first man who had ever loved me for myself. A man who thought Betty Thornburg, of the Battle Creek and Detroit tenement Thornburgs, was worthy of all his love and respect. To me, this was an almost unbelievable and a wonderful thing. When I met Alan, I was so destroyed inside he was able to meet the real girl, stripped of everything—all the ego, the defenses. Alan had never known Betty Hutton, the performer. He fell in love with me.

After we first met, we'd sit for hours discussing our lives, and I would be amazed to hear myself telling him all these things I'd never told anybody before. Actually, this wasn't necessary, for Alan knows me very well and he's even told me a thing or two about myself. When I shout, he knows I'm just defending myself, and he will say, "You know what's wrong with you now, Betty? You're embarrassed and you're just taking it out on me."

I've always thought of myself as a strong sister, and for years I've battled and competed with men, but here's a man much stronger than I. He lets me rave and rant and he doesn't say a word. Then when I get through he says quietly, "Now, Betty, this is what we're going to do." And brother, it is!

Alan's a brilliant businessman and he comes from a fine background. He can't understand why I belittle mine. He's doing his best to straighten me out.

"Don't be ashamed of your background, Betty," he keeps telling me. "You shouldn't be. Think how far you've come and what you've done. I would give *anything* to have had your background and to have achieved what you have. Don't fight it—be proud of it. You've been tested and you know what you're made of and what you can do. So few of us ever find out."

I had never thought of my life quite this way, but then Alan has helped to give me a healthier realization of everything.

I'm back before the cameras, but my career doesn't consume me any more. I'm taking time to live. Oh, I work hard and I still get good and upset when things go wrong, but it just isn't my whole life any more. In the past, when I finished a picture, I would start pacing and asking, "What's next?" Nowadays it's different. I couldn't wait to finish "Spring Reunion," and pack the whole family off to Lake Tahoe. The fever's gone. My career is no longer a frantic thing.

Nor am I fighting myself any more. I know now that everything that happens to each one of us has its own meaning and worth. All the shouting and the praying and the crying and the hating. And out of my countless experiences has come maturity and tolerance and understanding and a better picture of what's really worth fighting for. The important thing is to bank each experience and draw on it when you need it in life.

I'm happy that my background should be of help to me in guiding my daughters. Like any mother, my thoughts and prayers are for them. But whatever the future brings, I'm not afraid. There can't be *anything* that I'm not equipped, out of my experience, to help them handle. And this is reason enough—and reward enough—for all the pain of the darkest years that have been.

THE END

LOOK FOR: Betty Hutton in "Spring Reunion."

A Lady on the Loose

(Continued from page 49)

ing, are the view you get when a plane circles over the International Airport in Los Angeles at night and over La Guardia Airport in New York in the morning. The nighttime sight in L.A. is breathtaking. A whole valley of lights stretched out below you, marching right to the foot of the distant mountains. In New York, there's that magnificent skyline of buildings that seem to be thrusting their spires right into the low-hanging, early-morning clouds. I find myself thinking about the people who work in those offices, about the hurrying, scurrying executives. It must be exciting, I find myself thinking, to be a captain of industry. But I'm glad I'm what I am. Being a movie star is hard work, but it's fun, too. The traveling, meeting new people. And the *expense account*. That's the most! Of course, the studio only lets me charge everything because I'm actually working on these tours. I have *seven* interviews to give just today, for instance. Darn—someone's at the door. I'll bet it's Dorothy Atlas. Well, diary, see you later.

●Tuesday night:

Brother, am I tired! Tab Hunter can take it—in fact, he seems to thrive on it. And do the kids ever mob him—don't they just! If I didn't like him so much, I'd be jealous of him. I hope no one's going to blow that item up into a romance rumor the way the columnists and all blew up those rumors about me and Nick Ray, who's just a close friend of my family's—and Raymond Burr, and I don't know how many others. Even Scott Marlowe. Sure, I dated him and all, but there's never been anyone I've really been serious about. Nick Adams and I gave everybody quite a scare when we went to Las Vegas and started pricing a marriage license and asking how long it took to get married. But Nick and I are both too serious about our careers to do anything foolish. When I do marry, though, I'm pretty sure it will be a spur of the moment thing because that's the way I am. Now I guess a few *more* people will worry! But I'm just eighteen and it's fun to have Nick and Scott both calling me practically every day. Yesterday, Nick called at one o'clock in the morning! I'd have been furious if I hadn't been so glad to hear from him. Four interviews again today and two TV appearances and another magazine editor is due in about half an hour, and after that Tab and I go out on a picture layout. Then we get our reward: We go to see Sammy Davis, Jr., in "Mr. Wonderful."

●Same night, 12 o'clock:

I feel like Cinderella. Just came back from seeing "Mr. Wonderful" and Sammy Davis, Jr., was just that. Sitting up in bed, writing this, I can look out the window and see the tired horses and the hackies waiting beside the carriages that drive people in love through Central Park for five dollars a ride. Of course, tourists hire them, too, but usually it's honeymooners you see sitting in back, holding hands, while the horse goes clip-clopping along, not paying a bit of attention to the cars roaring by. I don't know why, but with the street lights on down there and a sort of early autumn mist creeping in off the river I find myself thinking of Jimmy Dean and how he used to tell me about walking through Central Park at night, sometimes alone, sometimes with a girl. He was broke and awfully lonely during those years. New York's a wonderful place to be if you have money and success and all and can stay at a place like the Plaza, but it must be a sort of scary place to be alone in, or to be broke in. And yet every year, thousands of kids like Jimmy Dean come here with their

dreams of success and live in furnished rooms and ride the subways and sit alone at night, just hugging their dreams to them, waiting for the next day when they can start out again. I'd have done that, too, if I'd had to, but I'm glad I didn't. There's the phone and Nick's call. Just in time, too. I'm getting sleepy. Good night, diary.

●Wednesday afternoon:

I'm a little ashamed of myself today. I really blew my top this morning and threw the temperament bit when my clothes came from Danny Linden in Hollywood. I took one look and I said, "Hideous. Absolutely hideous. How could that man be so stupid!" Miss Atlas insisted I try them on before bundling the lot of them up and sending them back, and I sounded pretty sullen as I said, "Well, all right." And was my face red when each and every one of them fitted like a dream and, of course, looked altogether different on than they'd looked off. Another lesson in making snap judgments. A writer from one of the big weekly magazines just called and wants to do a story on me. I had to give him names and addresses of everyone I know in New York and Hollywood so he could ask them questions about me. I've often wondered what happens to people who get famous if they've done anything they're ashamed of. I mean, once people start writing about you they find out everything. Good thing there are no skeletons in my closet! And speaking of closets, I go on a mad shopping spree tomorrow. New York clothes are so much smarter than the clothes you get in Hollywood. I want a pink raincoat with a belt, for one thing, and glamorous, sexy-looking negligees and nightgowns. Sometimes I wish I didn't look so normal and healthy. I'd love to be a *femme fatale*, all hollow-eyed and hollow-cheeked. I only weigh ninety-five pounds but I still look disgustingly healthy. I'm wearing my hair a new way—straight bangs across my forehead and very short at the sides—and that makes my face look fuller. Now it's five o'clock and time to go to the TV studio. Tab's been looking awfully depressed today. Wonder what's wrong with him? Must remember to ask him. See you later.

●Wednesday night:

Nick and Scott both sent flowers and the living room smells like a flower shop! It's great, though, and I love them both, except that you can't love two people at one time, can you? Or can't you? Sometimes I think being young is pretty grim. I mean, there are so many decisions you have to make—big decisions—decisions nobody can help you with. That reminds me of Tab. I talked to him at dinner—about the only meal we have that isn't spent with interviewers, though sometimes even then we're being interviewed through mouthfuls of food. But Tab feels his career's in a real rut. He was feeling great after "Battle Cry," but now he doesn't think he's going anywhere. He feels he's growing out of those "boy next door" roles—"Even the boy next door has to grow up *sometime*," he told me moodily, "so why can't I?" He thinks his studio ought to find a real gutty sort of role for him. I think Tab ought to fall in love with someone. It's easier to work out your life if there's someone really close to you to whom you can pour out all that you're thinking. Somebody besides your family, though families are great, too. That's one of the wonderful things about having a close friend. One to whom you can tell anything and who will understand. I want the friend to feel the same way about me. Sometimes Nick or Scott calls me up at some crazy hour of the

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morning, like one or two o'clock, if we're feeling low, and maybe talk for an hour. Well, there's the phone. Wonder which it is? Nick or Scott? And then to bed.

●Thursday:

It's hard to believe the week is almost gone. Exciting! Well, next we go to Chicago, then St. Louis, then home. But I feel pretty much at home right here, in New York, to tell you the truth. I have my three tigers on the living room floor and everybody flips over them when they come in. Each one squeaks in a different key when you step on it—the mama tiger, the littler tiger and the baby tiger. Nick Ray started my collection. He gave me the first one when I finished "Rebel Without a Cause" and I've been getting them from special people or for a special occasion ever since. Have to go to a place called Hackensack, New Jersey, for a public appearance. See you later.

●Thursday again:

We were mobbed! Tab's coat was torn, Miss Atlas' coat was practically torn off her back, and I had my feet tramped on so many times they'll never be the same! I'm soaking them right now while I finish this because tonight Tab and I are going to the "War and Peace" premiere. I didn't really mind the mob scene because I know it's just because the kids like us, but sometimes it's almost a little frightening. Boxes of clothes arrived today and I've got to see what I bought. A pale blue filmy negligee and half a dozen pairs of panties. Had the devil's own time finding them because I wear a size five. Same with dresses. Even in the junior department I couldn't find a size five. Maybe I'd better grow a little. If I don't stop nibbling on the wonderful candy people are sending me, I'll be growing in the wrong direction! Golly, but I'm tired. This is a three-room suite, and it's been filled with interviewers from nine in the morning until five at night. The phone never stops ringing and telegrams keep arriving. It's a three-ring circus and I love it. Jeepers, it's almost six. I'd better dress for dinner. I'm wearing a black lace dress over a pale, pale pink faille lining. It's skin-tight and I have to wear my Merry Widow bra so that I don't look too sexy, because I don't think that's in good taste. I bought a jeweled black velvet purse and I'll carry that with me and maybe I'll go real elegant and do the long white kid gloves bit. That's another fun thing about New York. Everybody dresses up here, especially at cocktail and dinner time. There just isn't any "cocktail" time in Hollywood because nobody gets home from the studio until six o'clock or later and by then it's time to start thinking of dinner. Not that I drink, because I don't, and I was furious about those silly stories that said I was seen with Scott drinking cocktails. That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. Actresses just can't afford to drink. Everybody knows that liquor puts on weight quicker than anything and it does things to your skin, too. Darn! The phone again. Time to dress for dinner at Sardi's. Kid, I tell myself, you're really livin'. I am, too.

●Friday:

Having breakfast in bed as I write this, which is beautifully luxurious except that I'm one of those people who can't sit still for very long and I'm wandering all over the place, eating as I go. I have breakfast in bed every morning at home, too. My mother's done that for me for as long as I can remember. No wonder I don't really want to leave home, though, of course, someday I'll have to. It's not right to stay in the nest too long. Maybe I'll leave because I'm getting married or maybe just to have the fun of my own apartment. Pause

for a New York Times interview. Wonder if I can receive a reporter in a negligee? Better not. I'll wear the pale yellow. Very little-girl looking.

●Friday, later:

The Times man wanted to know how I refer to myself—as a child wonder, a child star or a starlet? I got a little annoyed at that; I hate "fresh" interviewers. Told him I refer to myself simply as an actress. He put it down, but he didn't look very convinced. Someone from the New York Stock Exchange just called to sell me some stocks. I guess all movie stars are supposed to be rich. Wish I were! The Times man was impressed by the fact that I didn't have a stop put on my calls. I said, "Why should I? Anyone who knows where I am is probably someone I want to see." Miss Atlas and Tab just came in. Tab wants me to go to a movie with him. Will do. Everyone envies me all these dates with someone as handsome as Tab. All we talk about, though, is our careers. That's all for now.

●Saturday:

Tomorrow night we leave for Chicago. I wish the time hadn't gone so fast. I'm sitting curled up in a big chair in the living room, my lunch on a tray, trying to



Her trip to New York made Natalie sure again she wants to live at home with Mom

remember all the things I've forgotten to remember. I'm wearing some of the new dreamy underwear I bought here—a white bra that's just a wisp, really, and tiny, lace-trimmed panties. I feel nice and wicked, sitting like this, with pedicured toes and manicured fingers all done in platinum nail polish. There I go on that *femme fatale* bit again, but I guess it's all just part of wanting to be grown-up and be a kid, too. That's what my mother's always telling me—that every teenager in the world has the same problem, wanting to be free and independent and yet afraid to be, still needing people who care about you to help you. Well, today is a last spurt of shopping and then tomorrow is church and rest before we take the plane to Chicago. Wonder if Chicago will be as much fun as New York? I doubt it, but here goes!

●Chicago, Monday morning:

You say, "ten days" and it doesn't seem like a long time—or does it? In ten days I've met dozens of people I never knew before, signed autographs for and exchanged greetings with thousands of others. In Chicago, we were mobbed as

we were in New York, but, of course, Chicago holds none of the magic of New York or Hollywood. You land at a dingy airport that has a little lunchroom attached to it and no feeling of excitement. Chicago is sort of a small town that has the population of a big city, but that's all. I mean, it's sprawled out, with small town-big city feeling all mixed up together. The most beautiful part of it is Lake Shore Drive, with the big apartment houses that look as though their faces had just been washed yesterday, and the houses set well back on perfectly-kept lawns. Warners' publicity woman, Maggie Waite, took over the job of companion here. Tab and I did a radio and TV show and then went out on Howard Miller's yacht. It's named *The Disc Jockey* since, as you may know, Howard is one of Chicago's leading disc jockeys. Had dinner at Chez Paree. Met Spike Jones and Helen Grayco. Loved the show. Then another TV show and so to bed. It's midnight and Nick called to say he's glad I'm working my way home. I told him "working" was the word for it! Tomorrow we start home.

●Tuesday:

Tab and I devoted the whole day to sight-seeing, with the photographers following us everywhere. Went to the Top of the Rock in the Prudential Building. Saw the whole city laid out at our feet. Had lunch up there. It was a wonderful sight. Later, had our picture taken standing beside the lions in front of the Chicago Art Institute. Then we went to a famous ice cream parlor and a famous book shop. Everywhere we went, the fans were there ahead of us. Dinner in the Ambassador East's Pump Room. Tab and I danced. When we left the hotel, I was touched by a group of Puerto Rican children who had come there to serenade us as our luggage was being packed into the car. Then we went to Howard Miller's TV show. I was grateful to Howard for not asking me to tell how I got started in movies one more time. Instead, Tab and I discussed techniques of acting and what is the best way to get ahead. As usual, we argued. We had free hours until the plane was scheduled to leave at 2 A.M. Tab decided to go hear Lurlean Hunter because he likes the way she sings "Lonesome Gal." Maggie and I wanted to just walk up and down the streets, soaking up the last bit of Chicago atmosphere. Then we rushed to the airport, only to discover the plane was an hour late. I was so tired I was slaphappy so I decided to put on a show to keep everybody, including myself, awake. I pulled my turtleneck sweater up over my eyes and brushed my hair down over my forehead, picked up a "Little Lulu" book and started to read it. That sure startled everyone. I *am* an extrovert. And I do like to entertain. Everybody laughed. But Maggie was miffed with me when they weighed our luggage and mine was sixty-six pounds over. She said I could have at least left my three tigers at home!

●Wednesday:

Back in California at International Airport. A studio car took me home where I met my best friend, Barbara Gould. The two of us have rented a cottage at Malibu for two days.

●Sunday:

I did nothing but sleep and talk to Barbara about the trip. We finished our weekend by cooking dinner for Nick at his house. I caught Nick up on all the things I hadn't told him over the long-distance phone and we spent the rest of the evening discussing life, actors, politics, psychology, and what have you. And so ends the diary of Natalie Wood—at least, for now. **THE END**

SEE: Natalie Wood in "The Girl He Left Behind."

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

before they discovered Vicki is accident-prone. The night they gave their first dinner party, Vicki cut her hand on a broken cup so severely that she had to be rushed to the hospital and have several stitches taken. A few weeks later, when they were entertaining again, Vicki tumbled off a ladder, on which she'd climbed to get some canned goods, and nearly broke her arm. The final payoff came the evening one of their guests brought her three-year-old son with her. The little boy went quietly to bed and to sleep, and everybody forgot him. Just as they were putting the meal on the table, the toddler got out of bed and fell against Vicki's night stand, upsetting a vase of flowers and cutting himself badly.

Final result: "Now," says Roger firmly, "we eat all meals out—including breakfast."

Ups and Downs of Stardom

You can understand why actors believe in soothsayers, charms or any form of fortune-telling when you know the case of newcomer Leslie Nielsen. If you saw "The Vagabond King," which was made two years ago but wasn't released until last September, you may remember Leslie in the role of *Thibault*.

In "The Opposite Sex," a musical version of "The Women," Leslie showed up as a delightful leading man, opposite June Allyson and Joan Collins. Yet he probably wouldn't have got his chance if Steve Forrest hadn't kicked over the traces a year back. Steve was hot stuff at M-G-M then, but when they presented him with a role in "Forbidden Planet," he rejected it, saying the role was too small for him. So M-G-M dropped him off the contract list, put Leslie in the space epic—and both were hits.

Poor Steve, who has talent as well as looks, still hasn't become a big success.

However, players aren't always wrong in turning down roles. Poor Kathryn Grayson tried to buy herself out of "The Vagabond King" after the first week's shooting, but they wouldn't let her. It certainly would have been much better for her if they had.

Love Comes to Lori

Happy encouragement to all those who fear that "nice" girls can never really get anywhere romantically is this month's news about Lori Nelson. Sweet and refined little Lori is finally in love, and is loved, and the object of her affections couldn't be more ideal. Because how much more desirable can a man be than to be barely thirty, very handsome, unspoiled, energetic and a self-made millionaire? That's Lori's beau. His name is Bob Peterson, and he's the publisher of a whole flock of auto-racing magazines.

Only a few years' ago, Bob came to Los Angeles as a smart kid with a smart publishing idea—to put out a magazine just for hot-rod enthusiasts. By a crazy coincidence, Lori's greatest personal success has been in a quickie film, recently released, called "Hot Rod Girl." The title is the coincidence, and Bob had nothing to do with it. Nobody expected much of it, including Lori. She wanted to do it only as a change of pace, to prove she could play something other than gentle girls. But the movie is prospering almost as much as Bob's magazines.

That Bob, who could have his pick of the glamour gals, chose Lori doesn't astonish Hollywood too much. Lori is like Ann Blyth. She lives quietly with her folks, dresses conservatively, is serious

about her career, and radiates a kind of lady-like sex appeal that even such a worldly character as Dean Martin found very potent. Last winter, when Dean was separated from his Jeanne, Lori was the girl he pursued. They could be seen dancing and dining in the glitter spots, and you could see Lori was very amused by Dean's wonderful antics.

With Bob Peterson, however, Lori is radiant. I won't be a bit surprised if they have already announced their engagement by now.

Lady Luck's Stepchild

Cleo Moore is a girl who's had more hard luck than most in her movie career. First, under contract to Columbia Pictures, she found herself cast in one prison role after another until she began to feel like a girl convict. Released by Columbia at her request, Cleo had several offers from independent producers. There was talk of casting her in "The Jean Harlow Story" and in the re-make of "Red-Headed Woman," the Katherine Brush novel that helped make a star of Jean. But neither bright promise materialized, and Cleo is still holding out against any more B pictures that might consign her to movie oblivion. With talent and looks, plus the ability and willingness to work hard, Cleo's is one of the many stories that happen in Hollywood which seem to have no explanation. Maybe 1957 will be her lucky year. Meanwhile, her romance with movie executive Charles Simonelli is on ice. Occasional escort John Smith is just a friend.

Incidental Information

It's all, all over with Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson. Funny, how Gene can get the girls but not hold them. Like his ex-wife, Miriam—then Janie Powell—now Piper. . . . Every cloud should have a gold lining for the newest member of the Eddie Fisher family. Debbie's friends baby-showered her with golden gifts, including gold-handled toothbrushes, gold porringers, and gold spoons. Hollywood, it would seem, has tired of the silver-spoon treatment. . . . His serious illness has changed Humphrey Bogart and made him almost sentimental—he who has always hated any expression of sentiment, probably because his mother was an artist who drew cute baby pictures and painted Christmas cards. Says Bogie of Lauren Bacall, who is less than half his age, "I must say the old lady has stood by me quite wonderfully during this period."

Romantic Merry-Go-Round

While Frank Sinatra was in Spain making "The Pride and the Passion," he seemed most interested in Peggy Connelly, the luscious model, whom many people (probably including Peggy) thought Frankie was very serious about. Also, no matter what Frank and Ava say, they did see one another in Spain, at private houses and at dinner parties. Frank also flicked a very attentive eye at vivacious, very young, very beautiful Carmen Sevilla, Spain's greatest star. Back in America, just in time for the Democratic convention, Frank did a lot of wining and dining with Betty Furness, an old friend of his. If that old feeling wasn't still in their hearts, there in Chicago, they surely gave a good imitation of it.

In the background of Frank's life there is always Nancy Sinatra, a real love of a girl, who would take him back tomorrow if he'd so much as invite her out for a soda. There's young Nancy, too, nearly grown-up and Frank, Jr., of whom Frankie is becoming increasingly proud. THE END



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The Searching Years

(Continued from page 55)
brought up her son the best way she could.

John interrupted this description of his childhood, turned to a waiter and ordered our dinners in perfect French. He'd studied at Harvard, he explained briefly. Then he went back to his story.

"It wasn't easy for Mother or me," he said. "Mother had to work to support me. She was always either busy in a Broadway play or on the road with a show. I spent a lot of time in boarding schools."

An intelligent, impressionable boy like John needed security in those years—needed it desperately. But it wasn't to be found. When Easter and Christmas holidays rolled around, other youngsters gleefully packed up and journeyed home. Not John. He remained at boarding school. His mother was on tour, his father in England. There was no home for him.

That's when John began to think—and to think too deeply. Why was he always by himself? What was going to happen to him in this strange, lonely world? Where was the happiness other kids knew? Where was he going?

Perhaps it was because he had been hurt a good deal in his young life that John decided he'd like to help others. When he enrolled at Harvard, he registered for a pre-med course.

"I stuck it out a few months," John reminisced, with his first faint smile. He seldom smiles, almost never laughs. "Then," he continued, "I realized I didn't know enough physics and chemistry, so I transferred to literature. That was much easier. The next year, I decided I ought to shape myself for some sort of profession. A diplomatic career sounded intriguing, so I began studying French and Russian."

John went on to talk about his life. According to him, the first bright note was sounded as a result of his interest in Slavic languages. In the fall of 1951, he had enrolled in a course in Serbo-Croatian. Sitting in the classroom near by was a slender, pretty brunette from Radcliffe. When John looked at her, he felt a flurry of butterflies in his stomach. He remembers saying to himself, "I'm going to marry this girl. And I don't even know her name!"

In his bashful way, it took John two weeks to work up enough courage even to say hello. He learned from roll call that the coed's name was Priscilla Smith. After a month of shy "hellos," he finally invited Priscilla to the movies.

"I thought he'd never ask me!" Priscilla has since confided. "I'd been harboring an awful crush and was dying for a date. I guess it was that rare thing—love at first sight."

From the first date on, John and Priscilla had no doubt that someday, somehow, they would be married. "I still hadn't made up my mind about a career," said John. "You can't get married without a job."

Inevitably, the theatre beckoned. In 1946, June Walker had been engaged to appear in summer stock at the famous Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. "Johnny," she said, "we're together so little. Why don't you come up with me? I'll get you a job as an apprentice."

Agreeably, Johnny went. Being an apprentice meant wearing dungarees, hauling props, painting backdrops "and cleaning up the johns," Kerr recalled. He received room and board in exchange for his services. In spare moments, he could catch a dip in the surf. Afternoons, he could be with his mother.

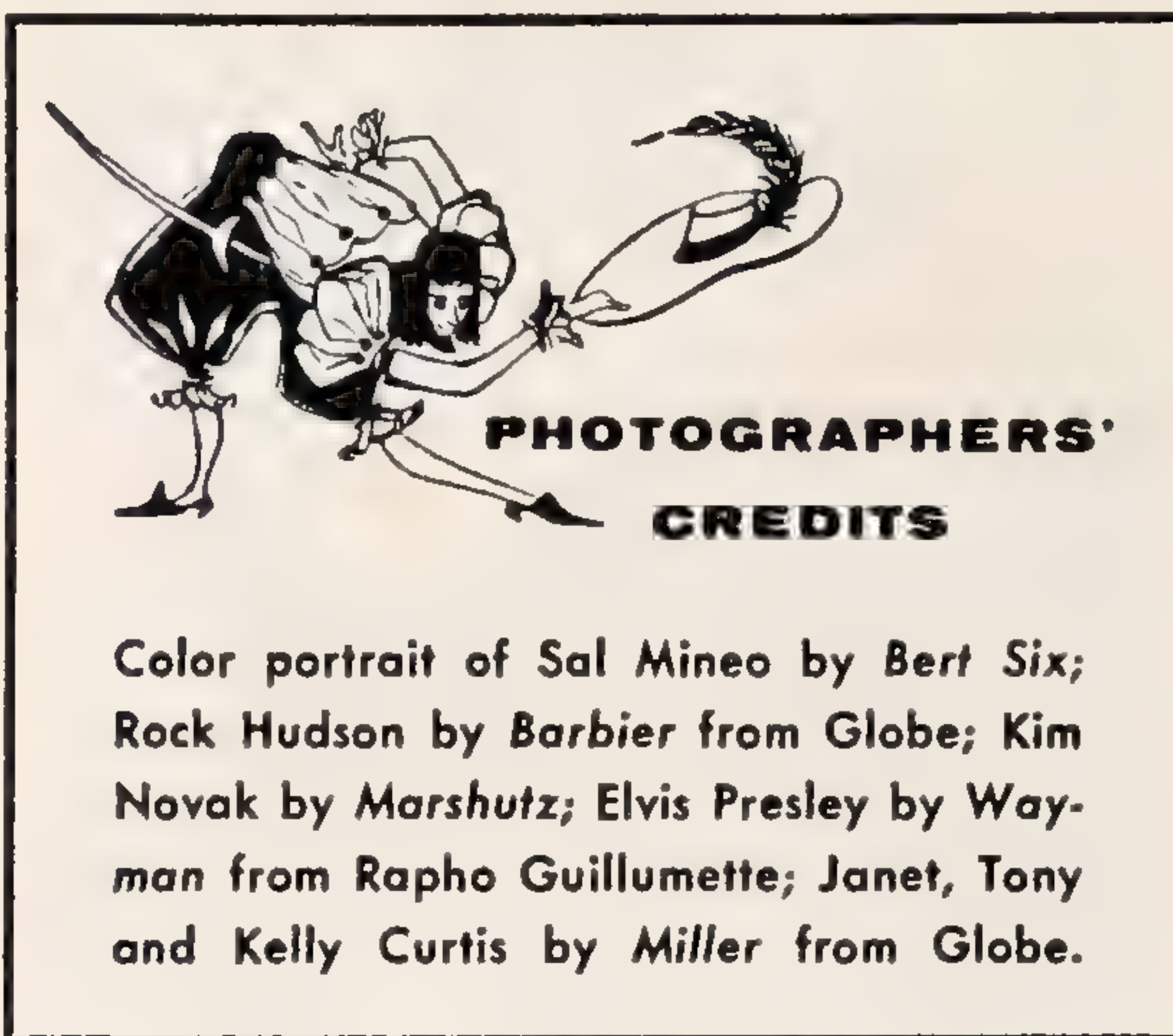
John tagged along to the Cape the next two summers. In 1948 something happened. Something mighty important. A member of the cast suddenly got a Broadway engagement, packed up and left. The director needed an actor in a hurry. It was a small part. He approached John. "Can you do it?" There was no time for John to think about a decision. If there had been, he probably would have said no. "Okay, I'll try," he replied.

Kerr's first performance was so good that he was asked to appear again. This time with Gertrude Lawrence in "O Mistress Mine." Once more, he acted with unusual ability.

"But after the Cape season," said John, "I started at Harvard and almost forgot about the theatre. I never really wanted to act. I'd been too close to the theatre and had seen too much suffering in it. Somehow I drifted into college dramatics. In my senior year, I appeared at Harvard's Brattle Theatre in 'Billy Budd.'"

One night after "Billy Budd," the famed producer, Guthrie McClintic, wandered into the young man's dressing room.

"Kerr," he said, "I liked your performance. If you're in New York, come and see me."



Color portrait of Sal Mineo by Bert Six; Rock Hudson by Barbier from Globe; Kim Novak by Marshutz; Elvis Presley by Wayman from Rapho Guillumette; Janet, Tony and Kelly Curtis by Miller from Globe.

This was a shock to John. "I still hadn't figured on acting for a living," he declared, lighting a cigarette. "I didn't know if McClintic actually meant it. You see, I'd heard a lot of big talk and promises that never materialized in the acting game. I wondered if I'd get to New York and McClintic would say, 'Who? Kerr? Never heard of him!'"

John described how he decided to take a chance. For one thing, there was Priscilla. He had to get a job if he wanted to marry her. Therefore, with Priscilla more than the theatre on his mind, he ventured to New York and phoned McClintic. Surprisingly to John, McClintic remembered him and asked, "Can you come over tomorrow at ten?"

When John arrived in McClintic's office, he was tossed a script and told, "Read for me." John read. The producer listened.

"All right," said McClintic. "Show up for a cast reading next Tuesday. Take the script home. It's a new play called 'Bernardine.'"

John walked out of the office as though he were treading on thin ice. Could this be it? Was he really going to be hired for Broadway—just a few weeks out of college? He kept shaking his head. No, this couldn't be John Kerr. Something this good couldn't be happening to him! Tormented with worry and fears, John returned to his mother's apartment, where he was living. June Walker, well schooled in the heartaches and pitfalls of the theatre, didn't have much to say.

"I don't want to advise you, Johnny," she explained. "In the theatre, everyone must stand alone and work out his own destiny. If I encourage you and you fail, you may feel I'd given you false hope. If I don't encourage you and you succeed, you might lose faith in me. But just know," she added warmly, "that whatever happens, my love will go with you."

For the next few days, John continued to fret and ponder the prospects of Broadway. Not openly, but deep inside himself. For such is his extraordinary self-control, he never betrays the emotions which are surging underneath. Finally, the morning before the first cast reading, he turned to his mother.

"How much do you think I should ask if they hire me?"

Wisely, his mother replied, "How much do you think you're worth?"

John shrugged. "I'd like to get a hundred and fifty a week."

"Then that's your answer," smiled June.

That first reading took place around a large table set on the bare stage of an empty Broadway theatre. Although he appeared calm enough, inwardly John was a bundle of nerves. Later in the afternoon, when the reading was over, the company manager struck up a conversation and walked John out to the street.

"Say," said the manager, "we haven't talked about salary."

"No," answered Kerr, mentally calculating that he'd come down to an even hundred if need be.

"How about two hundred and fifty a week?" asked the manager.

Kerr gulped. "Ye-ah, sure! That'll be all right!"

The first thing John did, after saying a hurried goodbye to the manager, was rush to the nearest phone booth and call Priscilla at her home in Massachusetts. "We can be married . . . I've got a job . . . I can support you. . . . Two hundred and fifty a week!" he told her in one breath.

But John's rose-colored dream almost exploded in thin air a few weeks later. After a period of reading around the table, McClintic was ready to stage the action. John followed directions carefully, striving to do the best he knew how. From time to time, he noticed whispered conferences in the wings. The producer, the writer, the stars apparently were talking about him. What was it all about? What was wrong? At last, he found out. There was a feud going on. One faction wanted Kerr in the play; another group thought he was too inexperienced. John's heart sank. Just as he'd feared, it had all been too good to come true! Then suddenly, the pro-Kerr side won out. And nobody was sorry. Critics raved over his performance in "Bernardine" and called John Kerr "the most promising young male actor of the year."

John smiled again, just slightly. "On December 28th, 1952, in Milton, Massachusetts," he said softly, "Priscilla and I were married. We took up housekeeping in a small, antiquated walk-up in New York's Greenwich Village."

Priscilla settled down to providing John with a homelife he'd never really known. She washed his socks and shirts, sewed on missing buttons. She bought cookbooks and learned to whip up elegant dishes on a strict budget. As was inevitable, there was a period between "Bernardine" and John's next play, "Tea and Sympathy," when no paychecks were coming in.

Both enjoyed music and when they had money began collecting records, mostly classical. Priscilla, who plays the piano,

discovered John had a fine singing voice, and she started inviting friends in for musical evenings. John loved these evenings. After a while, at Priscilla's coaxing, he became brave enough to sing authentic old Russian folk songs for the crowd. Everyone was amazed. They didn't know he could sing, let alone in Russian!

"Yes," John admitted, "I can read, write and speak Russian fluently. So," he added, with that typical apprehension, "if the bottom ever falls out of acting, I can always become a teacher."

That's John Kerr for you! Never sure—even now, with movie offers coming right and left. "I guess there's no reason to worry so much," he uttered thoughtfully. "It's just a bad habit. Maybe I'll change eventually. I'm trying."

After a lengthy Broadway run in "Tea and Sympathy," John appeared in "All Summer Long," in which his mother starred. "It was a great experience, working with Mother," he recalled. "I portrayed her son, and we had some good, powerful scenes together. But she never gave me any advice or criticism. She'd already taught me to stand on my own feet. That was the best advice I've ever had."

John could have been in Hollywood a lot sooner. After his triumph in "Bernardine," he received a rush of calls. "But I wanted the right kind of part," he explained. "I waited. When 'Cobweb' came along, I knew that was for me."

One thing about John, if you met him on the street, you'd never suspect he was an actor. Sure, he's good-looking—six-foot tall, light-brown hair, steady blue eyes. But he dresses conservatively, mostly in browns and grays. He acts conservative, too. "You don't have to lead an artificial life," he pointed out, "just because you're an actor. In fact, if you're really working hard, you can't. There isn't time."

"Take Hollywood," he continued. "It's not all cocktail parties. For the most part, it's a real grind, a long, fatiguing day. Scenes are shot one after another. Everything is hurried. When you get home at night, you're ready to put your feet up and rest."

In that hurried Hollywood pace, John told me, he learned to play tennis, courtesy of M-G-M. His role in "Tea and Sympathy" called for this athletic feat. "Now, I'm crazy about the game. I try to get to the courts whenever I'm free."

M-G-M also got John's singing voice in trim for his number in the same movie. "It required quite a lot of takes," he confided, grinning modestly. Then he proudly added, "But when you hear the song, that's really me!"

Hollywood presents one big problem to John. Studios are always miles from anywhere and John had to drive to work. "I hate to drive!" he stated. "Maybe I concentrate too much and think too much about all the other cars and the traffic and the lights. Who knows? All I know is that sometimes I get into my car in the morning and feel like getting right out again and staying home."

But more important than all the minor irritations, John has a home—a real home of his own. He, Priscilla, their twin daughters, Jocelyn and Rebecca, born in May,

1954, and a beagle named Joe had been commuting between New York and Hollywood. And John had been doing his usual deep thinking and worrying about the situation. Should they make their residence in the East or in the West?

"I love New York at night," said John, as he lighted another cigarette. "All the plays, the concerts, the fine restaurants. On the other hand, I love the weather California offers in the day. I fretted about a year and finally worked it out mathematically. You have eight hours of day and three hours of night, not counting time out for meals. California won."

This July, the Kerrs purchased a delightful, colonial-type home in Westwood Village. And the very first thing John bought for the house was a huge dark-red leather chair. "It's my chair, and mine exclusively," he declared, with another slight flicker of a smile. "I've yearned for one all my life. If I'm home, that's where you'll find me, reading the paper or watching television."

At this point, John interrupted to tell the waiter in careful French that he'd like some *café au lait*. Quite a discussion followed, for the French have milk in their coffee only in the morning, which this was not. Eventually, the waiter returned and, looking very offended, served the *café au lait*.

"It's the closest I can get to American coffee," John explained, dropping in a sugar cube. "Where were we? Oh, the house! I hated to leave it, but I had scarcely a month there before I had to pack up and fly over here. Worst of all was leaving Priscilla and the twins behind. But I did have two big expectations to brighten my journey."

"I was flying across the ocean on a British Overseas Airways plane," he continued, "and I expected, at last, that the English personnel would pronounce my name, which is English, correctly. What happened? They called me 'Mister Cur.' Nobody wants to call me 'Car,'" he finished.

The other expectation was a long-postponed reunion with his father. "We'd been corresponding, but it was better to see him in London and talk with him," said John. "My father's very interested in my work, but he didn't like 'Gaby.'"

After a day's stop in England, John flew on to St. Tropez, the remote fishing village on the French Mediterranean. "Nothing to do here," John sadly commented. "The two big activities are walking to the center of town to buy a Coke or strolling in the other direction to a beach where everybody sunbathes in the nude. Once you've made these two excursions, you sit around."

Once more in his life, John was alone. Of course, he could have passed time chatting with Mel Ferrer, Pier Angeli and others in the cast. But John didn't. He's not the sort to mingle with the gang. He's quiet, aloof. "I've talked to you longer than I've talked to anyone," he confessed.

After a rough day of shooting on location, John said, he usually spent the evening in his hotel room, writing homesick letters to Priscilla.


"She's my inspiration," he declared solemnly. "She boosts me when I'm in the dumps. She cheers me when I'm sailing high. I used to think I had to give her security, but she has given it to me!"

Where is John Kerr going?

"I don't know," he replied. "It's frightening. I have plans. I have dreams. Maybe I'll do a Western. I'd like to direct someday. But I don't want to think too much of the future. That's when I get scared. Don't think. Just live. Don't dare look ahead. It's all too grand right now."

THE END

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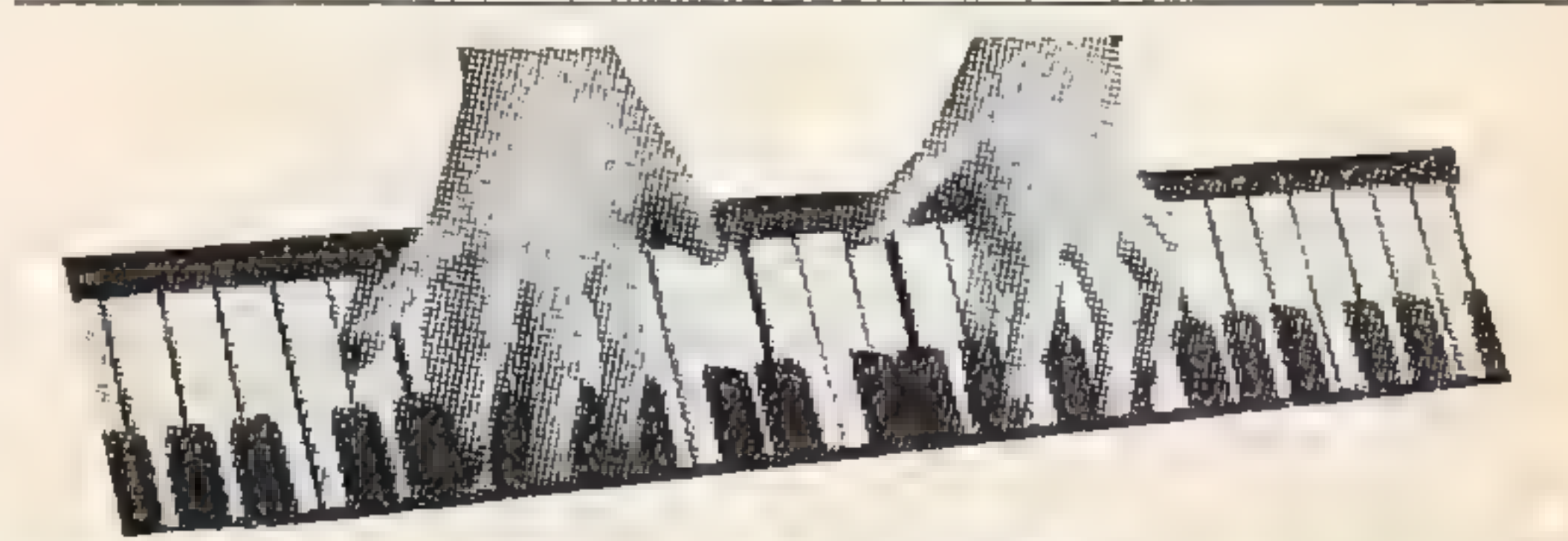
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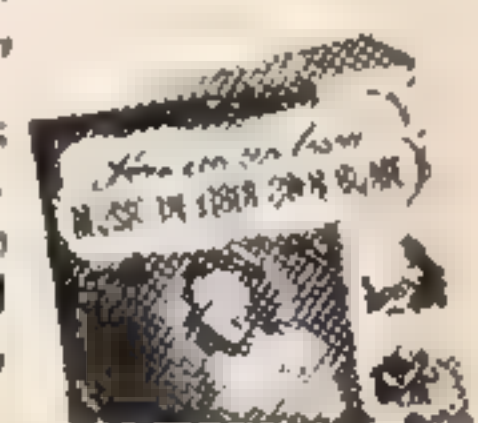


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The Man Who Almost Got Away

(Continued from page 37)

really want him, that, like Rock, they considered their dates with him to be strictly for fun and laughs.

Oddly enough, however, Rock never did feel that way. He is the farthest thing from a "ladies' man." Rock likes to feel comfortable with people, he likes to settle into friendships as easily as settling into an old pair of shoes. He doesn't like to have to make an effort, to invent conversation when there is none. Another thing he doesn't like is to have things planned for him.

"I am," he will tell you lazily, "strictly a 'spur of the moment' guy."

And yet there was certainly nothing "spur of the moment" about his decision to marry. He was a bachelor for twenty-nine years, eleven months and twenty-three days before he and Phyllis gravely and solemnly said their "I do's." In those twenty-nine years, Rock had eluded older women and younger women, ambitious women and lonely women; women who were impressed by being seen with Rock Hudson, the movie star, and women who, like Lori Nelson, Terry Moore, Betty Abbott, Barbara Ruick and a half a dozen others, were, quite simply, delighted to be with Rock Hudson, the man. Even now, when Rock is happily married to Phyllis, girls like Terry, Betty and Lori sing his praises, and Terry will tell you frankly:

"I only had two dates with Rock, but my husband will understand what I mean when I say that I'll never forget those two dates. Maybe it's because I had expected to find Rock sophisticated or bored or both. Instead, I found him to be completely unspoiled and natural. He not only appreciates anything you might do for him, he tries constantly to think of some little thing to do for *you*. And believe me, that's rare in any man, much less in someone who's accustomed to having people fall all over him every time he appears somewhere!"

One of the things Terry remembers most vividly about her dates with Rock is the time when she admired a toy dog in a drugstore window, but said nothing about it until they were two blocks away from the store. When she mentioned that someday she'd have to come back and buy the dog to add to her collection of toy animals, Rock ran back and bought it for her.

"I never met anyone more genuinely

sensitive to other human beings," Terry says, and adds, "except my husband. Come to think of it, maybe that's why I fell in love with him," she says reflectively, "because he reminded me a little of Rock."

Lori Nelson, no slouch when it comes to the date department, is glowing in her memories and reminiscences of Rock as a bachelor.

"Actually, I don't think I had more than three or four dates with Rock," Lori recalls now, "but what I liked most about him, I think, was the fact that he had such a wonderful sense of humor and he was so easy to get along with. He's always happy. I never saw him in a bad mood. He can get along with anyone, and he's ready to fall in with any plans."

Despite Rock's insistence that he's "strictly a 'spur of the moment' guy," Lori remembers how impressed she was by the fact that Rock always made dates ahead of time, and was always on time.

"In fact," Lori sums up her opinion of Rock as husband material, "he has the qualities of the kind of man I'd like to marry."

Betty Abbott, whose romance with Rock seemed definitely headed for the altar, refuses to be quoted on why she lost him, explaining, "After all, it's not as though I'm someone who wants—or needs—to see her name in print. Whatever it was, it's over, so why talk about it?"

But these were just a few of the many top Hollywood glamour girls with whom, from time to time, Rock's name was linked romantically. And when his surprise marriage to Phyllis Gates was announced, there were others who had been hoping more seriously, and who made very little effort to hide their chagrin. "What," they said, "has *she* got that I haven't got?"

Phyllis, herself, would be the last to answer—or even attempt to answer—that question. She just doesn't know. Perhaps Rock doesn't know. Except that when he begins to tell you about Phyllis, or about his life with her, you can read between the lines and know what Rock's good friend, George Nader, means when he says:

"One of the things I like best about Rock and Phyllis is that they realize their happy marriage was the result of the right person at the right time. When that comes, you do it. Before then, you don't."

A great many words have been written

about the fact that Rock had said he wouldn't marry before he was thirty, and implying that somehow, when that magical number was reached, he would automatically fall into the arms of the nearest woman. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. Rock and Phyllis were ready for each other, in every way, when they met and fell in love. They knew what they wanted—from love, from marriage, from themselves.

On the other hand, there are parts of marriage that did not and do not come easily to Rock. When he married Phyllis, Rock was a bachelor in the exact meaning of the word. He was a man who had lived alone, accounted to no one but himself and his studio for his comings and his goings. Then two words, "I do," changed his status in a matter of minutes. Suddenly he was sharing his home, his hours, his habits, his life. He became responsible for the happiness and comfort of the girl with whom he had fallen in love. And because he knew that, in marriage, love and sharing are mutual matters, he could only hope that his wife would understand if a good intention went astray now and again. "Fortunately, Phyllis has a way of understanding," he grins in the manner of a comparatively new husband. "And it's a wonderful thing. You hear a lot about born bachelors. I suppose there are any number of them around. But believe me, *no man is a born husband!*"

Actually, Rock has had to work hard at the job of being a husband, and those girls who thought he was "perfect husband material" might find comfort in knowing some of the problems encountered in being married to a "born bachelor." For instance, Rock was in the habit of arriving home from a hard day at the studio and promptly shedding his coat and shirt. More often than not he shed them on the nearest chair, as his tie had always had first claim to the nearest doorknob and anyone knows better than to toss a pair of shoes on the furniture. The place for shoes was out in the middle of the floor.

After the wedding, it was Rock himself who concluded that the habit had to go. "When someone else is living in the same house, you automatically try to be neater," he says valiantly. "At least you *try* to try," he adds.

But the man who must be housebroken at the age of thirty is not housebroken easily. Take the case of the non-existent closet space. Rock hadn't given the matter much thought until his bride began to unpack her suitcases. It was Phyllis who discovered the closet full of shirts.

Undaunted, she found another closet—the one that happened to be jammed with suits. By deft rearranging she managed to cram in her own belongings. Yet, following this, she ran headlong into what seemed an insurmountable problem—that of drawer space. There was none, due to the fact that Rock was still in the process of furnishing the house. There were simply very few drawers. "I'm afraid we're going to have to buy a bureau," she told him.

He placed the order immediately. "The bigger, the better," were his instructions.

On the date set for delivery, Rock came home with the general idea of admiring the new acquisition. He located Phyllis in the kitchen. The bureau, however, was missing. "Honey, I'm sorry," he said to his wife. "They promised they'd bring the bureau today."

"Oh, they did," his wife replied casually. "I had them put it in the attic."

"Phyllis, that's a crazy place for a bureau," said Rock, not unkindly.

"Sure," she agreed, "but it happened to be too big for the bedroom door."



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Although the tragedy was momentarily a major one, Rock recalls the incident fondly, and gives with it a big hint as to why Phyllis won out where others had failed. "I guess it was the way she took it," he says. "She began to laugh and that got me started. Pretty soon what might have turned into our first quarrel became a big joke." He looked thoughtful. "That's one of the wonderful things about Phyl—you can always count on her sense of humor. And, I might add, her complete control over any given situation."

The situation Rock best remembers occurred on a morning after a night before. The Hudsons had had guests who'd stayed until the smaller hours. When the doorbell rang at ten A.M., Rock and Phyllis were still asleep. It rang again and Phyllis raised a drowsy head. "Rock," she said, "are we expecting anyone?"

"Uh . . . ubb . . . ugh," said Rock. "Rock, I think we have company." He opened an eye. "Couldn't be," he mumbled. "They said they'd call if they were coming."

"Who said?" "Hmmm?" The other eye struggled open. "Oh . . . ummm . . . well, the studio wanted to take some pictures. Wasn't definite. Told me if it was definite they'd call." Both eyes closed. "Didn't call," he finished weakly and pushed his face back into his pillow.

The Hudson doorbell is not one to be ignored. "Better answer," suggested Phyllis. Rock got to his feet and struggled into a robe. On the front steps he found a publicity man, several cameramen and two electricians. They were surrounded by photographic equipment. "Good grief," moaned the publicist as he caught sight of their subject. "I forgot to let you know we were coming."

Their host led them into the living room and returned to the bedroom to rouse Phyllis. "I guess a lot of wives might have been upset," Rock recalls. "But do you know, the only thing that bothered my wife was the fact that we had to keep them waiting while we got dressed?"

He goes on. "Phyllis worked in an agency before we were married, so she knows this business. Still, it's one that can get terribly confusing at times. All the same, people from the studio have told me that whenever they call her and talk to her about something we're supposed to do or something that's going to happen, she gets the picture right away."

But don't get the idea that Mrs. Hudson is just her husband's yes-woman. She has a very definite mind of her own.

"Take the matter of dinner," says Rock. When they dine at home, Phyllis does the cooking. Mealwise, Rock still maintains many of his bachelor tastes. "But at home I eat fairly sensibly," he admits.

You'd have to lunch with Rock to appreciate this statement—as Martha Hyer could tell you. Martha, his co-star in "Battle Hymn," joined Rock at a U-I commissary table one noon and could hardly down her own meal for watching Rock go through his order. She looked on, fascinated, as he consumed a dish of chili and then a dish of cottage cheese. When he'd finished he asked Mabel, the studio waitress, for a chocolate nut sundae. "That's more like it," sighed Martha.

And she meant it, until the sundae arrived and Rock began to sprinkle it with salt. "Hudson," said Martha. "Does Phyllis really whip up these exotic dishes for you?"

"Well," said Hudson. "No." Then he added helpfully, "But she's come around to my way of thinking about sour cream on steak. Now that's the greatest!"

Martha pushed away her own dessert.

"Let's get back to the set," she suggested weakly.

Phyllis and Rock both have definite tastes and definite ideas, and they don't always coincide. "We're very positive people," Rock will tell you. "We're always making positive statements about things."

But compromises are spontaneous in the Hudson household. When Phyllis moved into Rock's bachelor abode, there was little furniture. When he'd had company and needed another chair, he had simply dashed out to the patio and lugged in a piece of garden furniture. He'd planned to complete the house gradually. "No decorators for me," he'd announced positively. "I don't want my house looking like a department store window."

At the present time, a decorator is working with Phyllis.

On the other hand, however, upon entering the Hudson house one can't help noticing a large red-plaid chair which would never fit into a decorator's scheme of things. Phyllis knew it. She also knew that Rock would love that chair.

Sometimes their compromises mean that each goes his (or her) own way. On Phyllis' birthday, Rock sat her down on the couch and ordered her to close her eyes. She heard him disappear for a few moments, then return. She felt him placing something in her lap; something soft and fluffy, with two ears and a cold nose. Phyllis had become the owner of a puppy. "Name's Joe," Rock informed her.

"Never!" retorted Phyllis. She settled for Demitasse. Demi, for short—a moniker which makes Rock shudder. "Here, Demi," Phyllis will call.

"Here, Spike," Rock says amiably.

Rock has always been a generous man, a thoughtful one. He's the sort of fellow who'd give you the shirt off his chair if you admired it. As a husband, he outdoes himself. Possibly because there's something about the way Phyllis' face glows when she's surprised.

Shortly after their wedding, Rock took his wife by the hand and led her out to the garage. There she found a brand-new black Ford, with red-leather upholstery. It was tied with a large red ribbon. "Happy wedding gift," were his words.

Phyllis was glowing. She was also crying. "I've never seen so many tears," says Rock. "But they were happy tears."

The next surprise was a mink stole. Someone printed the news of the purchase in a column before Rock got it home. That nearly killed him. Nowadays he goes shopping with the caution of an undercover agent.

As for going anywhere else, the Hudsons rarely ever do. "There's just no point in going out as much as we used to," Rock says. "You don't want to—when you have someone to go home to."

Phyllis smiles as she hears him say that. It is a secret smile—a woman's smile—and a smile any other woman can understand. It is the smile of a woman who was intelligent enough to know what she wanted, and lucky enough to get it. As for those others, "I don't care how many women there might have been in his life," says Phyllis. "All that matters now is that I'm the woman."

The secret of her success is a simple one, and she'll tell it to you gladly and cheerfully. "I guess," she will say simply, "that Rock and I were right for each other, or it never could have happened—could it?"

Let those who have loved and lost take comfort from that—and from the fact that somewhere, for each of them, whether or not they have found it, there is someone who is right for them.

THE END

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| 12. Bandido | 79. Meet Me in Las Vegas |
| 13. Barretts of Wimpole Street, The | 80. Miracle in the Rain |
| 14. Benny Goodman Story, The | 81. Moby Dick |
| 15. Best Things in Life Are Free, The | 82. Mountain, The |
| 16. Between Heaven and Hell | 83. Never Say Goodbye |
| 17. Beyond a Reasonable Doubt | 84. On the Threshold of Space |
| 18. Bhowani Junction | 85. Opposite Sex, The |
| 19. Bigger than Life | 86. Our Miss Brooks |
| 20. Birds and the Bees, The | 87. Pardners |
| 21. Bold and the Brave, The | 88. Patterns |
| 22. Bundle of Joy | 89. Picnic |
| 23. Burning Hills, The | 90. Port Afrique |
| 24. Bus Stop | 91. Power and the Prize, The |
| 25. Carousel | 92. Proud and Profane, The |
| 26. Catered Affair, The | 93. Proud Ones, The |
| 27. Cha-Cha-Cha Boom! | 94. Public Pigeon No. 1 |
| 28. Come Next Spring | 95. Ransom! |
| 29. Conqueror, The | 96. Rawhide Years, The |
| 30. Court Jester, The | 97. Rebel in Town |
| 31. Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell, The | 98. Reprisal! |
| 32. Crime in the Streets | 99. Revolt of Mamie Stover, The |
| 33. D-Day the Sixth of June | 100. Richard III |
| 34. Diane | 101. Rock Around the Clock |
| 35. Eddy Duchin Story, The | 102. Rose Tattoo, The |
| 36. Edge of the City | 103. Safari |
| 37. Everything but the Truth | 104. Santiago |
| 38. Fastest Gun Alive, The | 105. Searchers, The |
| 39. First Traveling Saleslady, The | 106. Serenade |
| 40. Forbidden Planet | 107. Sharkfighters, The |
| 41. Foreign Intrigue | 108. Solid Gold Cadillac, The |
| 42. Forever, Darling | 109. Somebody Up There Likes Me |
| 43. Friendly Persuasion | 110. Spoilers, The |
| 44. Fury at Gunsight Pass | 111. Star in the Dust |
| 45. Gaby | 112. Stranger at My Door |
| 46. Giant | 113. Tea and Sympathy |
| 47. Glory | 114. Teahouse of the August Moon, The |
| 48. Goodbye My Lady | 115. Teenage Rebel |
| 49. Great Day in the Morning | 116. Ten Commandments, The |
| 50. Great Locomotive Chase, The | 117. Tension at Table Rock |
| 51. Guilty | 118. That Certain Feeling |
| 52. Harder They Fall, The | 119. Toward the Unknown |
| 53. Helen of Troy | 120. Trapeze |
| 54. Hell on Frisco Bay | 121. Tribute to a Bad Man |
| 55. High Society | 122. True Story of Jesse James, The |
| 56. Hollywood or Bust | 123. 23 Paces to Baker Street |
| 57. Hot Summer Night | 124. Unguarded Moment, The |
| 58. Huk! | 125. Walk the Proud Land |
| 59. Indian Fighter, The | 126. War and Peace |
| 60. Iron Petticoat, The | 127. Westward Ho, the Wagons! |
| 61. Jubal | 128. While the City Sleeps |
| 62. Julie | 129. You Can't Run Away from It |
| 63. Killing, The | 130. Young Stranger, The |
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| 66. Last Frontier, The | |
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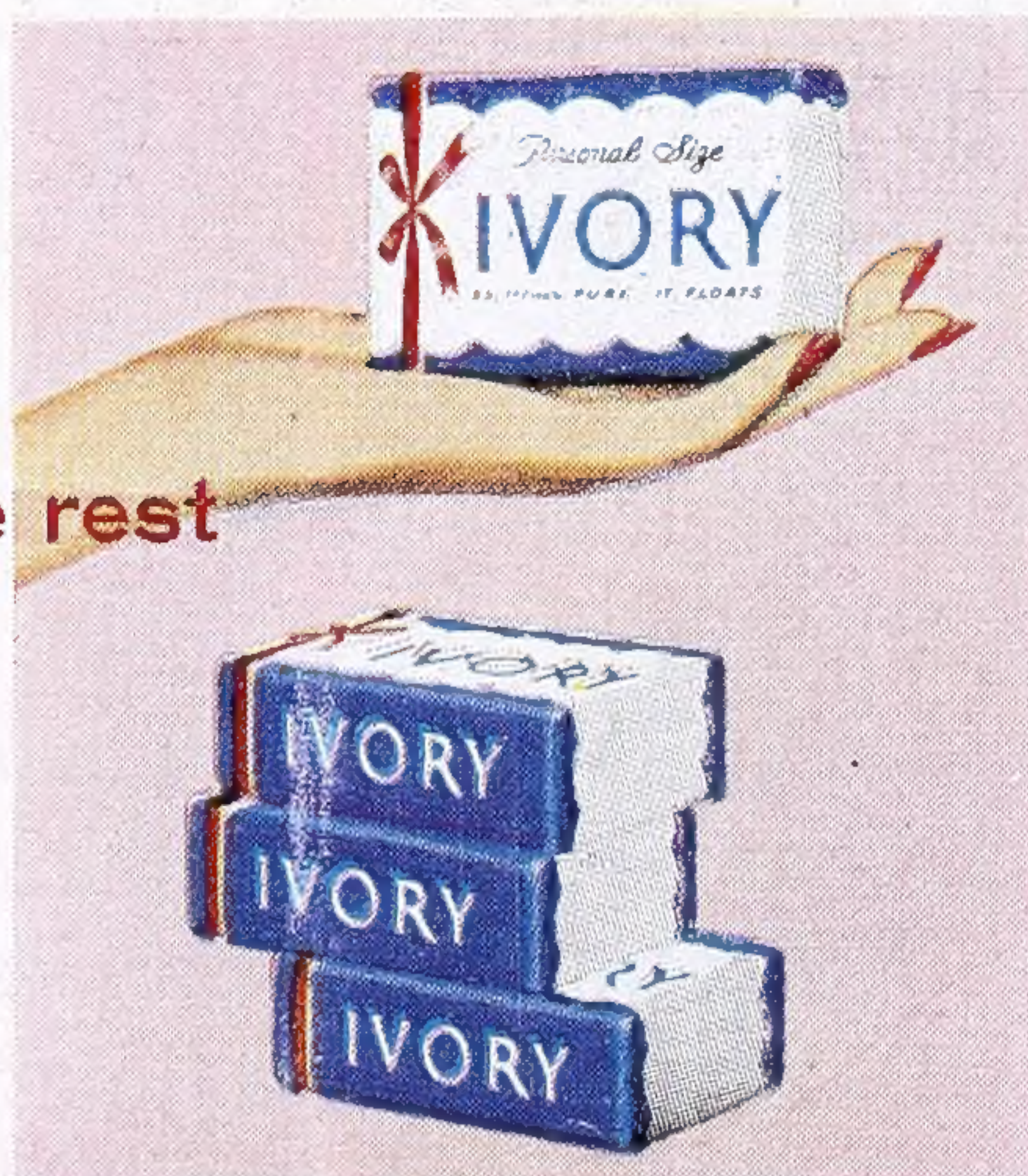


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